

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,844, Vol. 71.

February 28, 1891.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

HER MAJESTY, in very fine weather, and before a large audience, successfully launched the *Royal Sovereign* and *Royal Arthur* at Portsmouth on Thursday.

Another Bill for the catching of workmen's votes was introduced in the House of Lords by Lord THRING on Friday last, and yet another by Lord DUNRAVEN. Both were read a second time, but postponed that they might be considered in Committee with others of the same kidney. The amusing thing about these measures is that they do not in the very slightest degree conciliate the class for which they are intended, though no doubt some capital might be made by one side if it had a monopoly of them. In the Commons, the entire evening was devoted to Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN'S Welsh Disestablishment motion. The attack had been better organized than the defence, so that the motion was only rejected by 235 to 203—a sufficient, but not brilliant, majority. Almost the only speech of very great interest was that of Mr. GLADSTONE, who laboriously refuted every contention of preceding and succeeding speakers on his own side, refused to accept the phrase "the Church of England in Wales," explained the immense improvement of that Church, and the thorough way in which it is now doing its duty, and then announced his intention of voting for its destruction to "satisfy the desires of the Welsh people."

On Monday the House of Lords, under the guidance of Lord HERSCHELL, devoted itself in the most paternal manner to the protection of infants, those who, as a joker once said, are "*non sine dice animosi*," and those who receive circulars, offering them any accommodation that they want on quite ridiculously easy terms. Everybody, except Lord SALISBURY, was filled alike with hope and zeal, and even that uncomfortably wise manipulator of the cold-water tap only mildly hinted that, if a young fool is determined to be a young fool, it is not exactly Acts of Parliament that will prevent him. Alas! they will not. The Lower House devoted itself to the Army Estimates after some preliminary proceedings, among which a fresh stage of that remarkable series of pictures, "The Cobb's Progress," was unveiled by the ingenious artist-and-subject-in-one, and a preliminary answer, which all must have known would be merely preliminary, was given by Sir JAMES FERGUSON to Mr. MORLEY on the subject of the Tokar Expedition. The actual debate took its usual wide range. Colonel NOLAN wanted to know about pay, Lord HARTINGTON about the Commission on Organization (eliciting important information from Mr. STANHOPE as to the intentions of the Government), Mr. MARJORIBANKS about his old friend, the magazine rifle, Lord WOLMER about sentry-go in London. Then Mr. LABOUCHERE and Dr. CLARK arose like mothers (at least old women) in Israel on the subject of the Egyptian matter, and Mr. MORLEY recurred to it, and there was much dreary and insincere talk, and a sham reduction was rejected by 124 to 52. After which "ALPHEUS C. MORTON, he" began to talk about "the West End classes" (against whom, no doubt, a great deal might be said, but who, at any rate, have the merit of not returning to Parliament men like Mr. MORTON and Mr. COBB), and, nominally advocating arbitration, and a reduction of our poor little army by 30,000, had a whole division to himself and a beating by 142 to 25.

The House of Lords had no public business provided for it on Tuesday. In the Commons Mr. BALFOUR relieved the anxieties of Irish members by the information that Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN are comfortably ensconced in the infirmary ward of Galway gaol and that the medical

officer anticipates no injury to their precious healths. The still more delicate question whether anybody would have to pay for the little joke of bolting when under recognizances was mooted, but not decided. Mr. SMITH, in answer to Mr. BECKETT, confirmed the report that a Commission on Capital and Labour is to issue. Mr. BARTLEY'S motion on the Income-tax produced a discussion of some length, a speech (in the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S absence) from the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, and a division of 161 to 106 against a Committee of Inquiry. The simple fact is that the tax is both too odious and, in consequence of recent fiscal policy, too indispensable for any Government to consent to meddling with it. If the present methods of assessment and collection were inquired into, it could not go on, and it cannot be spared. Dr. CLARK then obstructed a little on the names of the Committee on Railway Servants' Hours. The rest of the evening was occupied by debating the Cheap Trains Bill, the Local Bankruptcy (Ireland) Bill, the Duration of Speeches Bill, the Nonconformist Marriage Bill, and the Qualification of Voters Bill. The first and third were rejected, the second and fourth read a second time, and the fifth talked out.

Almost the entire afternoon of Wednesday was given up to the Parochial Boards (Scotland) Bill, a subject with which no profane Southron dared to meddle in speech. The Scotch Home Ruler, however, if he had no cause to grumble on this head, will observe triumphantly that the creature voted, if he did not speak, and that it was a considerable time before a House could be made, which is of course another reason for beginning to sing the "auld sang" once more, and to imitate the patriotism (see below) of the Norwegian Storting.

On Thursday, in the House of Lords, the Tithes Bill passed through Committee, amended in a fashion which may give trouble. The principal business of the Lower House was with the Factories and Workshops Bill; but the discussion of this was preceded by a great deal of questioning, chiefly by persons of the COBB-LABOUCHERE-MORTON type. Mr. MATTHEWS parried Mr. COBB on the Duke of BEDFORD, and scored heavily off Mr. MORTON on Baccarat; but he rejoiced the chivalrous soul of Mr. LABOUCHERE by announcing that he had abridged the duress of JANE ELSDON, the latest Radical heroine, for that negligence had been shown by the assistant matron of the Bastille. This return to the old sportsmanlike methods of English law, this neglect of the priggish modern habit of considering only the guilt or innocence of prisoners, is very agreeable; but we rather wonder at the party of progress liking it.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Considerable discussions have taken place in the American Senate on the proposed Nicaragua Canal, which some senators represented as a violation of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty; while others took the opportunity to indulge in a little innocent defiance of England.—It appears to be now certain that the insurrection in Chili is formidable, and that the insurgents are by no means confined to the sea, as they were at first asserted to be. At last full and apparently authentic details were received of their capture of Iquique, and of its recapture and final surrender by the Government troops, the British Admiral meanwhile playing the very difficult part of mediator, with, it seems, success and approval. There has also been fighting at Valparaiso, and from some details it is to be feared that in the interior of the country it is a case of *al cuchillo*.—In the Argentine Republic, too, there are troubles both at Buenos Ayres and in the provinces. A very doubtfully serious attempt to assassinate General ROCA served as the excuse for the proclamation of a state of siege in the capital.—In Brazil General DEODORO DA FONSECA has been elected

President for four years by a not very large majority of the new Congress.—There has been a Ministerial crisis in Servia.—In Canada Sir CHARLES TUPPER has followed up last week's attack on the "treasonable" character of Canadian Liberalism by some damaging additional proofs.—French attention has been divided between England (Mr. MORLEY's and Mr. LABOUCHERE's speeches on Monday giving the handle) and the visit of the Empress FREDERICK. In the first discussion the sweet reasonableness of the French character has been chiefly illustrated; in the second its delicate taste. Yet it might have been wiser if the EMPRESS had kept away.—The Italians have had a small fight in Abyssinia. The Marchese DI RUDINI, undeterred by the fate of his predecessor, has been giving audiences and making statements of policy to journalists; but they do not come to much.—The Norwegian Cabinet has resigned, being defeated in the Storting on the question of Norway having more voice in the joint foreign policies of Norway and Sweden. Indeed, it seems that the Storting claims entire control of those relations, and that in the Ministerial crisis thus created the pleasant choice of King OSCAR lies between practically dissolving the Union of 1814, or having it dissolved as formally as the Storting can do it. English Home Rulers please note the delights of Home Rule and separate Legislatures, and Englishmen generally please note the results of the triumph of Democratic principles which have for many years been more prevalent in Norway than in perhaps any other part of the world.—There has been some severe fighting in Burmah.

Egypt. Tokar was occupied last week after a sharp fight, in which the Egyptian troops behaved very well against superior numbers, killing some 700 dervishes, and losing themselves in killed and wounded about a tenth of the number; the killed, we are sorry to say, including one promising English officer, Captain BARROW. The French still rave because of the improvement of justice in Egypt.

Ireland. Mr. PARNELL resumed his "week-end" tours, as they would call them in the North, last Saturday, and spoke at Roscommon. Mr. BALFOUR snubbed severely that clerical firebrand of Arklow, the Rev. Mr. HALLOWES; who, as if the task of government in Ireland were not hard enough already, has chosen the present time to attempt aggressive proselytism; and, not content with being saved by the Constabulary from the consequences of his folly, wants their assistance in his crusade.—A libel suit by Mr. HARRINGTON against the defunct *Insuppressible* was begun on Thursday.

Speeches. On Saturday night Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL spoke very agreeably to his constituents, pointing out that he, of all men, was the last to plot or cabal; that he was, as CORNEILLE said of himself, *sacrilège de gloire*; that those among the Tories who take the side of the employers in strike disputes are terribly mistaken, that the working classes have the power and must be catered for, &c.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Birmingham on the same day.—On Wednesday Lord SALISBURY spoke on science at the Chemical Society's dinner. (By the way, some reporters may be pleased to know that LAVOISIER was not a suicide, and did not tell himself that "the Republic had no need of chemists.") Science rather than literature is known to be the Sultana-Queen of the PRIME MINISTER'S non-political affections, and the speech was therefore informed by love as well as light. Yet Lord SALISBURY extolled his chemistry chiefly because she gives less room than some other branches for "the scientific imagination"—thereby confirming a dictum of an Oxford tutor some twenty years ago to a too audaciously logical pupil, "Ye should study chemistry, not history; ye can't generalize in that way *there*."—On the same day Sir JOHN GORST spoke on the Labour Commission, Lord ABERDEEN on Imperial Federation, and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL on Free Libraries.

Strikes. The strike matters, both in Cardiff and in London, have been a confused noise, for the most part; but what is unmistakable and characteristic is that the Cardiff tram strikers have been wrecking tram-cars and severely hurting women passengers in their noble zeal.—It has been announced that the Government will start a Royal Commission on the relations of Capital and Labour, thereby giving the go-by to Lord RANDOLPH. It does not matter much, for Royal Commissions, while they have seldom been known to do any good, do not much oftener do any great harm. But

what the Royal Commission is to say, except what JOHN, the son of ZACHARIAS, said, rather less than two thousand years ago, "Do violence to no man, and be content 'with your wages,' we verily know not.—The London dockers appear to be "wobbling," in the sweet language of the day; but the preposterous excitement over what is called the eviction of Lord LONDONDERY's collier tenants has been industriously kept up. The resistance of these interesting persons, who wish to occupy official residences while refusing to do official work, reached the rioting point on Wednesday, and on the same day Lord LONDONDERY condescended to remonstrate with a London paper on its misrepresentation of the case. That paper very naïvely admitted that "it is not prepared to say he has been wanting in forbearance" with his letter before it, stating that the rent of the houses was part of the wages paid to the colliers. Now, if the paper did not know this very notorious fact before, why did it write about matters of which it was thus ignorant? And if it did, why leave it to Lord LONDONDERY to bring out the most material fact in the case? Even an employer and a Marquess is one of God's creatures. The miners' secretary has since been writing stuff about "the lordly halls of Wynyard" more worthy of a French Southern provincial journalist than of a sensible Englishman of the hard-headed North. If Lord LONDONDERY rented Wynyard and did not pay his rent, he would have to go; the colliers will not pay the work which is their rent, and they have to go.

Sport. The Waterloo Cup was won, as was expected, by Colonel NORTH's Fullerton; the same owner's Simonian taking the Purse, and Rhymes the Plate.

Miscellaneous. The London and North-Western Railway Company's meeting, yesterday week, was made interesting by the retirement of its Chairman, Sir RICHARD MOON, after exceptionally long and good service, which was recognized by complimentary speeches from diverse distinguished shareholders.—The decision of the HEARSON case last week in Mr. HEARSON's favour justifies an individual, but can hardly be said to have settled the really important question whether a man can throw up his service with the Crown when he likes or not. It is a question difficult as well as important; for, while on the one hand very great hardship to individuals might arise, and a serious engine of oppression be placed in the hands of other individuals if the answer be in the negative, an unqualified affirmative would affect discipline at least as seriously.—A meeting was held on Monday, at the Mansion House, in favour of the University and King's Colleges (London) Extension Fund.—On Tuesday Admiral of the Fleet Sir GEOFFREY HORNEY met with a severe accident, being thrown from a dogcart; the O'SHEA Probate case came on; and Mr. F. Y. EDGEWORTH was appointed Professor of Political Economy at Oxford.—The PRINCE OF WALES visited the Cart Horse Show on Wednesday.—Mr. CRAWFORD, a retired officer, gave in the *Times* of Thursday an interesting account of the attempts of Mr. WILLIAM SIKES to improve the not-shining hours of the fog, and of the advantages of possessing a stick and knowing how to use it.—On Thursday judgment was given in the BELLECONTRÉ extradition case, authorizing the extradition; and also in favour of Messrs. COURT'S appeal against the guarantors of the Irish Exhibition.—LOUISA BROWN, the Horley Mrs. BROWNRIGG writ small, escaped the charge of manslaughter of her servant girl, but wisely pleaded guilty to that of assault, and was sentenced to six months imprisonment with hard labour.

Obituary. The death of Lord ALBEMARLE in his ninety-second year removes one of the few remaining men of the last century. The head of the KEPPELS, whose life thus covered nearly half the two centuries during which the family has been established in England, had had a full as well as a long life, and had told some of the experiences of it in a very amusing book. In his capacity as a Waterloo man, and the last but one yet surviving among officers of that great day when he served in the 14th Foot (we have not the time to look up its absurd modern designation), Lord ALBEMARLE was rightly honoured with a funeral service in Westminster Abbey.—Admiral ACTON, an Anglo-Italian sailor and politician, was a man of some mark, but more interesting because of his name and its earlier connexion with Italy than in himself.—Sir RICHARD SUTTON, who died young, was a yachtsman of note.—Another death which came as a shock and a

surprise last week was that of a brilliant young author, Mr. ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON, who died at Hastings on the 19th, at the early age of thirty-three. His admirable book of travels in the South Seas, *Camping among Cannibals*, which first brought his name as a writer to the notice and affections of the reading public, has been followed by several others, of which the last, *A South Sea Lover*, was only published a few months ago. It is seldom that so young a writer has achieved so real a popularity, and his death is a distinct loss to contemporary literature.—Of M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY it may safely be said that, like the amiable lady who lies in a Devonshire churchyard, he “pleased many a man and never vexed one.” His books, which were numerous and even in merit, were not delightful to all tastes, but they could not disgust any, and those who did like them liked them very much.

Books, the Theatre, &c. IBSEN's *Rosmersholm*, quite the most preposterous, and much the least interesting, of the Norwegian dramatist's social plays, was produced at the Vaudeville on Monday.—On Wednesday afternoon Mr. EGERTON CASTLE, assisted by divers friends, gave a very pleasant lecture on Swordsmanship, as illustrating duelling, at the Lyceum, where, though nobody died on point of fox, a large number of interesting methods of bringing about that result were illustrated by word of mouth and skill of hand.—Sir WILLIAM HUNTER has contributed a volume on Lord MAYO to the “Rulers of India” series (Clarendon Press); Mr. F. G. STEPHENS has produced a short Memoir of CRUIKSHANK, with THACKERAY's well-known essay added (SAMPSON LOW); and the same publishers have produced an interesting book by Mr. JACOB RIIS, entitled *How the Other Half Lives*, and dealing with New York slums.

EGYPT.

THE fighting at Tokar appears to have been a piece of work very creditable both to Colonel HOLLED SMITH and his English officers and to the Egyptian officers and men under them. The excellent performance of the Egyptian and Soudanese troops against the enemy is even more satisfactory than the last fighting south of Wady-Halfa; for there, though the native levies did most of the work, they had a backbone of English troops; while here, except for officers, they were left entirely to themselves. It is, indeed, quite possible that the Mahdists are not what they were. The first impulse of fanatic belief is over; a very large number of the best soldiers and emirs have fallen; and we know, from Mr. JEPHSON's book, that even such dubious material as EMIN PASHA's mutineers was able to give a good account of some of them. That, however, does not interfere with the satisfactory nature of the contrast between the disastrous fights at this very spot some years ago and the complete and workmanlike victory last Thursday. There was certainly no better officer present than the late VALENTINE BAKER; yet BAKER's men allowed themselves to be slaughtered almost without a fight by, in all probability, some of the very men on whom the Egyptians have now avenged their loss. And this success, the result of quiet, intelligent, unceasing work, is of a piece with what has been done in every branch of Egyptian affairs by English influence during the English occupation.

Yet within a few hours of the arrival of the news of the victory that occupation was assailed in the English Parliament almost as virulently as, with equal want of sense and dignity, it has been in the French press. The personality of the assailants may deserve and repay a little classification. Dr. CLARK may be dismissed quickly. We can remember no occasion during this gentleman's membership of Parliament, when the honour and interest of England were concerned, and on which he did not take the side opposed to them. Mr. LABOUCHERE's position is part of that huge and cryptic structure, the great Laboucharian joke. Of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and Sir JOSEPH PEASE it is unnecessary to speak at all. But Mr. JOHN MORLEY's attitude is much more interesting. He has in his favour the fact that, as he pleaded, he opposed the Egyptian policy of Mr. GLADSTONE as well as the Egyptian policy of Lord SALISBURY. But why did he oppose either? Mr. MORLEY is not, we believe, a peace-at-any-price man. He admits that English occupation has been beneficial to the Egyptians. He disclaims quite earnestly, and no doubt sincerely, any intention to embarrass the Government. And yet he finds in the proof that we have successfully taught the people of Egypt to

defend themselves and to drive away a parcel of foreign invaders (for such are these Baggara dervishes), who have been for years ravaging and tyrannizing over a fertile district, “a miserable and detestable event.” Imagination may well boggle at this, and we can only find the answer to the enigma in the fact that Mr. MORLEY is very fond of France—a land of *philosophes*, a sweet Republican land where they bully Clericalism—and that he knows that the French are half beside themselves continually, and wholly beside themselves at intervals, about our Egyptian successes. This excessive amiability is like to be the ruin of Mr. MORLEY. His famous argument for Home Rule—which still remains with nothing *simile aut secundum* beside it as an argument for Home Rule—was that, if the Irish did not get Home Rule, they would be so very, so obnoxiously, unhappy. His argument against that English occupation which he admits to have benefited Egypt would seem to be that the French will be incon-solable till we give it up. This, we say, is amiability, but it is not statesmanship. We cannot afford to fortify all the Western coast, and run the risk of such a deadlock as there is now in Norway, to save Mr. MORLEY's tender heart pain in one direction, or to hand Egypt over to the French to save it pain in another. It is possible that some day Egypt will be able to do without an actual English army of occupation. But that day is likely to be brought nearer rather than to be postponed by the “miserable,” the “detestable,” event in which Egyptian troops vanquished the invaders and tyrants of Egyptian territory.

SOME IBSENISMS.

THE dramatic critic of the *Daily News* has been at an Ibsenite play, and he is so irreverent as to style it “an IBSSEN Service.” The Faithful were there, all of them, and, as they murmured the responses in low devotional tones, this critic heard and recorded them. “Psychological insight” was one of the catch-words, and he thinks it answers to the old “sensitivity” of KOTZEBUE. There were also “ennobled from within,” “true inwardness,” “bitterness of baulked individuality,” “free will and spirit affinity,” and so forth. What is this all about? What is there peculiar to IBSEN in “the bitterness of baulked individuality”? If an Ibsenite was playing his own ball against the best of two others, and if he lifted into a bunker at the hole, then he would know the bitterness of baulked individuality. But we all know it, and every dramatic poet has written on it—only, when MACBETH's ambition is defeated, and when SHYLOCK's little game is up, no critic in his senses talks this particularly childish jargon on the subject. Why do Ibsenites talk it? Every dramatic writer worth his salt has “psychological insight,” only nobody thinks it necessary to tell him and the world that it is so. SOPHOCLES had psychological insight; so had MOLIERE, so had DUMAS; but they were born before this chatter was invented, before the *engouement* of a narrow, ignorant, and pedantic culture. IBSEN has his qualities; nobody is denying them; what we are denying is the value of these solemn and sickly comments, which are precisely as critical as the comments of MADELON and CATHOS on the madrigals of MASCARILLE. “Culture,” at present, seems to be excessively short-sighted, to see nothing but the idol of the moment, to know nothing or remember nothing of poets compared to whom IBSEN is as a rushlight to the sun, to have no sympathy with humourists, because IBSEN is absolutely devoid of humour. There is not a pennyweight of it in all the tons of quartz of his translated plays, with the possible exception of *The Wild Duck*, where he seems to indulge a little in the salutary pastime of laughing at himself. Will nobody write a comedy of “The Ibsenites,” a modern variety, as has been suggested more than once, of *The Rovers*, where NORA and HEDDA GABLER may swear eternal friendship, and half of the characters discuss their hereditary gout, and everybody “die beautifully,” taking great pains not to shoot themselves where the chunk of old red sandstone hit? Diversified by ballets, it would be a gay performance, and so, we presume, we shall never see NORA dancing with the pink stockings, and HEDDA practising with her celebrated pistols, and all the wrong people drinking too much milk-punch. Probably there *was* lemon in that milk-punch, and lemon always disagreed with Mr. LÖVBORG. There is, we venture to think, some fun to be got out of *The Ibsenites*, who are at least as absurd as the old Sunflower people.

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE.

THE frugal rule that, if a thing is kept long enough, a use will some time or other be found for it, is illustrated in the political fortunes of Mr. STANSFELD. Some years ago he was put away somewhere and forgotten. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN resigned the Presidency of the Local Government Board in 1886 on discovering what was meant by Mr. GLADSTONE's project of Home Rule, there was an embarrassment, not that of riches, as to the choice of a successor. The Dissident Liberals had carried off with them most of the available brains of the party. Suddenly some one thought of Mr. STANSFELD. Search was made in the official lumber-rooms of the Liberal party, where he was discovered, rather dusty and faded. After a little furbishing up and polishing he was placed among the furniture of the President's room in the office in King Street, and for a few weeks occupied a seat on the Treasury Bench. Now, in company with other venerable articles of somewhat outworn fashion, he adorns the Front Opposition Bench. It is not, we fear, likely that when or if the time comes for Mr. GLADSTONE to migrate to the right hand of the Speaker Mr. STANSFELD will accompany him to the Front Ministerial Bench. He will have to seek a more retired and perhaps elevated ground. But he will not be alone in exile. Half a dozen members of Mr. GLADSTONE's third Cabinet, at least, would, if the French fashion prevailed in England, have to describe themselves as in perpetuity *anciens ministres*. They are not likely to be restored, even as caretakers, to the places which they watch with patient yet hungry eyes. The young lions are eager for the prey. The old lions—stiff in the joints, with broken teeth and blunted claws—will have to recognize that their day is over. There are under-secretaries, secretaries of boards, and vice-presidents, whom nothing less than the Cabinet will content; and there are aspiring spirits below the gangway who are eager to place their feet on the first round of the official ladder.

Whatever the future may have in store for him, Mr. STANSFELD is still the latest Gladstonian President of the Local Government, and in that character he is sent for, and entrusted with such motions as the Opposition thinks it right to bring forward on questions coming within the scope of that Board. The details of the electoral arrangements of the country belong to it. Therefore, Mr. STANSFELD has had the privilege granted to him of moving what is popularly called "The one man, one vote" resolution, which, unless accident or Mr. W. H. SMITH, prowling about and seeking what private members' days he may devour, interpose, he will move next Tuesday.

Mr. STANSFELD asks the House of Commons to affirm the principle that no person shall be permitted to vote for more than one electoral area during the continuance of one and the same register. To this there are divers amendments; Mr. HOWORTH affirming that the adjustment of the representation of the several parts of the United Kingdom to the number of their Parliamentary electors should accompany any change in the law. Mr. WHITMORE demands the same readjustment while retaining the present freehold qualification. Mr. JAMES MACLEAN would take into account taxation as well as population. Sir ROBERT FOWLER asks the House to decline to re-open the question of Parliamentary representation so soon after the settlement of 1885. Something more than the question of time is involved in Mr. STANSFELD's resolution. There are considerations of good faith. When Mr. GLADSTONE brought forward the Reform scheme of 1885 he recommended it as a measure of pure enfranchisement. It admitted the masses, but it did not in any degree disfranchise the classes. It added qualifications, but it did not take any qualification away. Mr. GLADSTONE dwelt on this feature of the measure as entitling it in an especial degree to the support of the Conservative party. It united the claims of tradition and progress, and balanced innovation by the maintenance of the existing order. The direct representation of persons was increased; but the representation of property was not done away with. The circumstances amid which the Representation Bill and the Seats Bill, which the Conservative party had declined to consider apart, were passed, the conferences held in Downing Street between Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord SALISBURY, and certain colleagues of either, by which the arrangements of the dual measure were finally agreed on, gave it in a certain sense the character of a treaty or concordat, or, at any rate, of an honourable understanding. Mr. GLADSTONE, in effect, said, "Assent to this extension of the franchise, and to this distribution of seats, and I will abstain from

"disturbing the existing property qualification." If he had added, "When I have got what I want I will withdraw the consideration which I offered for it," it is possible that the measures of 1885 might have assumed a different character from that which they now bear. On this point we do not insist very strongly. Lord SALISBURY knew Mr. GLADSTONE in 1885. Not perhaps so well as he knows him now, but still well enough to be aware that Mr. GLADSTONE's pledges bind him only so long as it is convenient for him to observe them. A promise, in 1885, not to disturb a certain order of things does not, in terms, involve an undertaking not to disturb it in 1891. If Lord SALISBURY inferred that Mr. GLADSTONE accepted the maintenance of the property qualification for the franchise as a permanent part of the new system, all that can be said is that Mr. GLADSTONE is an older Parliamentary hand than Lord SALISBURY. It was not in the bond. It may be that the conditions of the franchise, and of the redistribution of seats, were accepted by Lord SALISBURY in the belief that the freehold qualification guarded the interests of property, so as appreciably to compensate for this strengthening of the popular element in the constituencies. Still, Mr. GLADSTONE was not in any formal way bound to maintain, a Session longer than suited him, the provisions which were, in some degree, the basis of his compact with the Conservative leaders. If he had been so bound the result might not, perhaps, have been very different. Changing circumstances and an open mind carry a dispensing power with them.

Mr. STANSFELD personally, of course, is not concerned with the violation of the understanding of 1885. He was not a party to it—he was not a member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet. Where he was, and what he was doing, nobody knows. But he brings forward the motion, not as Mr. STANSFELD merely, but as the spokesman of the authors of the Bill of 1885. We are by no means confident that the measure would have the effect, anticipated from it by its supporters, of strengthening the Radical element in the constituencies. The majority of the out-voters, whom the popular imagination depicts as rushing from constituency to constituency to swamp the residential voters, are not country gentlemen of large estates in half a dozen counties. In much larger numbers probably they are thrifty tradesmen and artisans of the better class who, with the aid of societies established for the purpose, have invested their savings in freeholds. In these classes there is, no doubt, a large and increasingly strong Conservative contingent; but, in accordance with the traditions and sentiments which have survived the state of things in which they originated, the majority of them are probably Radical. It is not likely, however, that the maintenance or the abolition of the qualification which Mr. STANSFELD desires to do away would change half a dozen seats at the next general election. As regards a more distant future it would diminish the influence, not of the wealthy classes, with estates in different counties, whose voting power is their least power, but of the soberer and more frugal, and, in a sense larger than the party one, the more Conservative portion of the working and lower middle class. In this respect such effect as it might have would, on the whole, be mischievous.

Mr. STANSFELD's resolution is the application, in a very partial and halting way, to our present electoral system of BENTHAM's principle, that in political arrangements every man ought to count as one, and no man as more than one. If a man, let us say, has a house in Grosvenor Crescent, an estate in Warwickshire, and another estate in Northumberland, he is one man, but he may be, and probably is, three voters. Perhaps this electoral pluralist ought to be well content that the New Radicalism—speaking through Mr. STANSFELD—is satisfied with directly taking away two of his votes, and does not do it by the indirect, but more effective, process of taking away two of the estates in virtue of which he has hitherto voted. If the "one man, one vote" principle is sound, why not the "one man, one house," or the "one man, one acre" principle? If, however, Mr. STANSFELD's theory is to be fairly applied it must be enlarged to the limits of BENTHAM's doctrine, and one man's vote must not be allowed to count for more than another man's vote. Logically carried out, this doctrine would land us in Mr. HARE's scheme of proportional representation, or some other arrangement by which "each fair burgh, numerically free, will choose its members by the rule of three." Here is an opportunity for Mr. COURTNEY. The temptation, we

venture to predict, will be too strong for the reticence which convention imposes on the Chairman of Committees. It will be *plus fort que lui*. Short, however, of this revolutionary application of the doctrine, it will require a redistribution of seats among existing constituencies. Confining ourselves to the three constituent portions of the United Kingdom it is sufficient to point out that, according to a return presented to Parliament last Session, England and Wales, assuming equality of voting power, would return to Parliament 512 members instead of 495, and Ireland 86 instead of 103, Scotland, as now, electing 72. The bearing of this re-apportionment upon the chances of a Gladstonian majority, the securing of which dictates Mr. STANSFELD's resolution, is obvious. In Ireland itself the Protestant and manufacturing North would gain probably in a not less proportion over the Roman Catholic and agricultural West or South. To Mr. STANSFELD's principle, fairly applied, there is no reason that Conservatives on party grounds should object. But this fair application of it is not intended, and, if the Gladstonians should come into power, will not be made. Their aim is to deprive English opinion of its just preponderance in the Councils of the United Kingdom, because England is not Gladstonian.

THE DECAY OF IRONY.

THE case of MATTHEWS v. GILBERT is not a particularly interesting one, so far as the relations of the parties are concerned. Local elections not unfrequently lead to personal abuse, and personal abuse not unfrequently gives employment to lawyers. It is true that there were some peculiarities in MATTHEWS v. GILBERT, which, indeed, alone made a serious defence possible. In the first place, the libel on the plaintiff was ostensibly, and in great part actually, a libel on somebody else. In the second place, the publication consisted, not in printing the document, or even in circulating it, but in reading it aloud at a pothouse. In the third place, the defendant was not the author of the libel. In fact, A having written a defamatory document of and concerning B, with incidental reflections upon C, D recited it to E, F, and G. Whereupon C brought an action against D, and recovered a hundred pounds. In these circumstances, D would probably be thought not to have done badly. A recent example has proved that it is dangerous, as well as mean, to defame people because you think they are dead. For they may happen to be alive, and you may find that you have caught a Tartar unawares. The author of the libel on Mr. MATTHEWS appears to have thought, for some reason or other, that he might with impunity say what he liked about two people he disliked bearing the name of RUMNEY, or that he would stand the shot for the fun, but to have forgotten, in the ardour of his zeal, that he was including a third party in his general aspersions. One of the RUMNEYS was a candidate for the County Council of Middlesex, another candidate being Mr. MATTHEWS, who is a mechanic in the Small Arms Factory at Enfield. Mr. MATTHEWS, however, does not appear to have been desperately set upon entering public life through that modest channel. Mr. MATTHEWS forgot the day, and handed in his checks, or tendered his nomination paper, on the 22nd of January, instead of the 21st. This was too late, and so his candidature lapsed. These scarcely seem promising materials from which to construct a libel. But the ingenuity of provincial malice is equal to most things, and the libel in this instance was, as we have seen, a hundred-pounder. It was said of the late Serjeant BALLANTINE, in his professional character, that there was no human act, however innocent it might look, for which he could not suggest a motive at once plausible and disreputable. But, of course, he was a great artist, which the Enfield scandal-monger is certainly not.

Most libels, like most speakers, begin at a considerable distance from the point, and this one is no exception to the rule. The composition also exhibits the decay of irony, which threatens to sink below even the primitive and familiar level of "You're a pretty fellow":—"I, H——" "H——, son of PETER the Great, give notice that I shall, "at the next Parliamentary election, offer myself as a "candidate. Had I put up at the last election no one else "would have stood a chance. All the electors know I am "the working-man's friend; indeed, I love them, if they "have any money or votes." This kind of thing is insufferable, and its imbecility might fairly be considered in

aggravation of damages. It is followed by minute and detailed slander of the RUMNEYS, which, true or false, refined or vulgar, is at least definite and intelligible. The RUMNEYS, in the opinion of the writer, are very smart; what the members of Mrs. MICAWBER's family were in the opinion of Mrs. MICAWBER. These elaborate accusations explain the meaning of the phrase "money or votes," which might otherwise puzzle the commentator. "Hic locus," he might say, "est valde difficilis. In Anglia enim suffragiorum petitores dare solebant pecuniam, non recipere. "Haud scio an debeamus legere 'influence' pro 'money.' "Confer eam notam locutionem 'vote and influence' in "concionibus ad populum passim inveniendam." A well-known politician who lately took part in a contested election was offered his travelling expenses by the agent. "No, no, "my dear sir," replied the itinerant legislator; "don't waste "them on me; I have no vote." Here, however, the allusion to the golden key has another and a more sinister meaning. The libel on Mr. MATTHEWS was contained in the following sentence, put into the mouth of Mr. RUMNEY:—"It "is true that after MATTHEWS retired from the contest I "had a private interview with him, after which he and "his committee publicly asked his supporters to vote for "me, which put me at the head of the poll." This was found by the jury to be an imputation of bribery, and, indeed, the harmless meaning which Mr. Justice CHARLES told them they might put upon it would have been, according to the common rules of interpretation, somewhat strained. "Invective," said Mr. DISRAELI, with that sententious felicity which distinguished him, "invective is a "great ornament of debate. But insolence is not invective." Irony is a great literary weapon. But impertinence is not irony, as many people besides the Enfield scribbler require to be reminded.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

IT would hardly be just or correct to say that the whole interest of yesterday week's debate on Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN's motion for Disestablishment in Wales was confined to Mr. GLADSTONE's speech. In some others, indeed, no man could find interest. Mr. DILLWYN's stale Liberalist platitudes and fallacies, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's childish *petitio principii* about the Irish Church, may indeed be neglected. But Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN's opening speech, though containing no argument, was interesting as showing how utterly unable colonially trained eyesight is to see English facts, and therefore as suggesting cautions on the danger of too hastily judging colonial affairs by English eyes. Mr. RAIKES's opposition to the motion was vigorous, and, to anybody who cared to listen to argument (which probably not ten men in the House did), convincing. Sir JOSEPH BAILEY put the facts fairly and well, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL took the motion itself to pieces in a workmanlike fashion. But as far as argument went, we have already told the plain and sufficient, if not very satisfactory, truth that none was wanted. No one who objects on principle, or who wishes to curry favour with those who object on principle, to a National Church, would listen if so-called Churchmen were proved to be the vast majority of the Welsh people, and it does not matter one jot to those who hold the true theory of a National Church whether they are or not.

But Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude was looked forward to with some curiosity, and it did much more than satisfy expectation. It was much desired to see how he would—to use a delightful phrase of his own—"dispose, as far as the "words are susceptible of verbal explanation," of a certain speech of his own since the disestablishment of the Irish Church, uttered in reply, we think, to that pet hero of the Nonconformist conscience, the late Mr. Justice, then Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS. This speech declared the impossibility of separating the Welsh Church from the English. That Mr. GLADSTONE could explain this away was certain beforehand. "Gentlemen, I can conceive an "elephant," a late Professor of Logic used to say, proudly, and if Mr. WALL could conceive an elephant, Mr. GLADSTONE could certainly explain one away. But how he would do it was the point of interest. He did it in this way. In the first place, he showed that Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN's motion was historically inaccurate and morally unjust. He proved that "the Church of "England in Wales" is a simply silly phrase as to the past—with the exception of a brief interval when no part

of England was in a much better state than Wales itself. Then he proceeded to draw a glowing picture of the way in which it is now, and long has been, doing its duty. He showed that in no part of England are both clergy and laity working better or making larger contributions to the Church. He had said *Quis separabit?* when Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS was the spokesman of the Nonconformist conscience, and the Church was better now than then. But—and here the speaker passed from premisses to conclusions with one of those kangaroo leaps which only he can take—it was the Church of the classes, not of the masses (one class to two mass is odd, surely!), and the majority of the Welsh members were against it. Therefore the historical claims of the Church, its undoubted legal position, its ever-increasing, and ever more successful, efforts to do its work go for nothing. It will go on, Mr. GLADSTONE piously hopes, “from elevation to elevation”; and that it may do so he adds, “Down with it, down with it, even to the ground!”

The proceeding is, indeed, remarkable; but it is less original than Mr. GLADSTONE sometimes is. It had been, if a famous paradox is right, anticipated by a very celebrated historical character. It must be in imitation of him that Mr. GLADSTONE hands over the Welsh Church to Mr. MORGAN and Mr. ABRAHAM, that she may learn to display those virtues which she possesses yet more signally, and may add to them the crowning grace of Apostolic destitution.

OBITUARY PROSE.

IN the wanderings of HUCKLEBERRY FINN he once came on traces of a young elegiac poet named EMMILINE. She seized each occasion of a death in a family, and was punctual with her “tribute” in verse. Indeed, the neighbours said it was the doctor first, then EMMILINE, and then the undertaker. Of her effusions we only recall one verse:—

It was not mumps that shook his frame,
Nor measles dire, with spots;
Not these effaced the sacred name
Of Stephen Dowell Botts.

EMMILINES of this kind are happily rare in England; but many brief tributes in prose, and in a taste worthy of EMMILINE'S Muse, are found in the Notices of Deaths. The lugubriously ridiculous, which is such a near neighbour of death and sorrow, is in these particularly and persistently revealed. The notices are so queerly confidential. It seems odd to record that a poor gentleman was “suffocated in his bath by the fumes of a geyser.” Then we have the decease of a sage of ninety, and we are informed that “for more than twenty-five years he was a firm believer in the Religion of Humanity, and a faithful disciple of its founder, AUGUSTE COMTE.” It is very much to his credit that he did not take up these notions till he was decidedly past his prime. But why drag the excesses of old age into the garish light of day? We shall next read, “In Memory of PETER MAGNUS, Esq., born 1792, died February 10, 1891.” For his last six months he was a believer in Ibsenism. The frailties of old ought rather to be piously veiled than proclaimed aloud. Besides, who wants to know? Then we come to a lady who was “promoted from the Kindergarten of earth to the High School of Paradise.” The 19th of April always finds an enthusiast to advertise that, on this day in 1824, “GEORGE GORDON NOEL, Lord BYRON, died in a glorious cause at Missolonghi.” “The young—the beautiful—the brave.” Perhaps the very queerest and most confidential announcement tells of one who died “after three days’ scarlet fever, caught by relying on the word of a Swiss doctor.” This gives us too much or too little. What did the Swiss physician give his word for? He may have told his patient the height of the Matterhorn, or pledged his faith that *Alas!* is a good novel, but how could anyone catch scarlet fever of a malignant type by reposing on the Helvetian leech’s opinion? Besides, it is hard on all Swiss doctors. Many English people believe that all foreign doctors are antiquated quacks, and all their practice still in the condition of MOLIERE’S time. They are, of course, as well educated and trustworthy as English doctors. But people will retain a prejudice that one may catch scarlet fever by relying on their words. Next we have the decease of a lady concerning whom it is recorded that “Sunlight falls upon the page with that dear name.” What page? Another was “a perfect daughter, mother, sister, aunt, wife, and friend.” Nothing could be

more complete; but why, except on a tombstone, tell the world about these retiring virtues? Of another, a gentleman, it is written, “Love, reverence, and devotion animate those who hold his memory dear.” A gentleman adds to the notice of his wife’s death, “My beloved has gone into the garden to gather lilies. No cards.” “No flowers”—a common entry—would in this case have been more appropriate. A poor old lady is branded as “Dear Ma, dear Grandma, dear Aunty.” Yet again, to the notice of a man’s death is appended, “He was kind, simple, and true; his whole life—Love!” In a more fluent vein we are advised that a lady was “Possessed of high talents, warm heart, and liberal hand, and she was universally respected and beloved.” Occasionally a whole pedigree is given. Such and such a person was “son of A. and great-grandson of the late Sir B. C. Bart.” Sometimes the notice rises to poetry:—

No partings yonder;
Hearts cannot sever.
Dearer and fonder,
Hands clasp for ever.

The motives which urge people to make these confidences in such a curious place are, doubtless, respectable. These few lines are meant to be all the biography of the dead, who are fortunate in that the review is brief, and they are the only public expression within reach of the survivors. But it would really be wiser and more reverent to omit those quaint tributes, not to scatter these lilies from hands anything but full. It is a case in which “only silence suiteth best,” and speech borders on burlesque.

SHOWING SYMPATHY.

WE will not, after so many years’ pursuit of virtue, adopt the bad practice of deceiving our readers. Therefore, we will begin our comment on the projected appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the relations of employers and employed by saying that we could wish that it was to be done by “the other side.” It is one of those things of which it is so much more easy to show the *con* than the *pro*. How pleasant it would be, for instance, to ask “the other side” what the reference to the Royal Commission is to be! The question of the method of conducting work on railways is, it appears, to be ruled out. A particular Committee is sitting on that. This, of course, might suggest another query. How comes it that the Ministry decided to make that particular inquiry if it had already decided to make the more general one? If, again, the Royal Commission was only decided on quite recently, what has suggested it? Was it Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL’S pronouncement that a display of “sympathy” with labour would be useful with a General Election not so far off—his and other voices to the same effect? We hope not. For the rest, the reference is but vague, as far as we yet know it. The relations of employers and employed might include the relations of merchants and bankers to their clerks, of the publishers to their tame authors, and of editors to the contributors. Are the sorrows of the able editor whose literary gentlemen will write twice as much as is wanted, and will bring in King CHARLES’S head, and the corresponding sorrows of the contributor whose finest thoughts are unmercifully slain with blue pencils, to come before the Royal Commission? If so, we pity the Royal Commission.

But this is all flippant nonsense. We know very well what is meant by employers and employed. They are easy terms to define when used for the purpose of Royal Commissions. In a general way, the best definition is that the employers are those whose employed are liable to strike, and employed are those whose votes are likely to be at once valuable and uncertain. The practical man knows what he means when he uses the terms, and that is enough. Still, having got so far, one is not much nearer understanding what good the Commission can possibly do. So much depends on such uncertain things. If, for example, employers are convinced that they ought to make twenty-five per cent. on their capital, and that their employed should want for food before they want for fortunes—if the employed are convinced that wages should keep always rising, irrespective of the state of the market, what can a Royal Commission do with such unreasonable people? If, on the other hand, employers and employed alike understand that business is a matter of give and take, and that it is often worth while to sacrifice money in this world for other things,

they can get on very well without Royal Commissions. It is a saying, too, that an ounce of help is worth a pound of sympathy, and what help can Royal Commissions bring? To matters which depend on the higgling of the market very little. If the labour question as it stands at this moment is taken to supply an example, it really does not appear what, given the delusions of the labourers, State direction could have done to avert the struggle of the last two years. The men could not have been forced to work against their will. The employers might have been coerced into yielding, but that would only have raised the demands of the Unions, and then the fight would have come on again. As it is, a settlement seems to be forming by the working of the balance of power between the Federation and the Unions—a settlement which, for the greater glory of human sagacity, will leave things pretty much where they were before the waste and the contention began. But of the making of objections to the Royal Commission there need be no end. It is obvious that the showing of sympathy to voters at the approach of a General Election is not unselfish, and may not be wise. It is obvious, too, that an inquiry of this kind may be a mere starting of the "Condition of England Question," which was not thought practical when Mr. CARLYLE suggested it. But there is something to be said on the other side, and we take it to be this. The nature of man is such that he is soothed by sympathy. His words are apt, as SANCHO PANZA said, to rot inside him when he is not allowed to roll them out. If he is enabled to state them to a "sympathetic" audience, the mere relief the permission gives has often a soothing effect. Besides, having to state your grievances before an audience which can put questions and demand definitions leads to the clarifying of your ideas. It may be that a good deal of discontent will be suspended by the mere knowledge that a board of gentlemen has been appointed to listen to it. And, to be frank, if you cannot govern without "labour," you must govern with it as best you can. Whatever has power will have its way more or less, and labour has power—*ergo* it gets its Royal Commission. If mischief comes of the concession, it will have to be opposed in its turn.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

WE cannot wonder at the intense anxiety of the Gladstonians to get quit of Mr. PARNELL on some terms or other, either by subduing or squaring him, or else by effecting some arrangement by which they may plausibly maintain that he has been subdued or squared. For, undoubtedly, he is the most troublesome of opponents, and he has never shown himself more dangerous and damaging than since he lowered his weapon after the Kilkenny election, and professed willingness for a compromise. Every Gladstonian now perceives what, to do them justice, some of them foresaw would be the case—that the Boulogne conferences have been so much clear gain to Mr. PARNELL; that no one has got anything out of those negotiations but himself, and that what he has got he is already beginning, with his usual promptitude and address, to turn to excellent account. Thanks in part to the money difficulty, and in part to the impressionable nature of Mr. O'BRIEN, he has now managed to put the McCarthyites inextricably in the wrong before, not the "hillside men" alone, but the great body of his countrymen. Obvious though his purpose may have been even to the two men with whom he has been parleying, they have not cared or have not dared to make any effort to thwart it. They have, on the contrary, aided it by the energy and earnestness with which they threw themselves into the negotiations, and by their refusal, after the failure of the attempt at compromise, to throw in their lot with Mr. PARNELL's opponents. He has now, therefore, succeeded in showing that the two most popular leaders in Ireland after himself are, to put it at its lowest, certainly not prepared to repudiate him as a leader; and he may even be said to have made them show in the extremely vague and indefinite character of their valedictory utterances that they expect many things to happen during the next six months, and prefer to keep themselves absolutely free from any embarrassing obligations in the meantime. It is merely idle, then, for the disconcerted Gladstonians to pretend that the failure of the Boulogne Conference leaves matters where they were before. They know well, and they chafe under the knowledge, that Mr. PARNELL's position in Ireland has been sensibly strengthened by it, and that of his adversaries proportionately weakened.

It must be with deepening anxiety, too, that the Gladstonian notes the regained moderation of Mr. PARNELL's tone. For the English McCarthyites this is a very ugly sign indeed. It shows that Mr. PARNELL, while, of course, holding himself in readiness to renew his appeal to the hillside men, and to talk the language of sedition whenever occasion may serve, has decided that the present opportunity is propitious for an address to those constitutional waverers among his countrymen who may be hesitating between Mr. MCCARTHY and himself. No speech could have been more skilfully adapted to this purpose than that which he delivered early in the present week at Roscommon. There is not a word in it which a Gladstonian could reasonably object to, and, indeed, there is little which Gladstonians have not, at some time or other, affirmed themselves. The speaker is even careful at the close of his speech to repeat one of the old commonplaces, so rarely on his lips of late, about the willingness of Ireland to "give every guarantee to England that Imperial interests shall not be injured, or come under any shadow of risk of damage," under a Home Rule settlement. But at the same time he contends, with undeniable force, that the promises made to Ireland by Mr. GLADSTONE, in consideration of these guarantees, are utterly inadequate to the satisfaction of Irish Nationalist aspirations, and, what is more, that the anti-Parnellites dare not deny it. The Gladstonian assurances would, he said, be "thrown back by the indignant hand" of the Irish people in the face of those who pretended to offer them as satisfactory, and, he added, "there is not one of the seceders who will venture to say, 'in private or in public, that these assurances are satisfactory. I should like to see them come among the people of Ireland and say that they are.'" And the strength—for Gladstonian hopes of reunion, the fatal strength—of Mr. PARNELL's position is that what he here says about the seceders is, as everybody knows, the strict and literal truth. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY and the other discomfited gentlemen, whistling for a wind to carry them back to office, know well that, in the language of MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT's friend, it is "dreadful true." The McCarthyites do not dare to go to Ireland and say that they find the Gladstonian offers satisfactory; that they approve of the reservation of the land question to the legislative jurisdiction of the Imperial Parliament, and that, as to the control of the police, "it is of no consequence, thank you," and they will be equally well pleased to be permitted to obtain command of their own Constabulary three, four, or five years after Ireland gets her Parliament on College Green. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY know perfectly well in their own hearts that when Mr. PARNELL pronounces the police arrangement to be the perpetuation of the "brand of slavery and serfdom on the Irish people"; and when he declares that the reservation of the land question to the Imperial Parliament is intended to "afford a pretext for commanding the allegiance of the Irish members to the English Liberal party," he is saying things which, whether true or false, fair or unfair, will obtain the assent of nineteen out of every twenty Irish Nationalists, and which neither Mr. MCCARTHY nor any one else will for a moment dare to contradict. And it is their knowledge of this that makes the situation of the Gladstonians appear so desperate, even to themselves. Their dismayed perception of it as such is quite discernible under all the bounce and bravado of language by which they seek to disguise it.

Another very unkind argument to which Mr. PARNELL has resorted is based upon the reminder to the Irish tenantry that the fifteen years period for which the "judicial rack rents"—as with amusing effrontery he calls them—were fixed by the Commissioners is drawing to a close, and that if the land question has not, by the time that period expires, been settled by the solution of a purchase scheme, it is essential that the new assessment of rent should be made upon them by Commissioners appointed by an Irish Parliament. This, again, is an extremely popular demand to make, and one which no McCarthyite of them all is in the least likely to take the risk of opposing. It most appropriately rounded off the Roscommon speech with a hint which means a vast amount of mischief, without in itself affecting the "moderation" of the harangue in which it finds a place. At Longford it was Mr. PARNELL's cue to show that he has not quite forgotten the more impetuous spirits among his party; and he accordingly delivered himself, after reflection, of the following very carefully measured defiance to

the British power:—"I have never asked any Irishman, whether he be the humblest or the highest, to take up any position, to do anything, or to undertake any risk, which I was not willing to undertake myself"; and, "if I ever ask you to undertake a risk without the Constitution, I will take that risk by your side and in your front, after having calculated the chances, so that at least they may not overwhelm the patriotism and courage of the Irish race and nation." This is a very qualified call to arms; a Tyrtæan note which might almost have been "settled by counsel"; and not much, perhaps, need be feared from the rashness of a rebel chief who tells his adherents that he will not call them out unless he thinks them tolerably sure of the victory to which he himself will lead them from a position on their flank. Still the point is, after all, that this sort of thing is good enough for the particular class of Mr. PARNELL's followers to whom it is addressed, and that, by supplying them occasionally with it, he can make effective use of their martial spirit for purposes of his own. Without being anything of a terror to the Imperial Government, the hillside men may become a source of great inconvenience to Mr. HEALY. Ineffective as rebels, they may and do make excellent rowdies, and, unfortunately for the Anti-Parnellites, they seem unable to raise any force of the same description on their own side. Their alliance with the Irish priesthood is, of course, an alliance of just as illegitimate, and, in some respects, perhaps of an even more disgraceful, character than that on which their opponents are relying, and they will, no doubt, endeavour to employ the weapon of this combination to the utmost. But there are certain curious signs of wavering—or what seems like wavering—on the part of that eminent prelate, Archbishop CROKE, who has just been defending himself in the *Freeman's Journal* against the certainly plausible charge—urged with his usual bluntness of speech the other day by that libelled litigant, Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON—that the Bishops have denounced Mr. PARNELL solely at Mr. GLADSTONE's dictation. We are not specially interested in the Archbishop's vindication, which, indeed, like all other efforts of the same kind, is lame enough. But what does interest us, we own, is the intimation at the end of Dr. CROKE's letter that "the priests are not compelled to follow," and his positive declaration that he shall regard all his clergy in the same light, "whether they conscientiously denounce Mr. PARNELL" or—which he, the Archbishop, believes "impossible"—support him.

THE SERVICE ESTIMATES.

THE progress of the Session has brought round the annual crop of Service Estimates, and the papers have been deluged with the usual unmanageable torrent of statements, speeches, questions, and correspondence. It is never easy to extract much that is definite from all this considerable mass of raw material. The country, which is conscious of the hopelessness of the endeavour, generally and wisely leaves it alone. The exception is when the launch of an extra foreign ironclad, or the victory of a foreign army, has scared the newspaper reader into a more or less well-founded belief in the dangerously weak condition of our defences. This year there is no scare, and the estimates being as overwhelming as usual, there has been practically no attention paid to them at all. On the whole, this is rather a good thing than otherwise, seeing how very little solid good ever does come out of public attention to the state of the Services. There has, it is true, been some talk about the blessed word organization; but the country has heard it buzzing in its ears for so long that it has got completely used to the noise, and pays no more attention to it than a passenger does to the beat of an engine. This is by very much the wisest attitude to assume. If the public, instead of letting it alone, had taken to reading Lord HARTINGTON's speech of Friday week, and Mr. STANHOPE's reply, it would be no wiser than it is. Lord HARTINGTON wanted to know what the Government had done to carry out the recommendations of the Commission of which he was Chairman, and Mr. STANHOPE made him an answer, out of which we defy the most skilful analyst who ever devoted himself to the search for the absolute to extract either definite Yes or definite No. On the whole, it appears that things rub along pretty much

as before, and—what we are very glad to learn—that the Cabinet has not taken to playing at being an Aulic Council, as it threatened to do a year ago, with any vigour. No self-acting machine has been invented to secure the due co-operation of navy and army, under conditions which cannot be foreseen. We believe that this oversight is very grievous to some; but, unfortunately, the country continues to believe that, if the navy and the army are sufficiently strong, and the men at the head of affairs at the crisis are not imbeciles, there will never be any difficulty about co-operation. For the moment the strength of the navy is being steadily increased in accordance with the Naval Defence Act, and nobody says that the most pressing want of the army is an increase in numbers.

What has stood out from the discussions on the Army Estimates very clearly indeed is the uncertainty as to, not the quantity, but the quality, of the army. It cannot be said that there has been any novelty either in the criticisms delivered on the department or in the answer of the Minister of War. It is notorious, and has been for years, that while we never secure quite enough men to keep the establishment at the level provided for by Parliament, we only obtain such men as we do by lowering the level of physical qualification to a ridiculously low standard. If our army is only a few thousand—a couple of brigades or so—below its nominal strength, that is because we are content to fill the ranks with ill-fed boys from the least vigorous part of the population, and only ask them to be 5 feet 4 inches high, to have a chest measurement of 33 inches, and to weigh 8 stone. Nobody pretends that such children as these are fit for real military service. All that is said is that they will become fit in time, and that we can get no better. General Sir JOHN ADYE, to whom the War Office will, unless it is the most ungrateful of departments, some day erect a bronze statue profusely gilded, has written a most ingenious letter to the *Times* to prove that, after all, things are not as bad as some wicked men say they are. By the help of impressive figures, artfully arranged, he shows that we really get more recruits than we ever did. He compares the harvest of 1861-69, when we only netted an average of 12,546 men for long service with the help of bounties, with the harvest of 1880-89, in which we have obtained an average of 30,638 for short service and no bounties. This is very pretty; but Sir JOHN ADYE forgets to say that the 12,546 probably weighed as much as the 30,638, and certainly served a great deal longer. It is a little audacious, in face of the reports of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, to say that we can be satisfied with the quality of our recruits. A man, indeed, has only to use his eyes on Southsea Common, for instance, to see that an average battalion of the Line on parade has an absurd resemblance to Dr. BLIMBER's Academy for Young Gentlemen out under charge of the assistant-masters. The officers stand a head above their men when they do not stand head and shoulders. In the Artillery even there is a complaint that the men are too weak for their work. The Guards, who are below their strength, contain, as any Londoner can see for himself, a large proportion of very flat-chested, growing lads. There is nobody who denies that before the battalions on home service could be sent into the field they would have to be cleared of a terribly large percentage of immature soldiers so called. On the other hand, there is serious doubt how far the Reserves could be trusted to make the deficiency good. Now it is very true that the British army has been in as bad a condition as it is to-day and perhaps in worse. At the beginning of the great revolutionary war, not only were the ranks very bad, but the officers were both ignorant and proud of their ignorance. Fortunately, time was given to make our deficiencies good. Unless all the authorities are wrong, it is very unlikely that time would be given now. It would seem, then, that something should be done to procure a better class of recruits. What that something ought to be everybody knows. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE has been saying what it is for years. Since we cannot force men to come in we must pay them. This is what was said in the House of Commons last Friday week, and if there is any man who retains any doubt as to the heartbreaking uselessness of Parliamentary discussions on military matters, we advise him to read the discussion, and, in particular, to weigh every word of Mr. STANHOPE's speech. The SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR did not pretend that we obtain a satisfactory stamp of recruit. He did not deny that more money would get better men. All he said was that, if good recruits did not

present themselves, it was very naughty of them, for the pay and allowances given to the soldier were as good as 15s. a week. This noble sum of money—which is about 3s. a week less than the average earnings of an East End casual labourer—ought, says Mr. STANHOPE, to tempt men to undergo the discipline, to bear with the restrictions, and to face the exile and hardships of a soldier's life. If it does not, why so much the worse for the better men. These splendid places, which they refuse, shall go to the weedy boys. That is the attitude of H.M. SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR. Of course, so long as the War Office looks at, and is allowed to look at, the question from this point of view, nothing effectual will ever be done. It has to choose between the inconvenience of asking Parliament for more money and the folly of allowing the British army to sink to a low level. It prefers the folly, and the House of Commons sees no objection. It would seem that we shall have as much need in the future as in the past for the traditional fortune of England.

There are not two points, but two omissions, in Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's statement on the Navy Estimates which have particular interest. Lord GEORGE does not say what the Admiralty proposes to do with the 110-ton and 67-ton guns, and he makes a very obscure reference to the recent experiments with the nickel and composite armour plates. The whole passage of his statement which deals with the guns of the navy is unsatisfactory. The utmost is made of the fact that about half the new ordnance is ready, but there is not one word about the quality of the heaviest guns, yet it is a matter of common knowledge that a very large proportion of them have proved defective that many naval officers distrust them completely, and it is certainly a matter of common report that the Admiralty does not allow them to be used by the ships which carry them. It is not a matter of report, but a matter of evidence, that the *Sanspareil* is practically a still unarmed ship because her great gun has broken down. This is a point on which definite information should be given to the country. We do not grudge the Admiralty the credit it deserves for the speed shown in pushing on the construction of ships, the wholesome changes in the tests applied to them, or for the notable improvement in the solidity of the engines supplied. Still, it is vitally important that all the ships should be efficiently armed, and we know that they are not. Does Lord GEORGE HAMILTON propose to do nothing to remedy this defect? We sincerely hope not, for if he should commit that mistake, he will do very much to counterbalance all the very good work which has marked his tenure of office. On another point he was, much more excusably, very reticent. He declined to say anything definite as to the experiments with the armour. For this there may be sufficient reasons. If the Admiralty is awake, and takes its measures, that is enough. None the less, the reports which have recently come both from France and from the United States as to the comparative resisting power of the Creusot nickel plate and the Cammell plate, when subjected to the same tests, are disturbing. We know that an experiment made in England is reported to have given results much less favourable to the Creusot plate. But that experiment has been very unfavourably criticized by some foreign judges. They may be influenced by patriotism and preconceived ideas, but the Admiralty cannot be surprised, if, considering the history of the monster guns, some doubt is felt as to the quality of the goods supplied to the navy. A definite statement that he had attended to the matter would be welcome from Lord GEORGE.

FRAUD IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH LAW.

IT would have been a misfortune if the attempt to procure the release of BELLENCONTRE on a writ of habeas corpus had succeeded. For while, on the one hand, there is no room to doubt that the prisoner will have a fair trial in France, it must, on the other, be universally admitted that, if he be guilty, he is a most abandoned scoundrel. There are nineteen charges against him, all of the same kind, and all going to show that he devoted his life to the purposes of fraud. His practice seems to have been, if the accusations against him are founded on facts, to swindle every one who employed him in his profession of a notary. The first case is typical of the others, and will sufficiently

explain what sort of "notary" he was. M. BRIGIDE owed three thousand francs (a hundred and twenty pounds) to M. FOUCARD. In order to pay FOUCARD, he borrowed the money, through BELLENCONTRE, from M. GEORGE. GEORGE paid BELLENCONTRE, taking security in the shape of a mortgage from BRIGIDE. BELLENCONTRE, however, pocketed the money, and then the progress of the transaction abruptly ceased. For this and other like trespasses a prosecution was commenced against BELLENCONTRE, who evaded arrest and escaped to Jersey. Here, however, he was apprehended, taken to London, and brought before Sir JOHN BRIDGE at Bow Street. The Chief Magistrate found that there was evidence on which BELLENCONTRE might have been committed for trial in England, and ordered his extradition. Application was then made to the Queen's Bench for a habeas corpus, and a long argument arose over the legality of the French warrant from an English point of view. The warrant was issued by the Civil Tribunal of Bayeux, and set forth that BELLENCONTRE had misappropriated sums entrusted to him as a notary by his clients. It was not, and could not be, disputed that the warrant charged a crime against French law. The real points to be decided were, whether it charged a crime against English law, and whether that crime was an extradition one. In most European countries the Executive has a discretionary power of surrendering a foreign criminal without reference to treaties. In England the Government can only proceed under statutory authority. The Alien Act was long since repealed, and the Extradition Act deals only with offences specified in the schedule which are taken from existing treaties on the subject. Among these, so far as France is concerned, are embezzlement, and "fraud by a bailee, banker, agent, factor, trustee, or director, made criminal by any Act in force for the time being." It was clear that BELLENCONTRE had not committed embezzlement according to English law, that being an offence which presupposes the relation of master and servant. The question, therefore, was whether he was a fraudulent bailee or trustee. One point in his favour—we are speaking, of course, legally, not morally—was that no direction in writing could be produced, such as the Embezzlement and Larceny Act of 1861 (a misdescribed piece of legislation) requires, for the employment of specific sums entrusted to BELLENCONTRE and stolen by him.

Mr. Justice WILLS, in the course of the case, started a hare which led him somewhat astray. He asked whether an extradition offence must necessarily be an offence against the law of England. Mr. GRAIN quoted in reply the 9th section of the Extradition Act, which says that there must be "such evidence as would, according to the law of England, justify his committal for the offence with which he is charged." Mr. Justice WILLS ingeniously sought to make out that these words, which are not so clear as they might be, have nothing to do with the nature of the crime, but relate merely to the sufficiency of the evidence. This view is, however, contrary to several decisions, the first of which was the case of WINDSOR, charged with what amounted to forgery in America, but not here, and in the end Mr. Justice WILLS gave up the pursuit of the hare. Happily there were nineteen counts, and out of them the Court found four to be good, which, like MERCUTIO's wound, were enough and would serve. We have already cited the section of the Larceny Act which deals with fraudulent bailees, and requires a "direction in writing." But there is another section, which provides for the punishment of an agent who, "being entrusted with the property of any other person, shall, with intent to defraud, convert or appropriate the same, or any part thereof, to his own use." Here nothing is said about written directions, and the Crown relied strongly upon the omission. For in 1889 BELLENCONTRE had received six thousand francs on deposit, and in 1890 two thousand five hundred francs for investment, both of which sums found their way into his capacious pockets. The judges, in delivering their judgment, took occasion to comment upon the superiority of French to English law in cases of embezzlement and fraud. Certainly nothing could well be looser or less artistic than the 75th and 76th sections of the Larceny Act, both of which deal with the misappropriation of trust funds, while one requires a direction in writing, and the other does not.

ANOTHER BLOW TO HOME RULE.

OUR unlucky Home Rulers must be ruefully perpending the adage that "It never rains but it pours"; for seldom surely has a wretched policy been "out in" such a deluge of mishaps as has lately been drenching theirs. It is not enough for the adverse Fates to have hopelessly discredited Home Rule in this country by means of a series of the most dimly enlightening domestic incidents, but its advocates are now apparently doomed to find themselves betrayed by their pet precedents and stock examples borrowed from the foreigner. There is something positively cruel in the perversity of that destiny which has selected this particular moment of all moments to bring about the Ministerial crisis which is just now convulsing Norway. Norway, the country which, in its relations with Sweden, was supposed to illustrate beyond all other countries those blessings of harmony, mutual contentment, political tranquillity, and all the rest of it, which spring naturally out of the Home Rule system, is at loggerheads with its sister State. That Scandinavian partnership which was thought to serve better than any other political combination to give promise of happiness to the proposed Anglo-Irish marriage of Mr. GLADSTONE'S match-making—better than Austria and Hungary, or Russia and Finland, or Denmark and Iceland, or the American Union and its constituent States—is in imminent danger of disruption; or, at any rate, of one of those violent internal struggles by which disruption can at times be alone avoided. Last Tuesday came the news that, in the Storting on the previous day, a resolution was proposed by the Liberal Opposition demanding greater independence for Norway in the common foreign policy of the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden. The Government opposed the motion; "regarding it," the report ran, "as aiming at the dissolution of the union 'between the two kingdoms.'" The resolution, however, was adopted by 59 votes against 55, and the Ministry of M. STANG consequently announced its resignation. Later advices put the nature of the incident in a still clearer light. The Ministerial defeat on this division—for which, by the way, the whipping on both sides was so effective that every member of the Storting voted—was incurred on a proposal of compromise brought forward by the Government with reference to the diplomatic and consular representation of Norway; and its rejection, which was brought about by a temporary alliance between the Liberals and Radicals, amounted to a direct demand upon the part of the latter kingdom for the sole direction of its foreign affairs. The situation, we are told, if we needed to be told, is regarded as one of extreme difficulty for King OSCAR, who has no alternative between following constitutional usage and choosing the new Ministry from among the majority, which would rapidly lead to the repeal of the Scandinavian Union of 1814, or of "calling to office a Cabinet of combat," which, under present circumstances, would provoke a "constitutional conflict, dangerously menacing the maintenance of public order."

Exactly; and that is just the sort of agreeable alternative which would confront his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the first occasion when a majority of the Irish Parliament should think fit to carry a resolution affirming their right to a greater measure of independence than had been conceded to them, by whatever Act of the Imperial Parliament had created the assembly. The Viceroy, if that indeed should still be his title, would have either to accept the resignation of his Ministers, and form a Cabinet of the politicians who had just announced their intention of annulling the compact between themselves and the Imperial Parliament, or else to ignore the resolution just adopted by the House, and endeavour to set up a new Government to over-ride it—with what results on the progress of public business and the maintenance of order in an Irish Parliament may be easily imagined. There would be a certain grim humour in the position of Mr. PARNELL under such circumstances, in that character of the "Conservative Statesman" with which, until he was convicted of having broken the Seventh Commandment, Gladstonians were so fond of investing him. "No man," he would be reminded, on his attempting to play what the simple people imagined to be the predestined rôle of Moderator—"no man has a right to say to his country, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no further.' We have never attempted to 'fix a ne plus ultra' to the progress of Ireland's nationhood, and we never shall." Such a quotation from one

of his speeches, delivered at Cork as late as 1885, would be very embarrassing for him and very amusing to English onlookers—if only it were not at their own expense that the comedy would be played. This last consideration, however, is decisive. We would much rather see the essential weaknesses of Home Rule exposed at Christiania than on College Green.

THE END OF AN EXHIBITION.

A COURT of law is a melancholy haven to arrive at after a voyage commencing in all the buoyancy of such hopes as those which two years ago animated the breasts of the defendants in "COUTTS & Co. v. The Irish Exhibition 'in London.'" Still it is impossible to wonder that this has been the end of that voyaging, or even to admit that, sad as has been the result of the enterprise for the particular persons in question, they have any right to impugn the justice of their fate. It was in 1888 that these six gentlemen whom two tribunals, the Court of Appeal confirming a decision of Mr. Justice KEKEWICH, have pronounced liable to Messrs. COUTTS & Co. for the repayment of an over-draft of 4,000*l.*, conceived the idea that it would be desirable to get up an Irish Exhibition in London, and determined to start a Company for that purpose. Before doing this, however—and here was the point at which they descended into hope's delusive mine—they formed themselves into a Council, called the Executive Council of the Irish Exhibition, and resolved that an account should be opened at COUTTS'S in the name of the Irish Exhibition. The account was opened, and it was arranged that the defendants should be allowed to overdraw to the extent of 10,000*l.* "on the security of certain guarantees, which were conditional 'on certain contingencies, and which ultimately proved 'worthless.'" A letter was written to the bankers acquainting them with the names of the persons authorized to draw upon the fund, and who were, in fact, the six defendants, Lord LEITRIM, Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, Mr. ERNEST HART, Lord ARTHUR HILL, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, and Mr. RAFFERTY. In three months' time the over-draft exceeded 7,000*l.*, and the Exhibition had, by that time, been constituted a limited liability Company under the Companies Acts. On Messrs. COUTTS pressing for payment of the over-draft, they received certain further securities, and finally obtained from the defendants a "memorandum of charge," in which all the debts, set forth in an appended schedule, as due to the Exhibition, were hypothecated to the payment of Messrs. COUTTS'S over-draft. The Exhibition failed, and the debts so charged were presumably insufficient to cover more than a portion of the sum due to the plaintiffs. Hence these proceedings, with a view of making the six gentlemen in question personally liable—a claim which, as we have already noted, has been twice held good by the Courts.

It is a "sombre close of that voluptuous day" on which Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE and his colleagues decided that it would be desirable to get up an Irish Exhibition; but we repeat that we cannot see how any brighter end could have been expected—or, at any rate, how it could, consistently with justice, have been realized. The theory that the defendants had substituted the Company for themselves as debtors, and that the plaintiffs had accepted such substitution, was plainly untenable. That would have been an unprecedented example of the reckless "novation" of a contract on the part of one of the contracting parties. "When one remembered," as Mr. Justice LINDLEY remarked, "that the debtor proposed to be substituted was 'an incorporated Company which was utterly insolvent,' the inference that the banker had accepted the arrangement is certainly not a very probable one. On the other hand, as his Lordship put it, with convincing force, 'it is incredible to suppose that Messrs. COUTTS & Co. were not to be paid unless the Exhibition was a success, or that they desired to finance the Exhibition.'" In fact, it was "absurd"—thus bluntly did the judicial mind express itself—"to say that Messrs. COUTTS had 'substituted as their debtor such a Company as this 'for six gentlemen of responsibility.'" Nor, we think, will anybody be prepared to challenge Mr. Justice LINDLEY'S description of the theory of which he thus disposes. It is good to start Exhibitions for patriotic purposes, but one cannot have the credit of them without the risk, or hope to throw the loss upon a bank whose concern is

business, and not politics. And this reflection must reconcile the six gentlemen to their liability for the sums which they have been severally adjudged to pay.

THE STORY OF SWORDSMANSHIP.

THAT a large and interested audience collected on Wednesday to hear Mr. Egerton Castle's attractive lecture on the "Story of Swordsmanship especially considered in its connexion with the Rise and Decline of Duelling" may fairly be considered as a proof that the most gentlemanly of manly exercises is again becoming more popular in England. Fencing promises no less than to return to the position it held when Angelo could take to the teaching of the sword as the "profession of a gentleman." The lecture was delivered on the stage of the Lyceum—lent by the courtesy of Mr. Irving—and was copiously illustrated by actual encounters, salutes, and exercises performed by skilled swordsmen, both amateur and professional. As the lecturer and his assistants took their place at the back of the stage, it unfortunately follows from the construction of that place of pleasure and instruction, which slopes downwards, that those who sat nearest the curtain had their view considerably obstructed by those who sat in front of them. One consequence of this was, that the human virtue of some was not able to resist the temptation to stand. The detail is not noted by way of complaint, but only to lead up to this request to Mr. Castle, that when he delivers another such lecture he will reverse the order, and place the audience sloping to and not from him. The lecture-hall in Albemarle Street would be an ideal place for the purpose.

Mr. Castle has abundant material with which either to vary this lecture or to construct new ones. Duelling and swordsmanship, as we imagine he must have discovered himself, are rather more than enough for one afternoon. Part of Mr. Castle's programme had to be dropped, and it was obvious that at the end he was reluctantly compelled to leave much unsaid which he would have liked to have said—and which, we may add, the audience would have liked to have heard. Duelling is an interesting subject, and so is swordsmanship, and so is the connexion between the two; but each will bear a lecture by itself. An attempt to combine them must infallibly lead either to the suppression of two by the third, or to a good deal of mutual destruction, whereby only a fragment of each is left. To take one question only as an example. Why did that noted duellist, the Irishman, take to the pistol, while the Frenchman took to the sword? You might write a chapter on the history of manners on that text. The Irish gentleman wore the sword as well as the Frenchman, and yet he fought with the pistol. When the sword had ceased to be part of a gentleman's dress in both countries, it continued to be the duelling weapon in France. Why? But the connexion between swordsmanship and duelling is, after all, only a part of the history of duelling in connexion with all weapons. The most famous duels of modern times—those between Hamilton and Burr, Armand Carrel and Girardin, Lasalle and Rackowitz, Don Henry of Seville and the Duc de Montpensier—to name only those which ended fatally—have been fought with the pistol. So was Sainte-Beuve's harmless duel under the umbrella, and that famous affair with the Earl of Winchelsea, which only the character of the Duke of Wellington preserved (and the task required the memory of Waterloo) from absurdity. To go back to duelling considered in itself. Mr. Castle traced it to the judicial combat. This is a great question. Would it not be quite as accurate to say that the judicial combat was the attempt of the Church and the law to sanctify and regulate and make use of the duel? It is always so difficult, as the Sufi pipkin judiciously remarked, to know which is potter and which is pot in human affairs. It does at least seem probable that the religious and legal element was held by contemporaries to make a difference between a "trial by battle" and a fight between Sir John and Sir Robert, caused by Sir Robert's comments on the cut of Sir John's beard. Mr. Castle told a story of a knight who, on being called upon to appear as champion in what he knew to be an unjust cause, fairly ran away—but showed a perfect readiness to fight when he was called a coward. Well, surely, what that proves is that the knight, obviously a man of logical mind, would not fight a judicial combat, but was ready for a duel. He clearly thought the two things essentially different. If the elder Lilburn had not been forbidden by James I. to actually proceed to the "trial by battle," which he compelled the judges to allow him, his contemporaries would hardly have classed the encounter with the duels between Sackville and Bruce of Kinloss, or with the savage fight on Calais sands, and "the measured fate circle" in which Sir Hatton Cheek was killed by Sir Thomas Dutton. Trial by battle remained, in theory, a part of the machinery of the law for centuries after it had ceased to be used; and yet duelling went on all the while. The true descendant of the "trial" seems to us to be, not the "affair of honour," but the set combat between Oliver, Serjeant, and Roland, Q.C., with his Lordship on the Bench as umpire. But duelling is an endless subject. There are so many by-ways in it. Take, for instance, the question of treason in the duel. If Brantôme is to be believed, it was the rule rather than the exception in the sixteenth century. This has been amended, and yet Octave Feuillet, in *L'Histoire d'une Parisienne*, makes his Baron

de Maurescamp take an advantage of Jacques de Lerne worthy of the ineffable scoundrels described by Brantôme. Enough of distinctions and of historical information. Let us agree with Carlyle (who has put the whole philosophy of the thing into a page) that duelling is "one of the sincerities of Human Life," an outcome of that "background of wrath, which can be stirred up to the murderous infernal pitch," and "does lie in every man, in every creature." Certainly the elaboration is an immense matter—indeed, is the whole matter. But the figure, moreover, under which your infernal element itself shall make its appearance, nobly or else ignobly, is very significant. This brings us to Mr. Castle on Swordsmanship, from which we have been too long detained by all these hares.

The particular figure of the infernal element which is called swordsmanship was described by Mr. Castle, in its various modifications, from the two-handed weapon of the days of armour down to the "épée" of to-day. This, which formed much the larger part of the lecture, was exact, copious, and amusing. To each section of the lecture there was a corresponding combat, or other actual manipulation of the sword, by way of illustration. First, Mr. Egerton Castle and Captain Hutton had a "terrific combat" with the "two-hander." It was not the fault of these gentlemen, but of the ponderous great machines they had to handle, that the bout between them did a little remind the onlooker of the Crummies family practising one, two, and a cut over. In fact, as Mr. Castle justly remarked, it is as good as impossible to show how these weapons were used, since we have given up wearing armour. Probably the men who used them did not strike so quick as Mr. Castle and Captain Hutton did. The pace would have been too severe for soldiers hampered with buff coats and mail. But when were such things used, and how? Were not those two-handed swordsmen whom one sees in the prints of the fifteenth-century engravers expected chiefly to hew down the pikes of the Swiss or the Lansknights? That is the purpose for which they look fittest. The next step was to sword and buckler. Of this Captain Hutton and Dr. Mount Biggs gave a vigorous representation—quite enabling one to understand how duels with these weapons were commonly "dry," "mere noise, as of working tin-smiths, with profane swearing." Of course there was no profane swearing at the Lyceum. No wonder "serious men" took to fighting with rapiers. To the rapier, a weapon gentlemanly, deadly, and beautiful, Mr. Castle gave most of the lecture. Starting with Marozzo's Progression, illustrated by Captain Hutton, he followed the development of rapier fighting till it fell into its dotages, with Gérard Thibaut. Elizabethan literature supplied Mr. Castle with many passages which illustrate the use of the rapier—or what, for the purposes of the lecturer, was equally convenient, require illustration by swordsmanship. A dramatic scene compiled from Vincent Saviolo, and played with the utmost spirit by Mr. Castle himself and Mr. Walter Pollock, displayed the Master (Mr. Castle) and his pupil Luke (Mr. W. Pollock) going through the whole gamut of the rapier and dagger. The candid receptivity of Luke and the placid self-sufficiency of Signor Vincentio were equally pleasing. As for the science, though picturesque, one realizes on looking at it in practice why rapier and dagger encounters seem all to have ended either in mere scraping of iron, or in the locking together of the two combatants with their four weapons—as in the case of Dutton and Cheek—in one another's bodies. For men with more desire to make a show, or to cover themselves, than to run risks, the double weapons must have afforded many opportunities for mere clanking of steel. To fighters of spirit, on the other hand, the exasperation of having to look after two weapons at once must have been simply maddening. The temptation to rush in, on the calculation that you must almost certainly get one weapon home, must have been irresistible to men who had heart enough to agree with the old naval officer that he who would fight must venture. After some play with cloak and sword, in which Mr. Castle was assisted by Sir F. Pollock, he came to the Spanish school of sword-play, founded by Carranza and Narvaez. To this school Mr. Castle was, perhaps, hardly just—that is to say, he did not distinguish between the absurd pomposity of its language, taken at secondhand from the scholastic training of Salamanca and Alcalá de Henares, and the value of the system of fighting when it got to the actual use of the sword. The follies of Carranza and Narvaez were laughed at in Spain as well as abroad; but we have the evidence of Cervantes, who had looked at the face of war, that they trained swordsmen. In the nineteenth chapter of the second part, which contains the journey of the Don to the marriage feast of Camacho, he met, it will be remembered, two University men travelling on the same road—the Bachelor Corchuelo, and the Licentiate, whose devotion to the foils had caused him to "llevar cola"—to get the wooden spoon, instead of coming out first, as he should have done. Corchuelo, in a rash moment, makes fun of the "vampas de piés, círculos, ángulos y ciencia"—the measured steps, circles, angles, and science of the Licentiate. Here are all the notes of the school of Carranza. The Licentiate challenges him to a bout with the foils, and what happens? Corchuelo comes on with fury, laying on his blows as "thick as hail"; but the Licentiate gives him a chokepear with the button of his foil ("un tapaboca con la zapatilla de la espada"), counts every button on his doublet ("le contó á estocadas todos los botones de una media sotanilla"), and, in short, makes a hare of him, to the infinite satisfaction of Don Quixote, who felt

that the world was well employed for once in a way. Now this is precisely what Mr. Castle would describe a skilful and steady modern swordsman as doing in a parallel case. The short illustration which Mr. Castle and Captain Hutton gave of Thibaust's system, which was essentially Carranza's, is not enough to enable us to judge of its merits fully; and yet we should think, from what we did see of it, that it was superior at least to Marozzo's. We have no space left to speak of the rest of a very varied and interesting entertainment. Mention, and only mention, can be made of a very graceful encounter, in the "giuoco misto" style, between Mr. Castle and Professor Vital le Bailly—an alert, neat, and spirited fencer; a very pretty exposition of the art of disarming by these two; and a foil assault, made with energy, between M. Vital le Bailly and the solid and workmanlike M. Bourgeois. The lecture closed with an assault with duelling swords between Captain Hutton (who took the place of M. Vital le Bailly) and Mr. Pollock.

DECAY OF STEEPLECHASING.

IN a *National Review* article entitled "Sport under Grand National Rules," Mr. Hwfa Williams has this month furnished the latest contribution to a literature which has hitherto chiefly consisted of more or less silly letters, headed "Decay of Steeplechasing," and addressed to the sporting papers, by correspondents whose zeal appears as a rule to be considerably in excess of their intelligence. It may be well to say at once that Mr. Williams is by no means to be included in this category. He thoroughly understands his subject and his own views thereon, he says what he has to say in crisp clear sentences, and he has a remedy to suggest, in the shape of alteration of sundry National Hunt Rules, which is at any rate worthy of consideration. He begins by discussing artificial fences, and especially the regulation ditch—the "open ditch," the "grave," as it is constantly called—that chosen bugbear of writers; for there is tolerable evidence to show that jockeys and trainers have no particular objection to it—and which is certainly no novelty, for he points out that fifteen years ago at Sandown Park "there was a natural fence precisely that at present required by law, except that possibly the fence was somewhat higher; and I had no complaint about it." The truth is that there would never have been any fuss at all about these obstacles had not the G. N. H. Committee for a time carried their reforming energy too far, and enacted that a certain number of ditches should be left open without even the adjunct of the light guard rail. The ditches were almost always badly cut, were in fact really trappy and dangerous; a good many accidents were the result, and though the Committee in no long time yielded to popular outcry, and restored the guard rail, which at once deprived horses of any excuse for misunderstanding the nature of the jump, the feeling against it has never been obliterated. Mr. Williams, too, very ably answers Mr. Nightingall's objection as to the obligation of schooling valuable horses over fences of so dangerous a nature, by saying:—"It surely is not a necessity to school horses in private over fences of precisely the statutory measurement, so long as the character remains the same." And herein lies the whole gist of the matter: it is the nature of a fence, not its size, which makes it formidable to a horse's eyes. Does anybody, for instance, begin by schooling young ones over high timber? Whyte Melville's farmer, who used to take them out and give them two or three heavy falls before breakfast, is nearly if not quite extinct, and certainly no man in his senses ever contended that it does a horse any good getting him into a brook; while it is a recognized fact that, in nine cases out of ten, he will face sixteen feet of water as readily as six, though whether he will get over as easily must always depend upon circumstances. After proving that the ditch fence is neither an original nor a very recent invention, Mr. Williams goes on to say that, "for local meetings over a fair country, the authorities might well relax this rule." He perhaps does not attend many such meetings, otherwise he would know that, with or without the sanction of the authorities, the rule is often practically relaxed—i.e. where the country is a perfectly fair one there will always be ditches on the taking-off side; but nobody is very extreme to mark by measurement whether they are all six feet wide (though most of them are), or whether the hedge on the landing side is precisely of statutory dimensions. The guard rail, which is considered indispensable on artificial courses, is constantly omitted altogether in the provinces, this being a matter of purely local option—a fact of which many county squires seem totally unaware when raging furiously in print on the subject.

The weakness of the sport under N. H. Rules is, says Mr. Williams, most apparent in the number (scarcity) of handicap steeplechase horses, of which he reckons there are about 100; and this weakness he attributes to the effect of Rule 181, which, by placing restrictions on the output of the so-called "hunters," also restricts the number of handicap chasers, they being mainly recruited from the hunter ranks. With Mr. Williams's censure of the term "hunter" as an entire misnomer nearly every one is in cordial agreement; it has caused more controversy and ill-feeling than so trifling a matter as a technical term could possibly have been credited with producing. And we verily believe it has done much of that harm to the sport which is now laid at the door of Rule 181, for the animal which is the object of the law would

by any other appellation be of such far sweeter savour in the nostrils of many *soi-disant* devotees of steeplechasing that they would no longer regard him with their present jealous abhorrence. There are, it would appear, if the newspaper correspondence is any criterion, a large number of persons who, not satisfied with such glory as may be attained at their local hunt gatherings, are thirsting to cover themselves with ridicule, and to distress the excellent horses who carry them so well to hounds by performing over the made courses round London, and even by displaying their lack of speed on the flat. These aspirants to fame believe themselves to be robbed of imaginary laurels; and their feelings are furthermore insulted by seeing the honoured title of hunter bestowed on an animal which has assuredly never seen hounds. It seems odd that no really satisfactory and descriptive name can be invented for the outcasts from the regular Turf, yet certain it is that the task has been more than once attempted and given up in despair by the N. H. Committee. Why should not sporting journals start the theme as a subject for coupon competition?

The alterations in Rule 181, which Mr. Williams believes would have a beneficial effect, are, to substitute four years for three as the age up to which a horse may run under the Rules of Racing before emerging as a hunter; to limit the period of subsequent abstinence from handicaps to six months instead of twelve, and to except even from this restriction N. H. handicaps of not less value than 300 sovs. to the winner, though for the latter not too intelligible relaxation he does not advance any reason.

But his chief remedial proposal, the one to which he clearly attaches most importance, is that old bone of contention, the lowering of the minimum weight from 10 st. to 9 st. 7 lbs. in handicap steeplechases. He says he is sure it would be popular among owners, and would much facilitate the labours of handicappers. The first is of course a grave consideration, though the second is not worth a moment's attention, handicappers being in one way or another well paid for work which, if troublesome in its nature, seems often enough to have had very little trouble bestowed on it. We must, however, bear in mind that, whatever may be the private opinions of experts and professionals, a sport should always have some specious *raison d'être* which may be pleaded with more or less plausibility in its favour, when in its turn it is attacked by the opponents of sport of every description. It is not quite enough to say that steeplechasing is a pretty and often a thrilling spectacle, one which has a great fascination for the public who love to see other people risk their lives—"Call that a — steeplechase," we heard a humble enthusiast say last December at Sandown; "ten — runners, and not a single — fall!"—and which affords a singularly exciting variety of gambling. We must have something more than this, so we say that steeplechase horses are, or ought to be, the flower of our unrivalled breed, &c., as far as courage, endurance, activity, and weight-carrying power combined are concerned. Such contention can hardly be made even now without a smile, but will become ridiculous if we lower the minimum weight by yet another 7 lbs. No urchin home for the holidays but would turn up his nose in scorn if asked to ride a hunter that was not up to 10 stone. The change, moreover, would look all the more absurd in the face of recent legislation by the Jockey Club in an exactly contrary direction. We cannot agree with Mr. Williams in his wish to give an impetus to hurdle-racing, which he admits requires no encouragement, by the restoration of one-and-a-half mile races, even though no horse older than four years should compete in them. Nor, though his experience as manager of Sandown Park, and the great ability he has displayed in that capacity, entitle his views to be received with the utmost respect, can we think that he has yet discovered the *nostrum* which is to arrest the decay of steeplechasing, supposing always that such decay is not, as we suspect it to be, far more imaginary than real.

FRENCH ETCHINGS AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

WE have no hesitation in saying that the great masters of the revival of etching in France have never been seen in England to such advantage as they may now be by those who visit the exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. To the preparation of this show a melancholy interest attaches from the fact that Sir William Drake, who has done so much for the history of etching in this country, and who was chairman of the committee of this exhibition, suddenly died a few days before the preparations were completed. We have said that the French masters have never been seen to such advantage, not unmindful that in the Print Room of the British Museum all these and many other treasures may be discovered. But at the Burlington Club exceptionally fine selected specimens have been hung side by side in groups, according to authorship, so that each artist can be compared with the others and with himself.

The revival of French etching began about 1850, and was connected with the general romanticist movement. Among those who took part in it, and who produced work in this form, which is of lasting value, some were painter-interpreters, some were painters who also etched free designs, and some were etchers pure

and simple. It is impossible in a collection like the present not to be specially attracted by the members of the latter class, and to linger longer over the specimens of the art of Méryon and of Jacquemart than of any of the others. There have been many more skilful etchers than Méryon, many whose powers of hand and brain were under more perfect control; but there has not been one who has given expression to a talent so individual by the needle, and the needle only. His strange career has often been narrated. The illegitimate son of an English physician and a Parisian—some say Spanish—*danseuse*, he grew up nervous, rebellious, touched with the same jealous mania as Rousseau and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. He was a sailor, and went round the world; he was an etcher, and starved upon the pavement of Paris; he was crazy, and died at Charenton. His wretched life of forty-seven years is told in those few words. All the melancholy and the mystery of it is revealed in these marvellous etchings. Among the specimens here is "Le Stryge" (13) in its very rare first state, with the couplet—

Insatiable Vampire, l'éternelle Luxure
Sur la Grande Cité convoite sa pâture—

which Méryon immediately rubbed off the plate. From the mad monster-gargoyle we look across Paris to Montmartre, with the Tower of St. Jacques in the middle distance. The sentiment of horror, of terror, is strangely suffused over this landscape. It is still more obvious in the "Tourelle de Marat" (30), with its sinister light and shade, and the wild allegorical group wrangling in the sky, while Marat lies murdered in the turreted house below. The various studies of "La Morgue" (26, 27), of "St.-Etienne du Mont" (20, 21), and most of all, perhaps, the "Rue des Toiles, à Bourges" (36) combine to repeat this marvellous impression of melancholy and distress, even when, as in the last case, they are mere designs of architecture, without figures of any kind. The queer greenish paper on which Méryon printed aids this impression, no doubt; but essentially it is the result of the extraordinary originality of the artist.

To turn to Jacquemart from Méryon is to turn to brilliant sanity and adroit skill from genius which is tormented by the lack of these gifts. The exhibition contains no fewer than twenty-eight specimens of Jacquemart's matchless faculty in still-life etching. Here we see the best work of the artist who, of all who have lived in recent times, possessed the most astounding power of reproducing the qualities of substances, such as rock-crystal (48), or Savres porcelain (43, 44), or sardonyx (46); arms, mirrors, or ancient jewels, jasper, lapis-lazuli, and agate. Those highly damascened and repoussé swords and daggers (61) we not merely see and can touch, but can weigh. Every detail is there, yet combined in a harmony which absolutely reproduces the original. As a rule, still-life etching is common work which a second-rate man can do well; but in the hands of Jacquemart it rose for once to the highest level. M. Burty tells a story which returns to the memory as we examine these amazing *tours de force*. He was watching Jacquemart etch a decorated pistol, and asked him how he could see a certain little object which made part of the decoration. Jacquemart answered, "I don't see it, but I feel it; I have it at the end of my needle." Of work which Jacquemart could execute in other kinds than that of still-life, by which he is most prominently known, we have here two brilliant examples—first, his reproduction of the "Soldier and the Laughing Girl" (62), by Van der Meer, the original of which is now on view at the Royal Academy; and, secondly, his original design called "Une Exécution au Japon" (64), an etching of extraordinary technical beauty, showing a decapitated head exposed against a wild sort of palings in a Japanese courtyard.

Of another class than Jacquemart and Méryon is J. F. Millet, whose etchings are subsidiary to and illustrative of his paintings. Yet they are in a sense independent of the latter, and to appreciate them it is not necessary to be aware that Millet ever painted. In a certain sense, indeed, the artist's genius is best observed in his etchings, where it is found in its quintessence, and as though intensified and rarefied. In the interesting preface to the catalogue Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse dwells on the sculptural character of "Les Glaneuses" (4); he might have gone further, and have pointed out how much of the refined spirit of basso-relievo all these Millet etchings have. In "Les Bêcheurs" (5), for instance, the lean young men digging in the oblique light of afternoon, all is abandoned except the severe gradation and equilibrium of masses, the elements, if we may so express it, of form and movement divorced from all other artistic ornament. Wherever Millet is really great as an etcher, it seems to us, he fulfils this rigorous expression of sculpture in low relief; the human figure, drawn with extreme simplicity, is placed in the front rank of the design, and dominates all other details. When Millet, as an etcher, tries to be painter-like, as in the "Grande Bergère" (9), he is less successful; the excessive mass of shadow around the head is not explained, and is out of place. The simple grandeur of some of these etchings, however, as, for instance, of the "Paysan rentrant du Fumier" (3)—merely a back, laborious, indefatigable, bent with incessant toil—is beyond praise.

We hardly know why Bracquemond, who is still alive, should have been included in an exhibition which excludes Rajon, who has passed away, and Flameng, who is as remarkable, at least, among living veterans as Bracquemond. There appears to us to be a definite reason why the latter should scarcely have been admitted. He is an artist of great skill and versatility, but he

has not the individual character which others, and some much less clever than he, possess. For instance, any one whose eye is accustomed to these things would recognize in an instant a Méryon, or a Millet, or even a Huet; these etchers can be imitated and forged. But the versatility and adaptability of Bracquemond flow like a liquid into every mould, and he seems to be almost entirely without a style of his own. This makes him an ideal reproducer of paintings. He can pass at a moment's notice from Holbein (65) to Fragonard (79), and back to Weenix (69-71), through Manet (76) to a Japanese fan (73), doing ample justice, without personal prejudice, to the style of each. This is a superb gift, but it is not quite the same as having a style of one's own.

Over the other etchers we must not linger so long. Corot produced but a very few etchings, three of which are at the Burlington Club. They are very rough, mere notes of natural phenomena, and do not possess even an indication of Corot's finest charm. But they are full of his character of design, and illustrate his mode of work. The etchings of Daubigny, so far as we can judge by the three examples here, are facile and pretty, but rather poor. It is not quite certain whether "Le Chêne de Roches" (93) is not the only etching which Théodore Rousseau ever executed. It is slight, but deserves notice for the extreme vigour with which, in the hollow of a wood, certain leafless trunks are silhouetted in dead black against a warm, pure, and perfectly cloudless sky. The etchings of Paul Huet are imperfect, but very interesting. He was one of the first who endeavoured to emancipate etching from engraving, and his experiments were not always as successful as they were ingenious. His etched landscapes are almost unintelligible stippings of soft rolling cloud, umbrageous foliage, and bewildered illumination, combined into a superficial resemblance of slightly rubbed lead-pencil. They are overloaded with unemphatic detail. As Mr. Monkhouse says, "In the plate called 'Le Midi' (92), we see Huet striving with infinite pains after a complicated effect of light and shade by means of endless little strokes and patchings, quite at variance (if he had known it) with the spirit of etching." Yet these blurred and velvety experiments are of a singular interest to us in the light of later achievement.

The etchings of Delacroix, of which two are here exhibited, appear to us crude and awkward. Where the merit of "Chef Maure à Meknez" (87) lies we are unable to divine. It is easy, on the other hand, to give full praise to Ingres's solitary etching, the workmanlike and refined portrait of "Monseigneur de Pressigny" (89), which has, however, in style, nothing of the modern character. The landscape etchings of Maxime Lalanne, who died so lately as 1887, are bright, neat, and effective. We may point out that No. 96, which is called "Landscape" in the catalogue, is plainly the main street of some Swiss or German town. Of the three examples of Meissonier, "Le Fumeur" (98), with its remarkable texture of velvet, is particularly good. We must not omit to mention three plates from the needle of Jules de Goncourt, all of them after Fragonard. We regard this as one of the most important exhibitions of the present winter, and we recommend all who are interested in the delightful art of etching to be careful to inspect this singularly choice collection.

SIAMESE TOPKNOTS.

WHEN the ruthless scissors are first applied to Master Algy's ringlets we know what mourning pervades the house. The stern sire of Algernon is the only person unmoved; and his Spartan firmness, instead of commanding the respect of the female section of the household, excites their fierce indignation and contempt. It is altogether a different story when the boy Dang or Lek of Siamese parents arrives at the age when the barber is first privileged to operate upon him. Then the harem, as well as the supreme lord and master of the family, is all *en fête*, not only resigned, but radiant, at the prospect of the coming sacrifice. A grand feast is proclaimed, not without the advice of the astrologers. The show-room of the house begins to be filled up with strange articles of furniture. Altar-like tables, loaded with flowers and tapers, bowls, vases, cups, and trays, range themselves in picturesque order or disorder along one side of it, while at the other is a large carpeted and canopied settee, with the paraphernalia of the Buddhist priests—great bowls of inlaid and lacquered ware, gold or silver trays, with betel-nut and lime leaves, other trays of cigarettes, sometimes scented or made of the delicate petals of the lotus, and, last but not least, capacious tall spittoons of brass or silver. In the middle of the room is a chair of state—rather painfully suggestive to European eyes of the dentist's chamber of horrors—in which the young victim is to sit during the forthcoming ceremony. At early morning a goody muster of the male relations and friends—including patrons also when the parents are of the decent class—is ranged in the verandah outside, whilst the close intimates of the family, with the women folk in gala array, are assembled in a side room hard by. Then come the priests in their ample saffron robes, with shaven heads, bearing the pointed fans of their order and their rolls of sacred texts. Squatting cross-legged on the wide bench prepared for them, they stretch from hand to hand the roll of tape which links them in formal harmony; and then the chant begins, rising and falling with the intonations of the Pali words, pronounced with a Siamese modulation, far from unmusical. Even the unpractised ear may recognize here and there, amidst

grotesque inflexions, the long roll of Aryan words, recalling to the mind associations of Brahminism and the great language of Menu in a scene which otherwise belongs to the Far East.

But now the interest centres in the principal personage of the day—a youth of thirteen or less, who advances into the room, looking, in his white attire, very like a victim led to some sacrificial altar. The almost dazzling white of the silk, satin, and lace which cover his small body hardly surpasses the pallor of his face, hands, and feet, rubbed with some powder or preparation well known to Siamese actors. On his wrists and ankles are solid rings of gold and silver, bangles and bead bracelets of various patterns and often of great value. Still weightier and more costly necklaces surround his neck and weigh down his shoulders; and if either parent is rich in heirlooms the upper part of the dress is loaded with real gems. The feature of superior interest is of course the crown of the head, where a black and shining twist of hair is curled into a compact knot. On all sides around it the head is clean shaved, and looks as white as if it had been powdered by a Court wig-maker; but between the top-knot and the bald head is a coronet of the small white blossoms which are used so much in Siam for making wreaths and festoons. The hair itself is fastened up with a gold pin—fourth of the 108 emblems figured on the “footprint of Buddha”—and when the people are rich or of royal birth the head of the pin is inlaid with sundry jewels. For some time after the boy is seated in his chair the recitations go on; but at length comes the auspicious moment selected by the soothsayers. The chaplet being removed and the pin taken out, the loosened hair comes apart in several long locks or tails, which hang down on different sides of the head. Then the principal personage present—perhaps an uncle or cousin, sometimes a prince or magnate who is no relation at all—will advance, scissors in hand, and sever the first lock near its roots. Then a second operator will perform his part, and then a third, and sometimes more, until all the locks are shorn, and only a short stubble of hair remains. Now is the barber's turn; and the remnant of the tuft is carefully shaved off, leaving the pate as bald and almost as shiny as that of an old man. Henceforth the hair all over the head will be allowed to grow to a length of an inch or two, forming the thick brush which every adult Siamese, whether male or female, invariably wears.

Thus far it has been easy work for the patient; but there is worse in store. In an adjoining room his ornaments are stripped off, and a sort of bathing-gown is assumed. Clad in this, and shivering in a chair in the open air, he must submit for fifteen minutes or more to be soused with successive cold showers dashed over his new-shorn head by the attendant friends. Each of these, dipping a shell or saucer into the tank of sacred water near at hand, must pour the contents over the place where the tuft so lately was, mumbling a benedictory formula suitable to the occasion. And not until the last poor relative has played his part in this uncomfortable baptism is the victim released—probably with a bad cold in the head—to assume the dress and enter upon some of the privileges of adult manhood.

Such are the comparatively simple forms observed in a private family. But in the case of royal children they are amplified into a much more elaborate fête; and when, as about a month ago, the tuft to be cut is the tuft of a Crown prince, even the multitudinous facilities of the royal palace are inadequate to the occasion. Builders are employed for weeks before. Contingents of dancers and musicians, pantomimic angels and goblins, heralds, pages, pursuivants, warriors, priests, and what, in theatrical phrase, might be called “supers,” are ordered to be produced; and the drill-master is hard at work mustering and marshalling, and instructing in a host of minute details, the troops of girls and men who are to take part in the ceremony. On this occasion the room of state is replaced by a gorgeous temple. The heir-apparent is led to the scene, not by a few relations, but in a state procession half a mile long. Siamese processions are things that must be seen before they can be believed in. Whole pages of print would not give more than a faint idea of their grotesque and varied splendour. The costumes, military and civil, of half a hundred peoples—from Caithness to Batavia, from Shanghai to County Mayo—defile like a broad ribbon of many colours before the King on his raised throne. The courtyard below is carpeted with human beings dressed in almost every conceivable style, from the gold woven coats and jewelled gold belts of the high officials to the spangled tights of native harlequins, the bear-skin disguises of pantomime-players, the tinsel crowns of the play-queens, and the plain blues, greens, and scarlets of the royal tutors and apparitors. The sacred water is represented by a mimic lake—the mythical Anodat; and a golden pavilion, with typical pointed spires, conceals with its massive gold-woven curtains the actual place of the bath. Most striking of all is the artificial mountain of Krailat, up which the Prince, after losing his top-knot, is to be conducted by a personified Vishnu to receive at the hands of a similarly personified Siwa the attributes of royalty. In the glittering pagoda on the top of this hill the investiture takes place, and when the heir-apparent descends on the other side he is seen to wear the tall-peaked crown peculiar to Siam, the royal slippers, and all the other typical emblems of Buddhist sovereignty. Throughout the ceremonies a skilful blending of Brahmin orthodoxy with heterodox Buddhist usage affords a fine opportunity to the Oriental scholar, and illustrates more graphically than a hundred learned volumes the patchwork origin of Siamese ceremonial, connected as it is, first with ancient India and then with China, and the intervening Buddhist peoples. The fêtes, which

are kept up for at least a week, and which include the presentation to the Prince of valuable gifts on all hands, end appropriately with a compliment to the Great River of Siam. When the last procession has filed past the Royal throne, and the last spangled and crowned angel has danced in the Palace courtyard, the severed locks which lately formed the Royal topknot are confided to the charge of the river-god, and floated off on this broad stream—the “Mother of Waters,” the irrigator and fertilizer of the fine valley of the Menam, the best friend—if they could only know it—of the amphibious Siamese.

ROSMERSHOLM.

IT is a great and desirable thing to break away from conventionality. That may be very cordially confessed in the first place, and in the second we may admit furthermore that convention has a greater hold on the stage than on the sister arts of literature or music or painting. This being so, we should welcome with delight an innovator in dramatic matters, if only we could perceive that he was travelling, or showed any disposition or capacity to travel, in a right direction. But we have read our Ibsen without liking him, and now, having seen *Rosmersholm* on the stage, we like him even less. We do not for one single moment desire that a dramatist should observe any traditional lines of conduct in the management of his work; but one thing is surely essential in the scheme of every play: the characters must be reasonable beings actuated by comprehensible motives. This does not seem much to ask, but it is a great deal more than Ibsen gives us. A good deal of improbability might again be pardoned if the departure led to anything that was interesting or elevating; but there never could have been such a creature as Rosmer of Rosmersholm, there never can be, and, if there were, he would be merely irritating when he was not tedious, and perplexing always. A character so weak at the knees and so apt to whine as Rosmer has never, in our recollection, done duty before as the principal personage in a drama. We do not in the least propose to judge this drama by any set rules, to complain that the story begins in the middle, that people are introduced who have nothing to do with the development of the plot—this applies forcibly to Rosmer's old tutor Brendel—or to take exception to the eccentric treatment of episodes. If modern dramatists hold that these old laws are exploded, so be it; only let them substitute something else that appeals to our sense of the possible first of all, and that then affects in some way or other our natural emotions. We really cannot stand Rosmer.

✕ The Ibsenite theory is that men and women cannot help their dispositions, everything depending on “hereditary antecedents”; and this sets one reflecting on the mental qualities of Rosmer's progenitors. A man may be a dreamy enthusiast, but he should have lucid intervals; and this is where Rosmer habitually fails. His home was shared before his wife's death by a girl—Miss Rebecca West—who had conceived a passion for him, while he takes the keenest delight in her companionship, and, in fact, loves her devotedly. The diffusion of the knowledge that Mrs. Rosmer would have no children is a characteristic bit of Ibsenism. Miss West, as a girl on a visit to the family, is of course at once informed, and uses the information as a means of inducing the wife to see that she had better drown herself, as she is valueless, and rather in the way than otherwise; and this—before the play opens—the lady has affably consented to do. It is very nice of her, from Miss West's point of view; and, besides, Miss West cannot help it in consequence of her “hereditary antecedents.” Her mother, she is informed by Rector Kroll, casually one day in the course of conversation, was false to her husband, and Miss West is the daughter of her quasi-guardian, for whom she has displayed “involuntary filial instinct.” ✕ “My mother never said a word about it,” Miss West replies, as if the secret of her paternity was a trifle that her mother might have been expected to mention incidentally in the course of conversation when she had nothing really important to talk about. Therefore, however, it was not Miss West's fault that she had suggested suicide to the obliging Mrs. Rosmer; but the fault of her mother, who was no doubt in turn the victim of weakness and vice inherited from a weak and vicious ancestor. All the blame in fact is traceable to some protoplasmic germ that sat at the edge of a pond thousands of years before and got wicked. ✕

One pauses to consider what the earlier Rosmers must have been. Some of them must have suffered from a shocking lack of natural perception. ✕ This Rosmer has lived alone with Miss West for a whole year without perceiving that he loves her and that she loves him, and he is quite surprised to find that the world in general—including his old servant, who in herself appears to comprise the whole staff of domestics—think the state of affairs somewhat equivocal. Rosmer meantime has been devoting himself to the consideration of politics and impiety. He was a pastor and a Conservative; he has become an atheist and a Radical, a Socialist, or, as he prefers to call himself, “an emancipated man.” Emancipated men may live alone for twelve months in intimate companionship with attractive young women, and they will be protected by an “instinctive morality”; so, at least, Rosmer maintains. But the theory does not commend itself as unimpeachable to the clergyman who before Rosmer's emancipation was his oldest and closest friend; indeed, Rector Kroll bluntly says—they are blunt in Ibsen's plays—that where he finds free thought he is not surprised

to find free love. Thus it is that these engaging people talk. Kroll is bigoted and narrow-minded, it may be; but then it is no less certain that Rosmer is fantastical, not to say grotesque, and long scenes between two such personages can be neither instructive nor entertaining. Rebecca West is a conceivable creature, and there are dramatic possibilities in the study of a strong-minded, but at the same time seductive, woman influencing the life of a fanatic who follows while he believes that he is leading. But the relationship of the characters in *Rosmersholm* is so preposterous—Rosmer is so incredibly blind and flabby—that we can never for a moment believe in them; and then there is the aimless tragedy of the last act, where the two make up their minds to drown themselves, and carry out the intention of emulating the late Mrs. Rosmer's example. Some of the blame for the excessive weakness of this last act is doubtless due to Mr. Benson, whose Rosmer was never for a single moment in the least degree convincing; it may also be that the translation of the dialogue further enfeebles it—in fact, no doubt that is so; but, putting this apart, it is outside the natural scope of humanity for Rosmer to ask Miss West to oblige him by drowning herself, just to show that her love for him is as deep as she professes it to be. When she consents to sacrifice herself, Rosmer proclaims his intention of meeting death with her, and they die. Was there an inquest? With the astonishing lack of humour which is so often apparent in Ibsen, he has made Miss West ask that, after drowning, her body may be recovered from the mill-race. "I don't want to stay down there," she remarks. Probably both their bodies were recovered, and the coroner's jury can only have found that they committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity. Such a verdict would no doubt explain a great deal that had hitherto been incomprehensible.

The object of introducing Brendel, the drunken tutor, who had been mainly responsible for Rosmer's education, is not clear to the uninitiated. It cannot be said that Brendel emphasizes Kroll's bigotry, because a man who was not a bigot might very well have objected to the insolent familiarity of a lurching, red-nosed drunkard such as this; while if the idea has been to illustrate Rosmer's wide charity and forbearance, the result is not attained. At least "he has the courage to live his life," Rosmer says—we will not swear to the actual words in this case, but this is the strict purport of them—as the drunken rogue, having borrowed some money, staggers through the door to make a bundle of some old clothes he has begged. The pre-Ibsenite notion was that the drunkard showed courage by resisting drink; but this could not have been the emancipated drunkard. The moral of all this, if there be one, evades our search. Rebecca West has a crime akin to murder to expiate; but it is revolting that she should be compelled to the expiation by Rosmer, and he has done nothing for which he should die, except perhaps displaying the blindness due to hereditary antecedents. If that plea be admitted, no one can properly be blamed for badness nor commended for goodness; men and women are mere automata, acting by laws over which they have no control, and the main-spring of all dramatic action must be searched for in bygone centuries when remote ancestors developed the first signs of vices and virtues which have become accentuated by time. As for the representation, it would have been a pleasure to speak in praise of Mr. F. R. Benson, who labours at his profession so indefatigably; but his Rosmer exhibits a sad lack of force. The idea conveyed is not in the least of a leader of men, the pioneer of a movement. There is a want of variety in Mr. Benson's gesture and action; he fails in the elementary practice of his art. Miss Florence Farr, the Rebecca West, showed a very high degree of intelligence in her treatment of the character, and is evidently an actress of exceptional capacity. She is reticent, quiet, and expressive; and, though we have not the faintest idea why she does not marry Rosmer when he begs her to do so, and why, subsequently, she relates the story of how she did the luckless Mrs. Rosmer to death, the blame of all this incomprehensibility belongs to Ibsen, not to the lady who attempts the impossible task of expounding him. The modern theory of play-writing, as adopted by Ibsenites, seems to be that a drama is worthless if you can understand what it is about, characters are too paltry to be put upon the stage if you know what they are doing, dialogue is merely contemptible if it possesses any obvious meaning. To endeavour to follow the mental meanderings of the shallow-brained Rosmer is truly a sorry task on which to waste an afternoon. He began as a Christian, and, as regards politics, a supporter of existing institutions; he became an atheist and a Radical; so far as we could understand he reverts to his former faith; and in the end he again abjures it. If he had lived a week longer, instead of being providentially drowned, he would probably have adopted two or three fresh creeds, with sets of political opinions to match. The other characters introduced are the Parson Kroll, Rosmer's former tutor Ulric Brendel, and the Editor of the Radical newspaper, Mortensgard. Mr. Athol Forde suitably represents the monotonous characteristics of Kroll. Mr. O. Hudson appears to us to make Brendel unnecessarily drunken and dilapidated, but it is not a matter of the least importance, and we have not the slightest intention of saying with any claim to authority how Mr. Ibsen should or should not be played. Mr. J. Wheatman is the Editor, who is eager to announce Rosmer's conversion to Socialism, but not his apostasy, because to do that would, he says, be to destroy the effect of the political change, seeing that

"what the party wants is a Christian element." Readers are probably aware that the theory of "hereditary antecedents" upon which Ibsen is prone to dilate has no sort of scientific warrant, and was long since exploded. But the whole affair is provincial and quite contemptible.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT Mr. Robert Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street, where work by the same hand has been seen before, there is now on view a collection of water-colour drawings, "Through Normandy," by Mr. Charles J. Watson, R.P.E. What is an R.P.E.? We cannot tell; but, perhaps, the initials stand for Rebellious Painter-Etcher, a race of which, if report says true, our town is too well provided. Mr. Watson has a clear vein of observation and a neat touch. He paints Mont St. Michel under all skies, lilac with afternoon sunlight, black with rain, grey with the severe tincture of early morning. He paints the advance across its waste of wet sands of "Visitors from Granville" (12). He takes us to the winding and picturesque "Rue de St. Jean, Caen" (11), the sombreness of which he lights up adroitly with points of scarlet. Here is the long, red roof of the great church of "St. Gervais, Falaise" (20); a brilliant market-day, under green umbrellas, at "Chartres" (32); the gloom of a wet Saturday at "Caudebec" (42). Mr. Watson knows how to extract the subdued but exquisite colour from the weather-beaten Gothic towers and façades of Normandy. He is particularly happy in his many sketches of Chartres.

Some of our readers may remember a large picture called "Le Lawn-Tennis" at the last exhibition of the Pastellists in the Grosvenor Gallery. This represented seven young ladies, of dolorous aspect, with rackets in their hands, apparently gathered together in bewildered ignorance of the rules of the game. This work, which was sinister, but not without proofs of talent, was painted by M. Fernand Khnopff, a young Flemish artist of the decadence, in whom some critics nowadays see great things. A small collection of his sketches, and of photographs from his more ambitious pictures, is now on view in the Hanover Gallery, 47 New Bond Street. It is not possible from these fragments to form any very definite idea of M. Khnopff's talent. There are studies and "bits," masks and faces; but we find only one large oil-painting, "The Gamekeeper" (22), which represents a Belgian functionary of that species standing with his gun, in a costume far less favourable to art than ours, in a plain green field, with hedgerows and little trees ascending as a tame background almost to the top line of the picture. There is nothing very striking or attractive in that, nor can it appeal to any one but the family of the gamekeeper. Other of M. Khnopff's designs—"Venus" (15), for instance—a girl with a yellow and black nimbus, leaning against a colossal savage Sphinx—and the photographs called "The Fates—Istar—Temptation" (21) are rather violent than strictly original. "A Study of a Child" (13) is nice and unaffected. We cannot form, as we have said, a general opinion of much value, because the specimens are not merely fragmentary, but display a measure of facility in styles so remotely opposed that we ought to know what the lost links are before we give a judgment. There is talent here, but we think some pretension, too, and some haste to be prematurely famous.

MONEY MATTERS.

AFTER a couple of months of quiet the City has again this week been agitated by alarmist rumours, the names of some of the leading houses being bandied about in a most reckless way. Some of the rumours are palpably unfounded, and let us hope that all of them are greatly exaggerated. Yet it would be useless to affect to believe that serious difficulties do not exist. The events of last November have given a shock to credit which has much aggravated previous embarrassments, and the course of events in South America has deepened the uneasiness that already prevailed. Chili is torn by civil war, which, it is to be feared, will not soon be ended. In Brazil the Government has entered upon a policy which, if continued, must lead to disaster. The state of Uruguay is deplorable. And in the Argentine Republic matters are going day by day from bad to worse. Last November a Committee, consisting of some of the greatest merchants in the City, proposed to the Argentine Government to suspend for three years the payment of the guarantees given by it and of the interest upon its debt, issuing instead bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest. More than three months have elapsed since the proposal was made, and yet it has not been carried into effect. It is true that Congress was called together in December, and passed an Act authorizing the funding of the coupons and the guarantees; and when the text of the Act is received in this country, if it is found to be satisfactory, the negotiations for carrying the plan into execution, which are already far advanced, will be quickly completed. But the general public is perplexed by the delay in carrying out a scheme so manifestly favourable to the Argentine Government. People ask, if that Government cannot pay in cash, and will not pay in paper, what is to be expected from it? and why should it hesitate so long if it really wishes to meet

the recommendations of the London Committee? And the questions are very natural, considering the origin of the existing Administration and the political outlook. Then, again, the Government has been pursuing a financial policy most inequitable to foreign capitalists in the Republic, and likely to aggravate the difficulties at home. Lastly, political troubles appear to be impending.

Little information is allowed to reach Europe, yet we have learned this week that an attempt has been made to assassinate the Minister of the Interior, and that a state of siege has been proclaimed in Buenos Ayres. Naturally people ask, Does the Government feel unable to carry out the proposals of the London Committee? And even if it eventually adopts those proposals many ask, Will it remain in office to give effect to its decision? Thus there is perplexity or anxiety amongst all who are interested in Argentine securities. Argentine railway securities have especially suffered. The Government has given guarantees to the railway Companies most lavishly. Had it at once adopted the suggestions of the London Committee, it is probable that the bonds issued in payment of guarantees and coupons would have fetched a high price in the market; for they are to bear six per cent. interest, and are to be receivable for Customs duties; and at the end of last year there was little fear in Europe that the Government would be able to maintain order. But now that so long a delay has occurred the public is beginning to doubt both the will and the ability of the Government to carry out the suggestions, and consequently people are asking, Will it be safe to buy the new bonds even if they are issued? It is probable that the public is carrying distrust of the Argentine Government into as great an extreme now as it carried over-confidence a little while ago. Even if there were to be a revolution, it would be strange if the new Government refused to carry out the funding plan, since it is so obviously favourable to the country. We are not concerned now, however, with either the soundness or unsoundness of the reasoning of the public; our object rather is to explain to our readers the cause of the apprehensions that have so suddenly revived. As we have been saying, the effect has been felt most severely by the railway Companies. We have recently shown how sharp and how continuous has been the fall in these securities; but it is the bonds of the unfinished lines that have depreciated most. So utter is the distrust of the Government just now, that investors will not buy those bonds at any price; and since investors will not have them, dealers in the Stock Exchange refuse to purchase them, and bankers very naturally decline to lend upon them. The consequence is that the contractors are unable to fulfil their engagements. The bonds given to them in payment for their contracts cannot be realized, and, therefore, the contractors have not the means of paying for what they themselves had ordered. The issuing houses which gave guarantees to the contractors have been called upon to make good the guarantees, and thus some of the issuing houses have themselves been plunged in difficulties. They have met all their engagements so far, and as more than three months has elapsed since the crisis last autumn, it is reasonable to suppose that they will be able to do so in the future; but the City has grown apprehensive, knowing the position of the Argentine Government and of the Companies, and it fears that the demand upon the issuing houses in question may prove excessive. There are reasons for believing that the fear is unfounded, temporary assistance having been obtained by those who needed it, and efforts being made to put them in a satisfactory position; but, in any case, we would point out that the consequences of a failure now, however important the house might be, would be far less grave than had it occurred in November. During the past three months every house has been contracting its liabilities, whilst speculation has been very nearly brought to an end. Even if, then, there were to be an important suspension, there would not be the danger that millions of acceptances might not be met; and neither would there be the fear that immense masses of stock would be thrown by speculators upon the market. Still, though the consequences would be far less grave, an important failure would give a fresh shock to credit, and much prolong the crisis through which we are passing; indeed, the mere revival of alarm must have a bad effect in that way.

The revival of apprehension has tended to make money dearer throughout the week. Besides, the revenue is now being collected very rapidly. And it is said that a large amount of gold will be withdrawn early next week for Russia. In November last, it will be recollected, the Imperial Bank of Russia advanced a million and a half sterling in gold to the Bank of England, buying an equivalent amount of Treasury Bills. It is now said that the amount is to be taken back. True, nearly half as much is expected from Brazil; still, the withdrawal of so much gold for Russia would very materially reduce the Bank's reserve. And when coin begins to go out into the internal circulation in April the reserve is likely to become dangerously low. The supply of money in the outside market in consequence of all this was smaller than the demand during the week, and the Bank of England has done a large business both in discounts and in advances. In the outside market the rate of discount has risen to 2½ per cent.

The silver market has been again depressed this week. As the session of the United States Congress ends at noon on Wednesday next, it is clear that there is no chance of passing the Silver Bill. The speculators in the United States consequently have become alarmed, and are selling on the best terms they can obtain. It is said that in New York alone they have accumulated about ten

millions of ounces. Early in the week the price in London fell to 44½d. per oz.; but it has since recovered to 44¾d., owing partly to a good Indian demand, and partly to a demand for Russia. Apparently the fall is increasing the Continental consumption.

At the Fortnightly Settlement which began on Tuesday the Banks charged Stock Exchange borrowers about 3½ per cent., but the demand was small. In fact the carrying-over rates within the Stock Exchange ranged only from 3½ to 4½ per cent.—that is to say, in many cases borrowers were not able to get more within the house than they paid the banks. The evidence afforded by the Settlement is that there has been no increase during the fortnight in the speculation for the rise, while speculators for the fall have been buying back on a considerable scale. Apparently operators are afraid to speculate either for or against at the present time. Even the revival of alarm, which was very marked early in the week, has not very much increased business. In the autumn, when apprehension was so keen, there was speculative selling on an immense scale; but now, in spite of the alarmist rumours here in London, the selling has been very small. The Home Railway market has been quiet, partly because of the revival of apprehension, and partly because of the uncomfortable feeling created by Sir Richard Moon's speech at the London and North-Western meeting. In the American market exceedingly little has been doing. And in the foreign market, while there has been late in the week some recovery in Argentine securities, in the belief that the funding plan is at last to be carried into effect, there has been for the greater part weakness in international securities generally. It would seem as if the Continental Bourses are beginning to give way under the weight of the breakdown in South America. All through last year, in spite of the crisis in London and the United States, the Paris Bourse remained optimistic and strong; this week there have been symptoms of increasing difficulties in Paris as well as in Berlin. No doubt this is partly due to political anxieties. But the speculative fever has gone too far.

Messrs. Martin, the bankers of Messrs. Baring Brothers, have this week announced their decision to convert their business into a limited liability Company, the paid-up capital to be half a million, and there being a reserve capital of an equal amount. It will be seen that the conversion of private into joint-stock banks has received an extraordinary impetus of late. In fact, it is now clearly recognized that banking cannot be carried on unless there are frequent publications of accounts.

On Wednesday Lord Rothschild received a telegram from the Argentine Finance Minister in which assurance was given that the funding scheme would be quickly carried out, and that the Buenos Ayres Waterworks Company would be dealt with in a fair spirit. This encourages the hope that, after all, the Waterworks will be bought back by the Government. But it is to be recollected that there is a difference of about eight hundred thousand pounds between the price which the Government offers and that which the Company asks, and apparently the telegram to Lord Rothschild says nothing as to the willingness of the Government to accept the Company's terms. Meantime it is decided to proceed at once with the funding plan, allowing the negotiations for the sale of the Waterworks to be postponed.

The decline in prices during the week has not been as great as might have been expected from the alarm that was felt, especially on Monday and Tuesday, yet the movements generally are downward, with the exception, strange to say, of Argentine securities, many of which have actually risen. Consols closed on Thursday evening at 96½, a fall compared with Thursday evening of last week of ½; Four per cent. Rupee-paper closed at 73½, a fall of 1½; and the Four and a Half likewise were down 1½. It will be recollected that there has been a reckless speculation in Rupee-paper for fully twelve months now; that ever since September there has been an almost continuous fall; that in consequence the losses lately have been very heavy, and that there have been reports also of serious irregularities, involving probably legal proceedings. In Home Railway stocks, Caledonian Undivided closed at 116½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 1½; Great Northern Deferred Ordinary closed at 82½, a fall of 1½; Brighton "A" closed at 154½, a fall 1½; North British Deferred closed at 48½, a fall of 1½; and the Preferred closed at 72½, a fall of ½. The Settlement this week affords evidence that speculators for the fall have during the past few weeks been buying back the stock that they had sold in the Home Railway market; consequently the market is without the support which a "Bear" account gives. There is a fear that the renewed shock given to credit will further check trade. Sir Richard Moon has revived the apprehension that a revision of rates may tell adversely upon railway earnings; and the labour disputes are likewise weighing upon the market. But the most powerful cause of all is the revival of alarm. Argentine railway stocks have moved much less this week than previously. Apparently the hope that the funding scheme will be rapidly carried through has caused quotations to be somewhat advanced. The only material fall of the week is in Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference stock, which closed on Thursday at 100, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. The Railway Companies are asking authority from the Government to raise their rates and fares, on the plea that the premium on gold is eating away their profits;

but their charges are already exceedingly high, and it is not at all improbable that an agitation may be got up against the railways. Besides, in the present extreme distress of all classes it is inevitable that there must be a large falling off in traffics. The Argentine Five per Cent. loan of 1886 closed on Thursday at 76, a fall for the week of $\frac{1}{2}$; but the Four and a Half per Cent. loan closed at 56 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; and there is generally an advance also in Cédulas. Thus, series "A" of the National Cédulas closed on Thursday evening at 28, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Buenos Ayres Six per Cents closed at 69; a rise of 1; Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 80 $\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of 1, attributed to the peaceable adoption of the Constitution.

The movements, however, are not to be trusted, as the great houses interested have a strong inducement for supporting the markets; and in the present state of South America neither Argentine, nor Brazilian, nor Chilean bonds are a safe purchase for the ordinary careful investor. The Foreign market for some days has been weak. On Thursday the Paris Bourse was evidently disturbed by the fear of a hostile demonstration against the *Empress Frederick*. It will be recollected that there has been now a very long and a very wild speculation in Paris. The Berlin Bourse also was weak; consequently French Three per Cents closed on Thursday at 94 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. Egyptian Unified closed at 98, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. The Three and a Half per Cent. Egyptian scrip closed at 94 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Italian Fives closed at 93 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had another all but absolutely rainless week. The circumstances as to rainfall are really becoming serious. Last week we spoke of a deficiency in the supply, and now we have had seven days more with hardly a drop anywhere to fill the springs. The drought is not confined to these islands, but extends to the whole continent of Europe, though in many parts of that the heavy snowfall of January went some way to make good the defect. Day by day the *Paris Bulletin* has "o" along its rain column at every station, with some trifling exceptions. As regards the Riviera, a friend at Alasio writes to say that during the last eight months rain has fallen on two days, flowers there are none, the orange trees are shrivelled and poor, everything burnt up between blazing sun and icy wind. The only places in these islands which have reported more than the merest sprinkling of mists have been Cork on Saturday last, with 0.36 in. of rain, and Stornoway on Monday, with about double the amount; the Shetlands also coming in for a little on the latter day.

We have had nine successive days of fog in London, with the single exception of Friday, the 20th, when the record was "gloomy." We have, however, not been without companions in misfortune as to sunlessness. Looking at the reports published daily by the Meteorological Office from fifty-seven stations situated over Northern and Western Europe, we find the following to be the number of times the ominous letter "f" for fog has appeared during the last eight days. Wednesday (18th), on which the record was 13; Thursday, 15; Friday, 15; Saturday, 18; Sunday, 8; Monday, 10; Tuesday, 11; Wednesday, 11. We have omitted from the list all entries of "misty" or "gloomy." There has been no intense frost during the week, but almost every night the thermometer in most parts of England has gone down to the freezing-point. The maximum thermometer stood at 60° at Mullaghmore, co. Sligo, on Monday, and on Tuesday it rose above that point at Nairn and elsewhere. In fact, along our Western and North-Western coast the weather has been reasonably warm. On Saturday night an Atlantic cyclone made an ineffectual attempt to break in upon us, but only succeeded in producing a very slight gale from south-east on the Irish coast. It was this disturbance which brought the rain to Cork, as has just been mentioned. Monday's rainfall in the Hebrides and Shetlands was probably due to the same disturbance travelling to the north-eastward outside our coasts. The latest intelligence on Wednesday is, that a fresh southerly wind is blowing along all the West and North-West coasts, but the barometer has not fallen much, and there is no rain, so that there are at present no signs of a serious change of weather. In London the fog cleared suddenly after noon, and the thermometer rose more than twenty degrees. On Thursday (26th) the rise of temperature from 8 A.M. till 2 P.M. was 28°. We must only hope that this improvement may continue.

THE LITTLE TUNNEL UNDER LORD'S.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN wishes to bring the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway into London. He is not content to bring it through some district already spoilt by railway operations. For some reasons more or less occult he desires an open, airy, quiet, and picturesque neighbourhood, with a maximum of public interest attaching to the preservation of its character, and an exceptional number of artists and men of letters to be dislodged. He selects St. John's Wood; and truly he could not have done better from the point of view of getting the most nuisance possible out of his operations. But there are those who doubt—and we are among them—whether the desire

to create the maximum of nuisance is a strong enough motive for this selection.

The suburb which Sir Edward Watkin asks Parliament this Session to let him spoil is—need we remind our readers?—situate on a slope which was formerly the property of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. Some three hundred and fifty acres, known as the St. John's Wood Estate, have now for some considerable time been owned by the Eyre family, by whom this large extent of land has been leased out in plots for the erection of residences. This estate, which adjoins the western extremity of Regent's Park, and reaches to South Hampstead, has an entirely exceptional character among the residential suburbs of London. The ground landlord under whom the suburb was laid out had a soul above the mere question of the longest rent-roll, and exacted the construction of high-class villas, detached and semi-detached, with ample gardens and forecourts; allowing only such terraces of shops as would suffice for the service of the neighbourhood. This ideal of an open neighbourhood has been rigorously enforced up to the present day; and owners of leases who have from time to time desired to enlarge their houses have been met by the consistent objection that their proposed operations would militate against the open character of the neighbourhood, which the ground landlord meant to maintain regardless of the heritage of bricks and mortar which he might secure to his successors by allowing the openings to be blocked. This is the main reason why the air of St. John's Wood is so much purer than that of other residential suburbs. The northerly winds sweep over Hampstead Heath, pass across the St. John's Wood gardens, and between the well-separated blocks of building, and reach Marylebone comparatively uncontaminated; and the air passing over Regent's Park reaches the thickly-built neighbourhood of Paddington in a far purer state than would have been the case if Walpole Eyre had let the jerry-builder do his will with the estate of the old Knights Hospitallers. The open character of St. John's Wood may be well exemplified by the remark that, of the thirty-five acres just south of the Regent's Canal which Sir Edward Watkin proposes to take for his terminus station, only about five are actually built upon; while thirty are made up of gardens, forecourts, and roadway. Besides this general freedom from close streets of lofty brick-work, St. John's Wood possesses two considerable open spaces a stone's throw north of the Canal—to wit, Lord's Cricket Ground, and the charming garden, dotted with fine forest trees, laid out in the disused burial ground attached to St. John's Wood Chapel.

Altogether there are nearly fifty petitions to Parliament not to grant the powers which Sir Edward Watkin seeks. The Vestry of St. Marylebone, the residents of St. John's Wood, and the Committee of the Marylebone Cricket Club, started a most vigorous opposition, regardless of cost; but suddenly, about a fortnight since, a rumour got abroad that the Marylebone Cricket Club had been "squared"; and last Saturday "An Interview with Sir Edward Watkin," published in the *Full Mall Gazette*, confirmed this rumour. The interviewer, who seems to have been specially caught and tamed by Sir Edward for the purpose, elicited that, in exchange for the right to make a tunnel under the nursery end of Lord's, the ground is to be enlarged by a good slice of the Clergy Orphanage. He was also kind enough to ask Sir Edward the question "Have you any more schemes in view?" and to record the answer, "No; when I settle with Lord's I am ready for Father Abraham's bosom. Please point out in what you write that the new railway will certainly not injure Lord's, but improve it."

That is to say the tunnel is to be constructed under a strip of the nursery end only 124 feet wide, although the deposited plans show an open cutting 250 feet wide, with eight lines of railway—not at all too much for the approach to a great terminal station.

There are other evolutions tending to shake confidence in the interviewer. According to the interviewer, Sir Edward Watkin says of the Clergy Orphan School site, which he has been using for traffic with the Marylebone Cricket Club:—"That we have arranged to buy from the Clergy Orphan School." But the *Times* of Tuesday, the 24th of February, says the treasurer of the corporation, Canon Elwyn, denied this at a meeting held on Monday, the 23rd. "The treasurer stated that there was no truth in the report that the corporation had agreed to sell their premises at St. John's Wood to the new railway that was projected. On the contrary, they had lodged a petition against it."

Now, is it conceivable that any intelligent body should be so blind as not to see the real issue? Cannot the Marylebone Cricket Club see that what Sir Edward Watkin wants is the reversion of Lord's, not to mention the burial-ground opposite? And how long do they think they will be allowed to enjoy their increased space? Such a scheme as Sir Edward Watkin's would be nothing without room for growth; and what strikes the mere common-sense observer is that he has chosen for the triumphal entry of his railway into London a neighbourhood where there is plenty of open ground; that he has chosen as the site of his terminus a spot within a stone's-throw of Lord's; and that, when once the right to make the "little tunnel" is secured, it will be easy enough to encroach, and get powers to convert the tunnel into the originally proposed cutting. The mere success of the scheme in outline will form a sufficient motive for allowing Sir Edward Watkin to grasp the rest of Lord's on the one side, and the St. John's Wood burial-ground on the other side; and the public may rest assured that the admission of the railway

through the gardens of St. John's Wood and Lord's Cricket Ground will carry with it the absorption into the commercial whirlpool of two open spaces, the preservation of which the public has the best of rights to expect.

But this is not all. What is the ultimate aim of flouting London by this invasion of its unique suburb, and the central resort of the national game? In two words—Channel Tunnel. Again this Session is this infernal device of an abandoned commercialism to be flaunted before the country; again, let us hope, for its promoters to fulfil their natural fate, and be brushed aside. What then? The tunnelling under the Channel being for the time blocked once more, there is the "little tunnel under Lord's" silently fulfilling its mission, preparing to bring into London new traffic, to be gathered along a new route. Sir Edward Watkin will of course find no difficulty in arranging with himself as Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway for running powers to Dover—or perhaps he thinks of buying up the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. That accomplished, the Government, which will have thus far successfully resisted the most unpatriotic of all unpatriotic schemes, will be confronted with a new enemy. They will have to deal with the tremendous pressure of commercial interests silently and solidly forming up at the doors of the dreamt-of Channel Tunnel; and what Government is going to resist a commercial pressure so entirely new in kind? Through traffic between Manchester, Sheffield, &c., and all the towns and cities of Europe waiting for England's leave to tunnel under the Channel, where is the human nature that is going to resist that argument? When that is secured, if there is any scrap of Lord's left, such scrap will, of course, be doomed; for the opening of the Channel Tunnel will make a new development of trade, requiring new space; and even the guardians of Regent's Park may well begin to shiver in their shoes—that is, if the place is any longer worth guarding when the south-west wind brings with it the grime and coal-dust from the abomination of desolation intended to adjoin its western extremity.

Sir Edward Watkin is, of course, blind to these the real issues of his proposals; it must be a mere accident of his festive nature that he has so dexterously concentrated public attention on the squabble with Lord's and then made such a beautiful show of liberality to that institution.

But in sober seriousness it will be of no use to pour out jeremiads when our independence and safety have been trafficked away for gain. Now is the time to resist the encroachment on national well-being, and every one, whose eyes it is now sought to fill with dust by the cleverly devised discussion whether "a little tunnel under Lord's" is to be or not to be, would do well to realize the veritable issue—namely, a big tunnel under the Silver Streak which makes England what she is. Where are the cricketers and the patriotic persons? Are they all suffering from ophthalmia? Surely if that issue were but clearly seen, the common sense of the country would call upon Parliament as with a single voice, not merely to prevent the destruction of a unique suburb and the suppression of the central rendezvous of our national game, but to stamp out at once and for ever a scheme injurious to the most vital interests of the nation.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

PENDING the revival of *The School for Scandal*, Mr. Charles Wyndham has got up a kind of miscellaneous entertainment, in which he appears to his best advantage. Proceedings are opened by *Dearest Mamma*, a well-known favourite at this house. This is followed by *Sowing and Reaping*, a comedy, in two acts, by Mr. C. Vernon, first produced for a short run last season. It is of the usual farcical-comedy order, but is so admirably interpreted as to obtain something of the varnish at least of high comedy. The plot, which is extremely thin, deals with the fortunes of a rake who, pursuing with his amorous intentions a married lady and caught in the act of proposing to her, is accidentally saved from so embarrassing a position by a meddlesome friend, who misinterprets his intentions, and declares that Harry Graham is simply asking for the hand of the lady's sister. Unable to honourably extricate himself from the difficulty, he accepts the situation and marries, somewhat against his will, the sister of his innamorata. In the next act he is a reformed man—a rake no longer, but in love with his charming wife, and desperately jealous of everybody and everything. It might be objected that his cause for jealousy is a frivolous pretext; but Mr. Wyndham plays so delightfully that the audience does not stop to analyse, and at times it is almost impossible to hear what is happening on the stage for the roars of laughter in the house. It is no exaggeration to say that the people laugh until they cry. In this class of part Mr. Wyndham is without rival. He is admirably supported, for no actor can be funnier in his way than Mr. Blakeley, whose natural unctuous humour finds full scope in the part of Sampson Paley. Mr. Giddens, on the other hand, is hardly so well suited. Miss Beatrice Lamb, who has recently joined the Criterion company, made her first appearance on this stage as Mrs. Paley, and acted gracefully enough, but did not display sufficient force in the first act. Admirable in every sense was the Miss Charity Smith of Miss M. A. Victor. Miss Mary Moore, who has very little to do, looked charming, and played in her own peculiarly sweet manner the character of Julia. *Trying It On*, which

concludes the programme, is an adaptation by the late Mr. William Brough of *Une Rivière dans le Dœ*, in which Mr. Charles Mathews created the part of Charles Walsingham Potts; and those of us who are old enough to remember his inimitable acting in this farce may have the right to say that the present generation will obtain a very fair idea of this great actor's method by watching Mr. Charles Wyndham's performance, which is so full of vivacious impulse and wagery. Miss E. Terriss is a very pretty Fanny, but the rest of the characters are so subordinated to the "lead" that all one can say of them is that they did the best possible to efface themselves artistically before their volatile chief. Many will doubtless wish that the threatened revival of *The School for Scandal*—a well-worn classic, if ever there was one—should be postponed indefinitely; for in these days of gloomy Ibsen, and gloomy London, it is refreshing to find some refuge where one can enjoy a hearty laugh. On Monday evening next Tom Taylor's one-act comedy, *Nine Points of the Law*, will be revived, with Mr. George Giddens and Mr. Blakeley, and Mesdames F. Frances and M. Hardinge, in the cast.

Mr. Henry Irving's admirable letter to the *Daily Telegraph* on the burning subject of the day in theatrical circles—the licensing of theatres and music-halls—brought forth another letter from Mr. Hare, who supports Mr. Irving in every way. Let us hope that their combined efforts will result in settling the question in the right manner. Like Mr. Irving, we do not wish to speak in the least degree disparagingly of music-halls; but at the same time it would be absurd to place them on the same footing with places of amusement where the drama is acted in the refined and artistic manner which now prevails in London. If the music-halls are to give pieces which are to last more than forty minutes, and of a class which we may call purely dramatic, the result may be disastrous in the extreme, and, as Mr. Irving justly observes, before long we shall have theatres where the drama will be given in the presence of a smoking audience and to the accompaniment of the click of punch- and beer-glasses. In a word, an art for which men like Mr. Irving, Mr. Hare, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Alexander, and so many others have done so much in the way of raising its dignity, will be degraded, at least in association. It is true that many managers will find it to their interests to keep on the old lines of making their refreshment-bar simply a convenience to playgoers, and not a *sine quid non*; but others, on the other hand, will, to quote Mr. Irving, "find it to their monetary advantage to turn their theatres into houses for the performance of plays where smoking and drinking will be encouraged." The music-hall should be considered apart from the theatre. Another danger Mr. Irving foresees is, that theatres will return to the old system of introducing between the acts, or at any rate between pieces—songs, recitations, dances, and even acrobatic performances, as was the case in the last century, when it was not at all infrequent for an opera or a tragedy to be interrupted between the acts by a troupe of acrobats, and even by the ascension of a balloon or the performances of learned dogs and pigs. The good taste of the present century has divided the two classes of houses of entertainment, and they should not even be associated in any way. Indeed, the architectural structure of the theatre and the music-hall is so different that they cannot possibly be considered under the same head. Therefore, even in the matter of their inspection for safety and sanitary purposes, they should not be dealt with by the same law. It is true that the Alhambra and the Empire Theatre are, so far as their structure goes, theatres pure and simple, although they are devoted to the purposes of that kind of miscellaneous entertainment which is popularly known as a "variety show." Still, these are exceptions, and the entertainments which take place in them have little or nothing in common with those given at a regular theatre. If the tone of the music-hall is to be elevated, it will not be by the introduction of distinctly theatrical pieces, but by the elimination from the songs of all that is objectionable. By all means let the County Council consider the theatre and the music-hall as independent places of entertainment and frame their laws accordingly.

The attendance at the Thirty-fifth annual banquet of the Dramatic and Musical Benevolent Fund at the Hôtel Métropole on Monday was perhaps the largest and the most brilliant that has yet been gathered together. Many noblemen, almost all our leading managers, dramatic authors, and critics were present, as well as several distinguished actors, whilst Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree occupied the chair. The speeches were, if anything, above the average, and Mr. Tree was particularly happy in the facetious manner in which he attacked the free theatre it is proposed to create in our midst, and at which, it seems, we are to behold pieces that the Examiner of Plays would not permit to be performed elsewhere. Mr. Tree thought that the theatre would be much too free, and we fear it would, especially if some of the pieces already announced to be performed there are produced in the presence of ladies and gentlemen. "If things progress at the rate they are progressing," said Mr. Tree, "we may look in the near future for a stage which will be a platform for the discussion of the mysteries of psychology, the teachings of esoteric Buddhism, and for the exposition of the doctrines of evolution and heredity." There seems some chance, judging from the favour with which a certain section of the public receives such works as *Ghosts* and *Rosmersholm*, that, indeed, we are approaching an epoch when love as it has hitherto been used for stage purposes will be banished,

the heroine be a protoplasm, and the heavy villain of the piece a bacillus. However, this is but a sign, as Mr. Tree observed, of the increasing interest of the public in an art which has been somewhat neglected in England in former times, but which has now become not only popular, but national. In the name of the Crusaders of old and their successors, the good and true men of our day, who are doing so much to alleviate the sufferings of the poor by a thousand practical means, Mr. Tree made an eloquent appeal to those present, with the result that the Fund was largely increased. Mr. Sydney Grundy, as usual, attacked somebody in his speech in response to the toast of "The Drama." This time he attacked Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and chaffed him rather unmercifully for his recent lecture on Play-writing. Every eye was directed on Mr. Jones. Everybody expected that he would rise and respond to his challenger; but Mr. Jones was wily. He looked intensely amused, and remained seated and silent; which was distinctly not only in good taste, but clever. Sometimes silence is more eloquent than speech; on this occasion it was decidedly so. Solomon said there was a time to weep and a time to laugh. Had he lived at the end of the nineteenth century he would have said there is also a time to chaff.

At the Lyric Theatre the prosperous career of *La Cigale* continues uninterrupted, and attracts as large audiences as ever. In consequence of its immense popularity, this really charming opera is to be taken through the country, and Mr. Sedger has engaged a well-selected troupe of singers. He opened at the Grand Theatre, Islington, last week, and achieved great success with very little advertising. On the first night, it seems, there was not a large attendance; but the news of the excellence of the performance spread in the neighbourhood, and on the last four nights of the week the theatre was crowded to excess.

Someone interested, personally or not, in a recently started management, has been sending anonymous postcards all about London advising the recipients to visit the theatre in question because "the pieces are really excellent." The device is not to be commended.

We can only record the successful production of *The Idler*, a new play by Mr. Haddon Chambers, on Thursday evening at the St. James's Theatre.

The next revival at the Lyceum will be *Charles I.*, which will be given on Wednesday next, March 4, and on every succeeding Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

To-night *A Pair of Spectacles* is withdrawn at the Garrick, and on Saturday, March 7, Mr. A. W. Pinero's new play, *Lady Bountiful*, will be produced.

The first performance of Mr. C. Coghlan's new play, *Lady Barter*, will be given this evening at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. R. Lumley's new farce, *The Volcano*, will not be produced at the Court Theatre until March 14. At Terry's Theatre Mr. Arthur Law's comedy, *Culprits*, is announced for immediate production.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE subject of Sir Charles Hallé's Orchestral Concerts is not a pleasant one to refer to for whoever has faith in the prospects of good music in London. Last spring the approaches to Messrs. Broadwood's business premises in Great Pulteney Street were blocked by a well-dressed crowd, assembled nominally to bid farewell to the eminent pianist and his talented wife on the occasion of their departure on a Concert-tour in the Antipodes. A stranger who witnessed the sight would have imagined that on their return the mere announcement of the appearance of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé would have attracted at least a tenth of that vast crowd to fill St. James's Hall, especially when the additional attraction was offered of hearing what it is no exaggeration to term the most perfect orchestral playing which has been presented to a London audience during the present generation. Yet, so far from this being the case, Sir Charles Hallé gave three concerts to an almost empty room, and when, last Friday week, his admirable Manchester band was heard for the last time, the large audience which assembled was obviously attracted only by the announcement that Royalty would be present. The spectacle of rows of people standing on the seats in order to catch sight of the Prince and Princess of Wales was one which needs no comment. It should be remembered in future discussions as to whether Londoners are musical people. As to the performance itself, there is nothing to be said about it which has not previously been recorded in these columns. As if to show what a small consideration the music was with the public, the programme consisted entirely of the most familiar pieces in the repertory of orchestral concerts, and every number was familiar to the few amateurs who have had the good taste and the good fortune to hear the Manchester band in London. It opened with Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*, in which the extraordinarily fine gradations of sound in the coda were given with as magnificent effect as on former occasions, and it included the Romance from Mozart's *Kleine Nachtmusik*, for strings, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Liszt's Fourth Hungarian Rhapsody, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Wagner's Overture to *Tannhäuser*. To praise the performances of these familiar works would be to gild refined gold, and musicians can only express a hope that, if Sir Charles Hallé should decide upon bringing his orchestra to London another winter, members of the Royal

Family will grace each concert by their presence, so that the able conductor may at least be assured of the presence of an audience sufficiently large to protect him from the chance of a scant audience, even if he cannot count upon the support of that "musical public" the existence of which seems to be more than problematical.

At the last Saturday Popular Concert that excellent artist, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who is heard far too seldom in public, made a welcome reappearance. To any one who can appreciate thoroughly artistic and intelligent playing, Miss Zimmermann's performance of Beethoven's interesting early Sonata in C major (Op. 2, No. 3) was very acceptable as a relief from the sensationalism which too often takes the place of higher qualities. The programme also included Brahms's first Sextet for Strings (Op. 18), the performance of which was quite excellent. The beautiful Scherzo and Trio were played with so much fire that the audience made a strenuous effort to obtain an encore, for resisting which Dr. Joachim and his colleagues, Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, Whitehouse, and Piatti, are highly to be commended. The vocalist was Mr. Braxton Smith, who sang Handel's "Where'er you walk" and Kjerulf's "My Heart and Lute," ably accompanied by Mr. Shakespeare, and the concert ended with a very fine performance of Schubert's Fantasia in C major, Op. 159, for Violin and Pianoforte, which was played by Miss Zimmermann and Dr. Joachim. On Monday evening Dr. Joachim was again the violinist, the concerted pieces being Haydn's beautiful Quartet, Op. 17, No. 5, and Sterndale Bennett's Chamber Trio in A major for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello. The latter work was especially welcome; for it had not been heard at these concerts for fifteen years. Though, as its title denotes, it is more fitted for performance in a room than in a large concert-hall, yet, played as it was on Monday night by Dr. Joachim, Miss Fanny Davies, and Signor Piatti, it can never fail to create an impression by its beauty and neatness of workmanship. It is one of the most favourable specimens of the English composer's powers, and one in which the distinct individuality which he possessed is most clearly discernible. Miss Davies chose as her solos at this concert Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise (Op. 22); her playing was, as usual, characterized by excellence of technique and intelligence of interpretation, but Chopin's music is less suited to her style than that of other composers. As an encore she played a short piece of Scarlatti's with most finished execution. The vocalist, Miss Bremer, was a newcomer at Mr. Chappell's concerts. She has a soprano voice of considerable compass and power, and sang Schubert's "Ganymed," Grieg's "Ich liebe dich," and Brahms's "Meine Liebe ist grün," with considerable intelligence. Her style is a trifle hard, though perhaps this is to be attributed to nervousness; but she is to be commended for the excellent enunciation of her words, a quality which is too little attended to by many vocalists. An admirable performance of Bach's Third Sonata for Violin and Clavier, played to perfection by Dr. Joachim and Miss Fanny Davies, completed the programme of a concert which deserved a better audience than the very meagre one which half filled the hall.

The Concert at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon suffered from the absence of Mme. Neruda, who was obviously indisposed at Sir Charles Hallé's Concert on the previous evening, and was not well enough to play at Sydenham on Saturday. Her place was taken by Fräulein Ilona Eibenschütz, who played Chopin's Second Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, a Barcarolle by Rubinstein, Tausig's Transcription of Paganini's "Campanella" Rondo, and (for an encore) a Sonata in C by Domenico Scarlatti. Fräulein Eibenschütz was most successful in her shorter solos; her playing of the Concerto was deficient in breadth, and more than once not quite note-perfect. The Concert began with a very fine performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's overture to *Macbeth*, and included Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Wagner's Overture to *Tannhäuser*. The vocalist was Mlle. Rosina Isidor, a dramatic mezzo-soprano, who was heard in "Com'è bello" from Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, and a commonplace waltz from an opera by Paolo Maggi. Among the minor concerts of the week mention must be made of that given by the energetic Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society, on Friday week, at which a new flautist, Mr. Frederic Griffiths, created a most favourable impression by his beautiful tone and good execution of Joachim Andersen's Hungarian Fantasia. The programme also comprised an interesting Quintet for pianoforte and strings from the pen of a Dutch composer, Professor Verhey; Mr. Charles Wood's Quintet (for the same combination of instruments), which gained the prize offered by the Society last year; an Adagio for horn and pianoforte, by Oscar Franz; and the first of Mendelssohn's pieces for clarinet and corno di bassetto. On Tuesday evening Miss Florence May, an able pianist, gave a concert at the Royal Academy of Music, the programme of which was entirely selected from the compositions of Johannes Brahms. The concert-giver, who was assisted by Miss Shinner, Messrs. Kemp, Webb, and Nicholl, was heard to advantage in the solo part of the second pianoforte Concerto in B flat; the orchestral accompaniments to which were played as arranged by the composer for two pianofortes. Mr. Nicholl's singing of four songs showed once more what satisfactory progress he has made of late.

On Wednesday afternoon Jean Géardy, the child-violoncellist, whose performances have created so much sensation, gave a Recital at St. James's Hall. Each successive hearing confirms

the opinion that he is possessed of extraordinary talents. There is nothing immature about his tone and execution, and he stands artistically, if not physically, far above the many infant phenomena who have been heard of late. His playing of Goltermann's Concerto, a Transcription of a Nocturne by Chopin, and pieces by Rubinstein, Popper, and Mendelssohn was but little short of perfection. The remainder of the programme consisted of songs by Ponchielli, A. G. Thomas, Kjerulf, Gounod, Ambrose Thomas, and Waddington Cooke, sung by M. Eugène Oudin and Mme. Kate Rolla. The former is the more acceptable artist of the two; but his style is better suited to the stage than to the concert-room, where his excessive *vibrato* mars what would otherwise be excellent performances. The choice of Kjerulf's setting of the song from Björnson's "Synnöve Solbakken" was unfortunate, as it is entirely unsuited to a male voice. Mme. Rolla has a high and not very agreeable soprano voice; like Mr. Oudin, she shows a tendency to exaggeration, which would probably pass unnoticed on the stage. A graceful setting of Shelley's "Love Philosophy," which she sang for the first time of performance, was received with favour, though it was much disfigured by the extreme over-emphasis with which it was sung.

REVIEWS.

THREE STANLEY BOOKS.

THE latest of Stanley books is also the shortest, but it is in a way the best. That is to say, no other is so well calculated to give the average man a good idea of the whole quarrel. Mr. Herbert Ward has neither the illegitimate qualifications nor the illegitimate disqualifications which attach to Major Barttelot and to Mr. Jameson; that is to say, he is, on the one hand, alive, and able—very able—to fight his own battles; while, on the other hand, he gains the benefit of no pathetic fallacy from being dead. That he has been grossly attacked by Mr. Stanley is nothing; everybody connected with that forlorn assembly of scapegoats has been so attacked, and Mr. Bonny himself has not bought immunity from the most pitiless of all criticism, the criticism of underbred vanity. Mr. Ward's narrative is very short, some hundred and sixty pages in all, it has very little fine writing, and the writer indulges in no strong language. But the exposure which he makes at once of the almost impossible task which was set the Rearguard, of the unscrupulousness with which the non-performance of the impossible was visited on the victims, and of the cunning with which charges against them were held over till the accuser saw whether he had to defend himself or not, is crushing. If any one after reading this book approves Mr. Stanley's conduct, there is no hope of him. At the same time, no one has thrown into stronger light than Mr. Ward the helpless Inferno of the Aruwimi camp, chained to the spot by Mr. Stanley's instructions and the timidity of the home Committee, by the weakness of the men, by the cunning (not wholly blameworthy, inasmuch as it was used half in self-defence) of the Arabs, and, lastly, by the unlucky idiosyncrasies of the officer in command, who would have been an admirable follower, or even leader, in other circumstances, but was ill suited for these.

A fuller examination of Mr. Jameson's Diaries makes one admire more than ever Mr. Stanley's cleverness; first, in inserting the provision against publication by his officers till he had had his say; and, secondly, in making assurance double sure by laying hands on Mr. Jameson's papers and keeping them as long as he dared. We can say without hesitation that, had this book been read before Mr. Stanley's, the reception of the latter would have been very different; and, in particular, we believe most sincerely that, if the cannibal incident, as given here, had been the first version, as it certainly is the most trustworthy, one to be read, the mendacious and scandalous exaggeration of what may be called the Assad Farran family of charges would have been perceived at once by nine-tenths of rational readers. The version here is even more natural than in the letter to Mr. Mackinnon, and it reduces the fault to exactly that residuum of half-curiosity, half-thoughtlessness which we have always maintained to have been the fact. "I never would have been such a beast as to witness this; but I could not bring myself to believe that it was anything but a ruse to get money out of me." These simple and obviously genuine words put the whole thing as simply as need be, and no one but muck-rakers need say any more about it. A deplorable error of judgment, and that is all. Whether it is another not to give the much-talked-of sketches, if they exist, may be a matter of opinion. We have ourselves not the least desire to see them; but the muck-rakers aforesaid will probably wag their heads and say, "Didn't dare give them, you know. Clear evidence! probably represent him eating a piece of the girl himself."

The book, as a whole, is very pleasant and interesting reading—by far the pleasantest (except for devoted admirers of Mr. Stanley) of any of the Rearguard group. It has, of course, been "edited" in the way of omission; but what remains is so full, so

consistent, and so free from awkward gaps and lapses, that any good judge of literature and human nature will, we think, be prepared to believe that the notion of the writer which it gives is a true one. We have ourselves read several books in the course of our life. But we never remember a book of this kind, however cleverly edited, which, when there was anything to conceal, did not let the veil drop somewhere or other, and show at least a corner of what it was hoped to hide. Mr. Jameson's wife and his brother, or both, must be the most demoniacally clever of persons if they have achieved the feat of hiding anything here. There seems to have been in Jameson not one ounce of bad blood of any kind, although, as we shall have to show shortly, he has more damaging things to say of Mr. Stanley than any one else. He makes excuses for him, and uses no expressions of personal dislike. Barttelot was the immediate cause of his being left behind instead of one of the others at Yambuya, and, though the selection was a compliment, many men so eager for sport and exploration as Jameson would have bitterly resented it. Yet his language in regard to the ill-fated Major is cordial and affectionate throughout. We have, fortunately, independent and valuable testimony to the untiring energy and cheerfulness with which he worked at the most disgusting things, such as the re-packing of the ammunition, and the like. His sacrifices for the expedition were extraordinary. A naturalist before everything, he had paid the large sum of a thousand pounds for leave to join it, under the impression that he was to collect freely. Mr. Stanley's usual disregard of every one's comfort and wishes, save his own, made this impossible, because Jameson was not allowed transport for any collecting plant. Yet no man worked harder at the "slave-driving" up the river under Mr. Stanley himself, in the terrible suffering of the Yambuya camp, in the journeys to and fro to try to make Tippoo Tib keep his word, in the stampede forward, if we may say so, from Yambuya to Banalya, with the Zanzibaris deserting and the Manyema mutinying right and left, in the last desperate efforts after Barttelot's death to get things right. In his very expressions of disappointment there is neither whine nor growl. In the discipline of the camp he was always on the side of mercy, and at the only actual execution voted against the death penalty. Not only did he join Barttelot in the heavy guarantee for the worthless mob of Manyema which the Arab chief at last sent, but he had actually proposed after Barttelot's death to run the risk of a further guarantee for twenty thousand pounds to Tippoo in return for the chief's personal escort, and would have executed it, but that Tippoo (who, as it is plain to the reader, had merely mentioned the sum as men put 10,000*l.* on a cat at a show) proceeded further to make such preposterous stipulations that they were equivalent to a direct refusal. Putting the cannibal incident aside, a record of more honourable and stainless work has never been published than this. Even including that incident, the record is stained only by a fatal, perhaps in its way inexcusable, but a perfectly intelligible, error of judgment, which any man almost might have committed in the exact circumstances.

We must say a little more on two points—the light which the book throws on the general policy of the Expedition and the conduct of Tippoo Tib on the one hand and on the character of Mr. Stanley on the other. In the first place, it seems to us that the original, and certainly uncooked, accounts given here dispose finally of the notion, apparently entertained by Mr. Stanley, and perhaps suggested by Mr. Bonny, of mysterious buccaneering designs entertained by Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. It is quite clear that what either or both intended was merely to fight their way as best they could to Mr. Stanley himself, or, if he had been "eaten up," to do the Expedition work for him. And no one who has mastered Mr. Stanley's peculiar but very transparent temperament can doubt that the mere idea of this—of their having thought of doing what he *ex hypothesi* had failed to do—made him furious. As to Tippoo Tib, the account of Mr. Jameson, who is known to have got on with the great raider better than any one else, inclines us to a much more favourable view of his conduct, though not to such a one as Mr. Troup, for instance, entertains. In the first place, Mr. Jameson makes it more clear than other writers have done that Tippoo is by no means the "King of the Upper Congo," as he is sometimes represented, but rather the most powerful (and even there nearly matched by Seid bin Abede) of an irregular aristocracy, who are by no means disposed to "do this" when he bids them do it. In the second—though, as we have said, the question does not arise directly—Mr. Jameson, by small touches and flashes, clears up to some extent the attitude of all these chiefs towards the Expedition. They were half afraid of and half disliked Barttelot, who seems to us to have been far more unfortunate in dealing with them than with the natives proper. They were (though, no doubt, they knew much more through Ugarowa and Kilonga-Longa than they ever told or than we can determine) sceptical of the Expedition actually coming; and their first wish was to swarm up in its rear and neighbourhood, so as to pick quarrels with the natives, extend their own territory, and be ready for anything that was going. They did not want to quarrel with it outright, and they did not want to back it heartily up. And we think it quite possible that, when Tippoo sent the miserable *fainéant* Muni Somai to captain four hundred wild Manyema and Wacusu, it was really because he could get nobody better to go.

As for Mr. Stanley, the result of the book, as far as it goes, is

* *My Life with Stanley's Rearguard.* By Herbert Ward. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

The Story of the Rear Column. By J. S. Jameson. London: Porter.

With Stanley's Rear Column. By J. Rose Troup. London: Chapman & Hall.

quite different from whitewashing. It is improbable that, in any case, he will have the chance of leading another English expedition; but, if he ever induces another English gentleman to serve under him, that English gentleman's relatives will have a good case for putting him under restraint as a lunatic. To his skill in managing natives Mr. Jameson bears willing testimony. When natives made a noise while he slept, Mr. Stanley simply took his stick and thrashed them, exactly in the manner which brought Major Barttelot to his death. The Zanzibaris said he ordered a live baby to be thrown into the river, which we believe exactly as we believe Assad Farran. His complete indifference to his officers' comfort was known already. But here is confirmation of the scandalous scene on the lower river with Stairs and Jephson, and fresh evidence of a practice on his part which, though not unknown in other commanders, is, we think, the basest act of one in command. Mr. Stanley, it seems, would give severe orders, and, when his officers carried them out, would soften them himself; so that his officers got the credit of tyranny and he of mercy. Less base and detestable than such conduct as this, and as his other habit of rating officers before their men, but even more discreditable to his leadership, is the further light thrown on his arrangements for provisioning the Rearguard mess during, according to his own estimate, six months, in a country which he must have known was practically gameless and most sparingly supplied with goats and fowls. The Congo and Aruwimi are full of fish, but not an idea seems to have entered his head of providing apparatus or skilled persons to catch it. It is indeed one of the unexplained things here that the officers themselves did not attempt something of the kind, instead of trusting to the natives to bring fish in. But the tapu which Mr. Stanley seems to have fixed on the stores may have deterred them. Then as to the stores themselves, the ridiculous provision was made of a tin and a half of sardines, a tin and a half of sausages, three tins of jam, three of butter, half a tin of red herrings, and some more trash of this kind, amounting in all to some twenty or two dozen tins per man, not one of which held solid meat, for a hundred and eighty days. As Mr. Jameson points out, three men (sixty pounds being the usual load of each) could have carried enough for a half-pound ration a day of tinned meat, not of trash, to two officers for the whole time. Seven or eight loads would have kept the whole five Europeans so supplied. Now, even if Mr. Stanley found it impossible to reduce that pretty extensive kit of his own, about which he himself has talked too much, some ten or a dozen loads devoted to this purpose out of the hundreds which the expedition carried would hardly have wrecked it, especially as ammunition, of which they principally consisted, could be got from Tippoo Tib. But this would have been to think of somebody else's comfort, and that apparently is what Mr. Stanley never does.

Mr. Troup's book, which, on our last detailed review of this woeful literature, we could only chronicle as having appeared, and briefly characterize, is valuable as completing, to some extent, the indictment against Mr. Stanley, but is, in other respects, not the most interesting, the fatal practice of excision having apparently been resorted to in it more largely than in any of them. A still worse fault, perhaps, is that it is half original diary and half ratiocination, not only after the event, but after the discussions about the event—ratiocination, moreover, in which we do not know that Mr. Troup shows himself an invariably good reasoner. Still it is valuable, because, though coming from one who may be said to have been more or less a member of the opposition faction in the Yambuya camp, it justifies the general policy of the leaders, as against Mr. Stanley's imputations, and supplies some interesting and important corroborations, and even additions (such as poor Barttelot's idea that the natives tried to poison him); its appendix of documents is also useful. As for its account of Mr. Stanley's general conduct towards his officers, it is in a tale with everything known. Indeed it is sufficient to point out that those officers who went on with Mr. Stanley have had nothing whatever in public to urge in his favour, while every one of those whom he left behind—the dead and the living, including even the useful Mr. Bonny—has had infinite things to say to his discredit. Such a consensus of silence and speech has seldom, or never, been known before, and, to any one with the slightest faculty for appreciating evidence, it is final.

FROTH.*

WE are excused from all obligation to speak of the merits of this translation *quid* translation by the fact that the original has not yet appeared, or is only coming out in these days in Madrid. The author has supplied Mr. Gosse with proof-sheets in advance. On this side of the reviewer's duty there is nothing, then, to be done beyond saying that Mrs. Bell's English reads flowingly enough, and is free from Spanish idioms. Of the book itself we would be understood to speak with the reserve becoming those who have not seen the Spanish. We will say no word, good or bad, about the style, and shall confine ourselves to those things which a translation, even a bad one, can not inadequately convey—namely, character, construction, and

inspiration. The slight introduction in which Mr. Gosse gives some account of the contemporary Spanish novel will help the reader to place Don Armando Valdés. We could wish that he had found space in it for a mention of Don Pedro de Alarcon, who is at least entitled to stand beside Don Juan Valera. That, however, is a detail. The introduction ends with a quotation from a letter of Señor Valdés to Mr. Gosse, which has an awkward sound to those who know their Spaniard. "I am," says Don Armando, "given up to the study of metaphysics." When a gentleman of any race who writes a novel a year tells you that he is given up to the study of metaphysics, one's natural instinct is to say, in more or less polite disguise, Dear me! who would have thought it? When a Spanish gentleman says it, one is reminded that, of all peoples in the world, none, not even our fluent cousins in America, are more given to loose talk *à troche-moche* about all kinds of sciences of which they know the formulas picked out of third-hand newspaper articles, and no more, than are the Spaniards. We expect to find a story-writer who can say such a thing using the formulas of some contemporary French novelist.

To be quite frank, actual reading of *Froth* has not disappointed that expectation. A Spanish gentleman, whose name, if our memory does not deceive us, was Don Fulano de Zutano y Menguano—an ingenious person of some humour, as your Spaniard not uncommonly is—once made a remark which applies to all contemporary Spanish imaginative literature. He told the not new, but useful, story of the various methods which the Englishman, the German, and the Frenchman took to write the historic book about the camel. When he had told how the Frenchman went to the Jardin des Plantes, looked at the animal, and spun his book out, he paused, and added, Then the Spaniard came and imitated the Frenchman. They all do it; and we may add that they rank by the Frenchman they imitate. Alarcon and Valera, of whom the first has the most natural power, and the second, a diplomatist and a man of the world, by far the better intellectual training, imitated Prosper Mérimée. Without *Carmen* there had been no "Sombrero de Tres Picos" or "Pepita Jiménez," and without *Los Amos del Purgatorio* there had been no "Comendador Mendoza." Still, if Alarcon and Valera were not original, they copied a noble model. Then came other influences. Erckmann-Chatriaux inspired the endless, but not unreadable, *episodios nacionales* of Perez Galdos. After a time came Zola, and of course, within a year and a day, Spain had her *escuela naturalista*. They took all the formulas; the duty of the artist is to photograph all the dull and sordid things he can find—there is virtue in unimportant detail—look at the thing as it is, first taking care that the thing is not worth looking at; all men are brute beasts, except a few who are word machines, or have not been provided with carnivorous teeth; you will always be true so long as you are dirty; and so forth, and so forth. Three years hence they will have their *Ibsenistas*. On such principles as these has Perez Galdos done his later work, and Don Armando Palacio Valdés has written *Froth*. Story it has none to speak of. It is filled with descriptions of the characters and personal appearance of the dramatic persons and the various unconnected things they do; all tending, it appears, to satirize the *Espuma*, or Froth—which it would be more accurate, if less elegant, to translate the Scum—of Madrid society. We do not profess to be familiarly acquainted with the very vulgar world in which Señor Valdés seems to have gathered his materials. What strikes us in his mixture is that there is nothing particularly Spanish in it—except the names. They indeed are Spanish enough—Osorio, Gamboa, Davalos, Luna, Escalona—all the greatest names of Castile and Aragon. It is like living in a society which is all Douglas, Lindsay, Howard, Seymour, Nevill, Geraldine. The jewels are cheap, and may as well be taken; but as for the puppets on whom they hang, it matters not what they are called. If either of the strings of noble names quoted above were replaced by Rochedouart, La Tremoille, Chavannes, Montmorency, Croy, the personages would be just as well fitted to them as they are to those they already bear. Men and women they are, all the stock puppets of "naturalistic" satire very roughly copied. The banker Requena we have met, and the stingy Calderon, and the gambling Osorio. As for Clementina de Osorio, in whom Mr. Gosse, rather to our surprise, finds "a sphinx-like charm," she is *connue* and *archi-connue*. We have met that sphinx till we are sick of her, her copper-red hair, and her disorderly animal passions. We decline entirely to see anything new in her because, instead of being called a "monstre parisien," she is introduced in the scum of Madrid society. Señor Valdés is by no means destitute of a certain story-telling faculty, or of an eye for the picturesque. He has done, we can believe, better work than this, and will again if he has the sense to look at life for himself, or the taste to choose a better model. *Froth*, to use the Queen's English without *ambages*, is a very bad book, because the author, with the indiscriminating swallow of the modern Spaniard, has taken the recipe for making a naturalistic novel down bodily. He has therefore produced, not a picture of life, but a mechanical and second-hand caricature of some forms of human brutality.

* Heinemann's International Library. Edited by Edmund Gosse. *Froth*. A Novel. By Armando Palacio Valdés. Translated from the Spanish.

MALLESSE'S INDIAN MUTINY.*

SIR EDWARD HAMLEY has recently published a shorter history of the Crimean war to save readers the trouble of going through Mr. Kinglake's well-written and numerous volumes. Colonel Mallese apparently wishes to do something of the same kind for students of the Indian Mutiny. A new generation may have to graduate in the literature and phraseology of that time; to appreciate the force of such terms as White and Black Pandies, and to recognize that the nickname of "Clemency" applied to Lord Canning is, in reality, one of his titles to honour. It is occasionally necessary to clear the minds of readers and politicians of the cant which ascribes the Sepoy revolt to the policy of Lord Dalhousie. An account of the mighty struggle between White and Black, of posts tenaciously held by some resolute Englishmen aided by a few loyal Sepoys, against five times the number of assailants, of victories achieved by a commander with some well-handled regiments over hosts of Asiatics trained in our own schools and armed with our own weapons, comprised in one handy volume of four hundred pages, with plans, portraits, and index complete, ought to be a pleasant surprise. In some respects Colonel Mallese has done his work well. The difficulty of giving a chronological and consecutive narrative of events which hurry the reader from Delhi to Lucknow, from Calcutta to Agra, and from the Southern Mahratta country to Eastern Bengal, has been skilfully overcome. Battles, sieges, and rapid marches are described in a style spirited and concise. Due stress is assigned to the importance of Delhi as a turning-point in the war. No fault can be found with the tribute of praise awarded to the strategy of Havelock, to Lord Strathnairn's victorious progress without a check from one side of India to the other, and to the measured combinations by which Lord Clyde cleared the Doab and recovered Oudh and Rohilcund. Yet to some of the causes assigned to explain the faithlessness of the Sepoy qualified experts will most certainly demur. Nor can assent be readily given to all the praises and the strictures of divers individuals placed, at very critical moments, in positions where few courses were practicable and not one was unattended with risk.

In testing motives and actions by the clear light of subsequent events, it is not easy to state positively what contingencies ought reasonably to have been foreseen, and how far failure and disaster ought to have been calculated on as the result of any particular step. Doubtless in that eventful period some measures were very properly reprobated by good judges as well in their birth and inception as in their result. The vacillation and incompetence of all the authorities at Meerut on the fatal 10th of May, with two English regiments at their disposal, the unfortunate selection of his entrenchments by Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, the helplessness of the officer commanding at Dinapore, the blunders of both civilians and military men at Agra, and some other events, admit of little excuse or palliation and have found hardly a defender. Such miserable episodes are, of course, in one sense redeemed by the pluck and vigour displayed at Lucknow (or Lakhnau) and Arrah, which converted bricks and mortar and frail palisades into impregnable fortresses. But there are divers other episodes, seemingly o'er gude for banning and o'er bad for blessing, which cannot be so disposed of and for which, in the historical perspective, allowance ought to be made. Colonel Mallese is not troubled with many doubts. He rarely pauses to set out the pros and the cons. He has fully made up his mind that this personage is a hero and the other is a fool. And he hurls deprecatory or contemptuous epithets at the dead and the living. History has to be written, but not in this way. An eminent officer, still living at an advanced age and in an honourable position, who came up from Madras at Lord Canning's request, is described as "babbling about re-organization," instead of suppressing the Mutiny—which, by the way, no one could do without more troops. The action of a Lieutenant-Governor towards a subordinate is described as "fussy interference," the simple fact being that, anxious for the safety of a wealthy capital and a splendid province, he was justified in not letting the control of affairs slip entirely out of his own hands. We may remind Colonel Mallese that about the same time Lord Lawrence had to tell one of his trusted officers that while he could not expect him to "write long yarns after knocking about all day," a few lines might now and then be sent to headquarters. Then what Colonel Mallese persists in calling "the detestable Thomasonian system" is held responsible for the disorder in the North-West Provinces, as if it had come, fully armed, from the head of the deceased Lieutenant-Governor; and the same system is blamed for disturbances in the Saugor and Nerbudda Territories, where it had not been introduced. Most Revenue officers are aware that we found the indigenous system of the village communities in force in the Upper Provinces, and that we fenced and protected it by British agency, stereotyping village customs which the natives understood and liked. The mutineers at Lucknow at the very first outbreak, in June 1857, are represented as swelled by the "dispossessed landowners" of Oudh. Now we have it on the highest authority that though in a few instances some of the Oudh Talukdars had been compelled to

restore villages to men whom they themselves had ousted previous to annexation, no general dispossession had taken place. And the Talukdars or large owners who suffered the most were not those who behaved worst. A good many of them acted as certain English politicians do, and temporized till they saw which way the cat would jump. Few, if any, joined the rebels till the first failure of Havelock and Outram to relieve the garrison of Lucknow. After that date, in July and August, they nearly all threw in their lot with the Sepoys. Sir John P. Grant is said to have had no knowledge of the interior of the country, or of any part of India "West of Patna." It might have been learnt from any old Civil List that this distinguished statesman served, in his early career, in more than one district of Rohilcund. A very energetic Commissioner, whose name for years had been the terror of Dacoits and evildoers, and who was made a C.B. for his good services in the Mutiny, is set down as feeble and incompetent, and a "shuttlecock in the hands of Koer Sing." But the omissions are just as unaccountable as the selections. The first unsuccessful attempt to relieve the garrison of Arrah was signalized by the heroic action of two members of the Civil Service. One, under a continual fire from the rebels flushed with success, carried a wounded soldier for some miles on his back to a place of safety; and the other, perched conspicuously on the roof of a boat, the only means of escape for the fugitives, cut away the rope which hindered the rudder from working, under a fearful hail of bullets. The names of these two heroes, Ross Mangles and W. F. McDonnell, are not even mentioned. They both live to this day to wear the Victoria Cross. The province of Behar, somehow, is full of snares and pitfalls to Colonel Mallese. It is now universally admitted that India was saved by the pluck and determination of men who, without concert with each other, adopted the maxim of sticking to their posts till looted treasuries, bungalows on fire, and gaol deliveries of a new and unpleasant kind, warned them that they had done all that Englishmen could do, and that it was time to mount their horses and be off. In this province of Behar the very contrary course was recommended. The Commissioner or Prefect of the Division, acting, no doubt, with a conscientious motive—for which we are quite ready to give him the credit which the author seems to deny to others—issued an order to the various civil authorities at Tirhoot, Chupra, and Gaya to abandon their treasuries and their districts, and to fall back on the city of Patna. This extraordinary circular is described by Colonel Mallese as a "wise and statesmanlike order." In reality, it very nearly lost us the whole province of Behar; and we can assure Colonel Mallese that by men who served in that very part of India, who are still living, and who have quite as good grounds for forming an unprejudiced opinion as the author himself, it was regarded, then and since, as a blunder of the first magnitude. It was by not following such "wise and statesmanlike orders" that other positions quite as full of peril were saved. And here, also, Colonel Mallese appears to us to have done injustice to the one man, *splendide mendax*, who disobeyed this "wise, &c. order" to retreat. Mr. Alonzo Money at that time was the magistrate and collector of Gaya, the head station of the district of Behar. When the troops mutinied at Dinapore, and the neighbouring districts were, of course, in a ferment, Mr. Money had under him forty-five English soldiers and one hundred Sikhs, to meet mutineers expected from at least three different directions. Shortly afterwards he did receive a small detachment of the 64th Regiment, which, in obedience to an order, he was sending on to Patna. He himself actually started in the same direction. When he had got some three miles on his road he was joined by Mr. G. Hollings, a member of the Uncovenanted Service; and these two brave men, after a little reflection, came to the conclusion that instead of going on to Patna, the better course was to return to the station, carry off some seven lacks of treasure left in the custody of the hundred and fifty *Najibs*, or military police of more than doubtful fidelity, and endeavour to get down to Calcutta by the Grand Trunk Road. This difficult feat was eventually accomplished. Mr. Money was the last to leave his post, amidst the yells and cries of emancipated gaol-birds and treacherous *Najibs*. To Colonel Mallese this noble conduct appears to have been dictated by a mere desire for "theatrical display." To read his account you would think that Mr. Money risked nothing. Nothing? He simply risked the loss of his property, his reputation, and his life. Mr. Money, we understand, is serving the Government in an honourable position in Egypt. To show the estimation in which he was held at the time we shall only call one witness into court, on whose testimony with regard to others Colonel Mallese most justly relies. This is what the witness says about one hero, Lieutenant de Kantzow, quoted in a foot-note by the author:—"Young in years . . . you have given to your brother soldiers a noble example of courage, patience, good judgment, and temper." Now what says this very same witness about the magistrate of Gaya? We trust that his evidence will be given in a foot-note in the next edition of Colonel Mallese's work:—

I have to-day seen an account of your proceedings at Gaya, and I should reproach myself if I lost a day in expressing to you, not my approval, but my admiration of the manly and wise course you chose for yourself. Happen what may at Gaya, you have done your duty nobly, in the face of heavy discouragement, guided by a strong sense and a stout heart, and without a superstitious fear of responsibility. Your suspicion that your conduct might not be approved was very unnecessary. You and Mr. Hollings have acted in a manner to secure you both the respect of all who know the circumstances in which you were placed.

* *The Indian Mutiny of 1857*. By Colonel G. B. Mallese, C.S.I., Author of "The Decisive Battles of India," "History of the French in India," "Life of Lord Clive," "The Battlefields of Germany," "Ambushes and Surprises," &c. With Portraits and Plans. London: Seeley & Co., Limited.

The writer of these two letters to Lieutenant De Kantzow and to Mr. Money was the Viceroy, Lord Canning. We shall not weaken their effect by any criticism or remark. We must add, however, that Sir John Kaye, a writer of great power but not always free from prejudice, has recorded his favourable testimony to the "gallant Englishmen, placed in a position of no common difficulty and danger." The thanks of the Viceroy and the Companionship of the Bath were the natural consequences of the exploit; and when the honour was accorded, even the ranks of Tuscany did not forbear to cheer.

The fair test applicable to the men and events of the Mutiny is surely something like the following. We ought not to blame or sneer at men who, abandoned to their own resources, amidst appalling rumours and horrible threats, and with no accurate knowledge of the turn which events were taking in other districts, may have adopted a course not absolutely above all criticism whatever, and not open here and there to a doubt. The real point is whether such men behaved like true Britons and maintained the national honour; the groom and the squire fighting like the knight, and the black-coated civilian like the *Sidier Roy*. And Colonel Malleon would make a far better use of his time and his talents in applying some such fair test to the men who helped to save the empire, than in depreciating sterling merit, veneering imaginary heroes, and setting up empty sacks.

SELECT CIVIL PLEAS.*

WE regret to observe that the publications of the Selden Society show signs of falling into arrear. This volume, the due of the subscribers for 1889, is issued in fact after the end of 1890. If it be the case that the Society's publications cannot be expedited for want of funds, that state of things does little credit to the legal profession, to amateurs of social and historical antiquities, and to the persons and classes who used to be generically called "patrons of learning." For there is no doubt that the Selden Society has already in the few years of its existence brought to light materials of the greatest value for the history of English law, and of a quite appreciable value for the general history of English institutions and society in the middle ages. There is also no doubt that this particular work would not have been done by any other body in our time. It is therefore of great importance to Englishmen who care for English historical study being worthily maintained that a body like the Selden Society should be worthily and not niggardly supported. If the English public and the majority of English lawyers were less indifferent to the history of their own country and their own profession than is unfortunately the case at present, work of this kind would be taken up by the nation, or by the Inns of Court, or both. As it is, there is not even much security that the few publications of legal classics which the nation does undertake in the Record Office Series shall be entrusted to competent hands. Sir Travers Twiss's *Bracton*, the character of which was fully exposed here and elsewhere, is a flagrant example. Miscatches of this kind are some consolation, though a poor one, for the extent to which we have to put our trust in private enterprise. The result is that it is a duty of honourable obligation for those who take any interest in these matters to encourage intelligent private enterprise to the best of their power. Happily such interest is not confined to the eastern shores of the Atlantic.

The rolls of the King's Court edited by Mr. Baildon in this volume belong to the reign of King John, a period about which, as regards the formation of our legal system, we still have much to learn. There is not any startling novelty in these cases, as there was no reason to expect that there should be; but they help to fill up a gap, and to heighten our appreciation of the great constructive work done by English rulers and statesmen in the century then opening. The development of our legal system under Henry III. and still more under Edward I. has had no parallel before our own time, and even in these days of Judicature Acts we can hardly claim to have surpassed it in thoroughness and rapidity. We see the king's judges in John's time still feeling their way, as it were, to the settlement and definition of the forms of action. Experimental and transitional forms occur not seldom, which may be called missing links in the fossil record of legal species. Cases of agrarian intimidation (which, with all respect to Mr. Baildon, is not exactly boycotting, though the two things are *ejusdem generis*) are a well-marked variety. A lady who has successfully recovered (so far as judgment goes) land in Norfolk complains that the defendant keeps her out of it "so that no one dare till that land because of him, nor could she deal with it in any way because of him" (No. 7). Again, in Hertfordshire Peter of Paxton complains of "Osbertus Masculus" that he unjustly took his oxen and sold them at Waltham Fair, "et postea aliis modis eum vexavit per quod terra sua fuit inculta ita quod deterioratus est per eum ad valentiam .xx. marcarum." Both of these entries appear to be early examples of trespass by intimidation of tenants at will or workmen, which was a well-recognized cause of action in the later middle ages. We naturally do not find such detailed and exciting adventures as in Mr. Maitland's *Select Pleas of the Crown*. But it is some-

thing to know that in the thirteenth century a fully and formally successful litigant, even in the King's Court, might after judgment recovered still be only at the beginning of his troubles. Quite early in the volume is a case of what later generations called *detinue* for two charters. The defence was that the charters were taken by robbers and burnt along with the house in which they were. In the same case there is question of five "loricee," which Mr. Baildon should have translated "coats of mail," not "breastplates." Plate armour did not come into use till a century and a half later, or thereabouts. Ducange's gloss on *lorica* is correct.

The law of inheritance appears at the very point of transition from the rule of custom which had to be proved as a fact to the rule of settled law subject only to limited and exceptional variations by custom. In No. 61 one Gilbert de Bayvill, demanding against William de Bayvill (apparently his elder brother) a share of his father's socage land in Rutland, is met with a plea that the land is not partible. He loses his case by failing to bring proof. It is not clear whether this means that the judges had already established a presumption against gavelkind outside Kent, or only that it was a pure question of fact in every case whether socage land were partible or not. At all events it was no longer presumed, as it would have been a century earlier, that non-military lands were partible. This case was already known in the *Placitorum Abbreviatio* (as Mr. Baildon does not fail to point out), and has been more than once commented on. Investiture *per cultellum fractum* (No. 16) is quite rare enough in England to deserve Mr. Baildon's special note in the Introduction, to which we have nothing to add. Pilgrimages and crusades occasionally made it anything but easy to fix the place and time of parties' deaths, as one case here (No. 149) shows. The artificial rules of mediæval practice as to the burden of proof seem less irrational when we consider in how many cases it must have been practically impossible to get any real proof of the facts.

One experiment is made in this volume which we hope will not be repeated, the use of "record type" to represent the contractions of the original rolls. Notwithstanding the authority of the original Record Commission who caused this type to be made for their editions of Domesday and the Statutes of the Realm, we object altogether to it. The printed book is made much more troublesome to read without giving us any material information about the MS. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred there can be no doubt for a competent editor what the contracted word is, and in the exceptional hundredth case nothing short of a facsimile is of any use. In No. 85 we find a word left blank, and a note, "I cannot make out this word, it looks like 'Kimuliam' or 'Rimuliam.'" Again in No. 106 Mr. Baildon notes on "trucionē" thus: "Rather doubtful; for 'trusionem.'" In neither of these cases does the record type lighten the editor's trouble in stating the difficulty, nor leave the reader a jot the wiser. As regards expense, we believe that the extra cost of using the special type (which must be considerable) is roughly balanced by the saving of a certain amount of space. But we doubt if this holds when the original has to be made to range with an English version on the opposite page. In any case there remains a balance of ugliness and general inconvenience. Nothing is said in the Introduction, or elsewhere that we can find, to account for the departure from the Society's previous practice. We know that the opinion we have expressed is also held by at least one or two learned persons whose experience of thirteenth-century MS. of all sorts entitles them to some authority in the matter. With this exception we have nothing but praise for the editing of the volume; and indeed it does not appear that the decision to print it in record type was either promoted or approved by Mr. Baildon himself.

RECONSTRUCTION OF SCIENCE.*

IN the book before us there is a fluency and apparent ease which, in spite of the profusion of abstract terms, at first attracts the inquirer. As he proceeds, however, he finds that the new ideas presented begin to pall upon the appetite, partly because unsupported by such appeals to nature as Francis Bacon advised, and partly because of their occasional incoherence or even inconsistency.

The author's aim is, in a word, "to rectify the theories upheld at the present time in the treatises on Physics and Chemistry." The phrase "conservation of energy" constantly occurs, as an argument sufficient to upset those theories; yet that term is due to the modern physicists, and designates the great generalization which is universally regarded as one of their triumphs. Sir William Thomson and Professors Tait and Helmholtz would find it difficult, in certain applications of the phrase in this book, to recognize the significance.

"Progenic physics" is a term frequently occurring; and seems to be a new theory of sound, light, electricity, and gravitation, founded on some analysis of "the changes (including the potential states) of the imponderable meta-fluid or ether which we call progene." Given that fulcrum, the new hypothesis, like an

* *Select Civil Pleas*. Vol. I. A.D. 1200-1203. Edited for the Selden Society by William Paley Baildon. London: Quaritch.

* *Theory of Physics: a Rectification of the Theories of Molar Mechanics, Heat, Chemistry, Sound, Light, and Electricity*. By Camilo Calhja, M.D. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

Archimedean lever, will suffice to shatter also other branches of natural science, as now understood; since we are casually informed that the present kinetic theory "of heat is a contradiction to the fundamental principle of dynamism."

As to sound, in opposition to "Newton, Tyndall, Mayer, Helmholtz, &c.," "we must proclaim the theory of progenic oscillation." Light is, simply, "a translatory movement of progene"; whence the author points out that Newton's theory was nearer the truth than the recent undulatory hypothesis.

Another result is that "for static electricity progene is either condensed on the surface of the body (positive electricity), or rarefied (negative electricity)." More important still, "the circulation of progene in Cosmos clearly explains to us universal attraction, improperly so called, and every one of its manifestations." In another place we learn that "Gravity is not a property of matter, it is only a mental relation from quantitative comparisons."

The most startling conclusion, perhaps, of the new theory of physics is the following (§39, p. 223):—"There is no doubt that the cause of the elliptical revolution of the earth is the evolution of vegetable life." The "vegetative assimilation" here at work is, of course, referred to some property of the ubiquitous "progene."

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—VOL. IV.*

BEFORE entering on the contents of this volume we must express the pleasure with which we call attention to the completion of a fresh stage in the progress of the Rev. R. W. Dixon's important work. At a time when publishers' catalogues bear witness to the appearance of an extraordinary number of manuals and short monographs, it is impossible not to feel a strong interest in the growth of a large book written, not so much in the hope of gaining immediate popularity, as with the desire to add a substantial contribution to knowledge. And our interest is specially drawn out by the subject and character of Mr. Dixon's book; for it is no small gain to have the history of the Church of England during the changes of the sixteenth century treated, as he treats it, with industry and accuracy, with a clear perception of the historic truth of the Church's claims on the veneration of Englishmen, and at the same time with a fairness which comes from an honest and generally successful attempt to estimate men and their doings by the standards of their own time. The volume covers the reign of Mary—a depressing period, full of shame to England at home and abroad, and relieved only by the heroism of a crowd of martyrs. The record of it can scarcely be made attractive, and we are bound to say that in dealing with its ecclesiastical side Mr. Dixon has not brightened his subject by any display of literary skill. He has told his story at great length, swelling the number of his pages with some inordinately long footnotes, and by introducing into his text extracts from printed papers, such as an anonymous attack on Pole, and the legate's *Reformatio Anglie*, which should have been given to the reader more briefly. Much space is devoted to the details of the persecution. While it was, of course, necessary to dwell on the more famous, and indeed any typical, cases of martyrdom, it may be doubted whether there was any need to burden us with such a vast number of incidents of more or less the same character. No Englishman, we imagine, would hesitate to allow that the persecution was extensive and hideous. Mr. Dixon's style does not lighten his narrative; it is rougher than in his first two volumes without being more forcible; he is too fond of inverting the natural order of words in a sentence, and he occasionally uses words or forms, such as "conjugated" for married, "evitaded," "adjutaments," and "cavillations," which are no ornaments to his book. While, however, the period of which he writes is depressing, it is, as he points out, of great moment in the history of the Church; for it justified and gave perpetuity to much that had gone before. It afforded abundant proofs that "the Reformation would not vanish at command," and that, "however ill commended by the conduct of its adherents, it had taken root in many places," while the severities used in the hope of enforcing conformity to Rome have had a decisive and abiding influence on our national history. It is well, therefore, that the period should receive careful treatment, and, as far at least as printed matter is concerned, this volume is certainly the result of minute and patient labour. One or two omissions have struck us; they are, no doubt, accidental. We have not discovered any account of the abject submission, the release and death of Archbishop Holgate, and the report of the Beccles martyrdoms contains no notice of the alleged illegality of the executions, which, Fox says, were believed to have taken place before the writ had come down.

Mr. Dixon endeavours to represent the religious struggle of the reign "as a battle between two books," between "the Latin services and the English Prayer-book," and blames earlier historians for failing to take this view. We confess that we cannot see with him. The struggle was one about doctrine, and the chief doctrine at stake was the presence of Christ in the Sacra-

ment of the Altar. The two beliefs were set forth—the one in the Missal, the other in the Prayer-book of 1552. But, except perhaps with some of the lower class, who would naturally express their faith by declaring their adherence to a book rather than to a doctrine, the question was not between books as books, but between transubstantiation and the denial of it. When Latimer, at Oxford, "denied that there was a Mass in the English service book, but a Communion," and, "being asked which Communion, the first or the last, said that he found no diversity in them, but liked the last very well, and could not remember wherein they differed," he certainly did not regard the question as lying between two books—for then he would have known which book he was contending for—but between the Mass and a Communion. So, too, on the other side, when Bonner drew up the articles which were fatal to so many, he said not a word about books; he insisted on the guilt of rejecting the Sacrament of the Mass. Prominence is rightly given to the fact that both parties belonged to the Church of England; Pole was as lawfully Archbishop of Canterbury as Cranmer, Cranmer as St. Anselm. Forgetfulness of this fact has, in the minds of uninformed persons, obscured the truth as to the antiquity and continuity of the Church; and modern Dissenters often speak as though they had some special claim to be considered as the spiritual descendants of Anglican martyrs. The misuse of the term Protestant has contributed to these errors. The name belongs properly only to the Lutherans, "who had grown to be not Catholic in polity, being not Episcopal," and its application to members of the Church of England has produced inconveniences. Accordingly Mr. Dixon refuses to use it, though at the end of his volume he expresses a doubt whether his refusal is not pedantic, for the Reformed party themselves adopted the name. To the other party he refuses the right to be called Catholics. Papists he will not call them, for the name is, as Gardiner said, "envious"; while he rejects Romanists and Roman Catholics as implying a body outside the English Church. He has therefore been driven to use, and we think to coin, the ugly word "Romanensian," which we hope never to meet again. While we commend his anxiety to avoid giving any countenance to vulgar and mischievous errors, we think that, after explaining the true position of the two parties, he need not have scrupled to call them Protestants and Romanists.

The persecution must be attributed mainly to the Queen, of whom Mr. Dixon speaks in moderate terms, recognizing her magnanimity in all matters personal to herself, and even suggesting that she allowed cruelty without being cruel (p. 731). This seems going too far. Mary was cruel, as her father was, and as her brother would have been if he had grown up. Devoted to Rome, she determined to stamp out the revolt from the Holy See. She never reckoned on the strength of the resistance which she had to meet with. Having embarked on a course of persecution, she could not stop short, nor did she wish to do so; for, like her father, she was rendered more determined by opposition. Besides the effect which ill-health had upon her temper, it must be remembered, and should have been noted here, that she was soured by the hardships of her youth, and perpetually provoked by the stream of abusive pamphlets sent over to England from abroad. The remark which occurs here more than once, that in this matter of persecution "she listened to foreign voices," needs some expansion. It is true as far as it applies to the Spanish priests and friars who thronged the Court. We are told that "her dearest friend became her worst adviser," and imagine that this refers to Pole, of whose character and doings Mr. Dixon takes a more unfavourable view than is, we think, warranted by known facts. That Pole did not refuse that his subordinates should execute the Queen's will against heretics is perhaps the worst that can be proved against him. Gardiner's statesmanship and his "jealousy for the political independence of England" are fully recognized. With reference to his change on the question of the supremacy we are told truly enough that his disgust at what had been done under Edward and his own imprisonment turned him from his old position. Complete as his retraction was, it probably did not imply so complete a change of mind as the reader of this volume might imagine; for it must be remembered that Henry's assertion of the royal supremacy was at the time regarded by many rather as a piece of national policy, of the same nature as earlier refusals to admit Papal interference, than as derogatory to the Roman See. Under Henry, Gardiner believed that the faith and practice of the Church would be preserved. He learnt in Edward's reign how little security there was for their maintenance, apart from the authority of Rome, and he was eager for the restoration of that authority as the only possible means of securing the permanent adhesion of England to Roman Catholic doctrine. An examination into the number of clergy deprived as married has led Mr. Dixon to endorse Wharton's opinion that "it bore no higher proportion to the whole body of beneficed clergy than one to five." In the diocese of London, however, the proportion was, as he observes, far larger. Bonner began an inquiry before the issue of any commission, and "the sum total of the London clergy who resigned, or were deprived throughout the reign, was near two hundred and fifty," more than a third of the number of benefices. While marking Bonner's violent and brutal temper, Mr. Dixon gives several instances of his efforts to save men from the stake by urging them to agree to the teaching of Rome, and he acquits the Bishop of some of the most horrid charges brought against him by Fox. His case remains bad enough; he allowed

* *History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction.* By Richard Watson Dixon, M.A., Vicar of Warkworth, Honorary Canon of Carlisle. Vol. IV. Mary.—A.D. 1553-1558. London: Routledge & Sons, Lim. 1891.

himself to be made the principal instrument of the Queen's cruelty, and he did his vile work zealously.

Among other points which might be singled out as illustrations of the value of Mr. Dixon's volume, we have been specially struck with his treatment of Cranmer's sufferings. Having been attainted and deprived of his see for complicity in Northumberland's rebellion, Cranmer was kept a prisoner in the Tower, though not in rigorous confinement, until after Wyatt's rebellion. Then the Lower House of Convocation, which in this matter exhibited "one of the worst tendencies of the Reformation, the tendency to act by deputy, and entrust all things to commissioners," arranged that Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley should dispute at Oxford before certain of its own body reinforced by members of the two Universities. Of the proceedings at Oxford, Mr. Dixon says that they

may be supposed not to have been acceptable at Rome. They savoured of independence, of a struggle between parties in a national Church, to be settled without external authority. Here was a peccant and unreconciled realm appointing commissioners of the Convocation of its own clergy, of its own Universities, for the reduction of certain of its own members to the unity of the Church; speaking in these commissions of the unity of the Church without mention made of the Holy See; and offering, it might seem, a conception of the unity of the Church grounded upon consent of doctrine, not upon the universal bishopric.—P. 213.

Cranmer's judicial condemnation was, however, the direct work of Rome. It is a special stain on Mary's government that she caused the Primate of England to be tried in a foreign Court and condemned by a Papal subdelegate. The history of Cranmer's submissions is fully discussed. The fifth submission, the first recantation proper, was, Mr. Dixon suggests, composed by the friars and others at Oxford, who seem to have taken Cranmer from his prison, and lodged him in Christchurch without any order from the Court. It is probable that they persuaded him to recant, honestly believing "that the man might be spared to whom they seem to have given absolution." After careful consideration, Mr. Dixon decides that Cranmer did not immediately before his death write a paper with the intention of deceiving Friar John, and holds that "the memory of the greatest, if the frailest, of English reformers may be lightened of one of the clouds that have rested upon it." He gives a well-balanced character of the martyred Archbishop. We shall look forward with interest to the appearance of his next volume; for a brighter and more varied, if not less difficult, subject than that which he has illustrated here lies before him in the ecclesiastical settlement of the reign of Elizabeth.

THE UBIQUITOUS HITTITES.*

THE Hittites are taking the place of the Lost Tribes, and the Welsh Mandans, and the Cushites, and other queer people who exercise the Mr. Casaubons of the day. They turn up in many strange places; and now Dr. Campbell, Professor in the Presbyterian College of Montreal, has found Hittites in Mexico, Peru, Terra del Fuego, and in other regions which may surprise Mr. Sayce. Before saying anything about Dr. Campbell's theories, we may quote what Mr. Middleton observes about Hittites in his recent work on Engraved Gems. "The name 'Hittite' is a somewhat misleading one, as applied to signets and sculptures of uncertain date and origin; since, although monuments of the people who are so called have been found in the country of the Hittites—that is, in the district inhabited by the Canaanites of Coele Syria—yet they are largely found in regions with which, as far as is known, the true Hittites had no connexion." How amazed will Mr. Middleton be at Dr. Campbell's discoveries! This learned writer shows us how much attention he deserves from scholars, in the very first page of his preface. We expected little, indeed; for we know that the Hittites are the men in the iron masks of ancient history, and attract the curious and the uncritical by their very obscurity. But we did not, we could not, expect to find Dr. Campbell, or any one else, alleging in his very preface that "the inscriptions of Asia Minor, Etruria, Celt Iberia, and Pictish Britain, of Turanian India and of Siberia, all belong to the Hittite or Canaanitic category." Naturally he goes on to inform us that "the Turanian element" "gave to Greece her mythology and sacred rites." Dr. Campbell may tell that to M. Jean Richépin. Next we learn that it is "the Hittite" who is this "Turanian element," and who invaded the New World and founded the empires of Mexico and Peru, and "lives in many an Indian tribe, from the frozen north to the southern land of fire," in fact "from the frozen to the burning pole." Of course, after reading no more than this, everybody knows pretty well what to think of Dr. Campbell. One need not be a conjurer to be aware that "Hittite" inscriptions are, so far, unread, and that neither the evidence of language, of type of race, nor of monuments, can possibly prove that the Hittites have peopled the continent of America. We begin to foresee the old exploded kind of arguments, derived from real or fancied similarities of sound in languages wholly unconnected with each other, and from the analogous myths and customs which all early races inevitably evolve. No argument whatever for identity of race can be based on these "handfuls of sliding sand from under the feet of the years," but we cannot but be certain that such will be Dr. Campbell's foundations. Our apprehensions are quickened when we see that the very first authority he quotes, in his very

first page, is Porter's *Giant Cities of Bushan*. Let us next, without going deeper, ask who are Dr. Campbell's modern guides for Egyptian history? They are Kenrick, Lenormant, Wilkinson, Banier, Lieblein, *Records of the Past*—containing work by Brugsch and other good scholars—Lepsius, Bryant. We do not find in his footnotes the names of Maspero, Chabas, De Rouge. But we do find that "The Brahman name arose in Egypt, where *Pi* was the masculine article, transforming *romi*, a man, into *Piromi*," for which Herodotus and Wilkinson are quoted. And all this is to explain how "Ekes, the eponym of Ekron in Philistia," "was a Japhetic hero, the son of Ram, from whom the names of Rom and Brahma come." Why need we go any further? Dr. Campbell is living, intellectually, in the age of Bryant. Then we hear much of Mareshah, who is also Marsyas, called Arish in the Shah Nameh, also called El Arish, hence Larissa, and without the *El*, the origin of Ares, "and the Iroquois Areskoui," also known to the Peruvians as Marasco Pachacuti, and to Irish historians as Milesius. "He is also the Rotheay of the Scottish chronicle."

After these few and feeble specimens of Dr. Campbell's method and erudition, need we go any further? Is any critic bound to take notice of this incomprehensible farrago? "The Mexicans knew Jabez as the venerable chief Opochtli, better known as the god Huitzil Opochtli." The venerable chief Opochtli "is good." The Greek story of the Minotaur which devoured human beings, and was called the offspring of Pasiphaë, seems to point—to what does the reader guess?—"To the fact that enmity arose between Coz and his brother-in-law Ziph, the Zerephite builder of the great Pyramid." Also the warrior Hadad was the Greek Theseus. We learn from Dr. Campbell that certain "Philistines had been the friends of the Hittite, and the enemies of the Celt." The unhappy Celt began to make enemies very early among the Philistines. The name of the Tchutchis is the same as that of the Choctaws. The Toltecs crossed the broad Pacific, and the Peruvian civilization is Toltec, and Toltecs are Hittites, and bosh is everything, and everything is bosh. The sciences of logic, of philology, of history, and prehistoric investigation seem to exist in vain, as far as Dr. Campbell is concerned. Hittite, Basque, and Japanese are all used by him to interpret each other. It is painful to reflect on the labour which compiled this huge chapter of 700 pages in the *History of Human Error*. Here is an author who actually learns the Hittite characters by aid of the Aztec *script*. His argument is, "seeing that the Aztecs are of Hittite ancestry, there is no reason why the phonetic values of their hieroglyphics should not be applied to the Hittite characters of Syria; but the induction is too partial to satisfy the scientific investigator who demands a sure ground for his process of transliteration." We agree with the scientific inquirer. It is in the Cypriote that Dr. Campbell finds a stepping stone between Hittite and Aztec. Loochooans and Iroquois are also useful. But enough of this melancholy work. The young and gay may glance at it with a smile, but really, like the starry heavens according to Mr. Carlyle, "it is a sad sight."

A TYNESIDE POET.*

POETS—more especially local poets—are usually the butts of popular ridicule. Mankind is of opinion that to be a poet, yet not a great poet, is in itself absurd. They seem to be more sensible at Newcastle, where the late Mr. Joseph Wilson, who preferred to be known as Joe, was admired while he lived; and, now that he is dead, is regretted. His collected songs and drolleries have just been published in a neat volume, and are well worth reading by all who care for verse which is perfectly spontaneous and unaffected. In one of the busiest and murkiest of modern towns, the ancient fashion of poetry still survives, or survived. Poetry, that is to say, has not been divorced from music; the poet is the rhapsode of his own works, and he sings them in public before he publishes them, if ever he publishes them at all. Joe Wilson has written his own biography in a page and a half, and in the Newcastle dialect. He was born on November 29, 1841, he and a twin brother, whose likeness to him often caused amusing mistakes. His birthplace was a round-fronted brick house of two stories, opposite a blank wall covered with the most hideous advertisements. His father died young; but Joe, showing much readiness as a scholar, soon began life on his own account in a printing office. At seventeen he set up and printed a tiny volume of his own poems. These were sentimental, and not in dialect, apparently. Like Collins and other bards, Joe afterwards suppressed his first essays, for he became convinced that sentiment was not his strong point, and that he did himself most justice in local humour. His boating songs, in that centre of rowing, and his sketches of everyday life were extremely popular. He took to singing them at music-halls and concerts, and, as he sang with much humour, though with no great volume of voice, he had many triumphs. He was a rapid writer, he seldom or never corrected his lyrics, and he was a most amusing companion. His opinion about conviviality was at this time expressed in these lines:—

It's reet te tyek yor drop,
If ye just knaw when te stop.

A very sound opinion too. But Joe became the landlord of a public-house. He was asked to drink by every customer, and if

* *The Hittites; their Inscriptions and History*. By John Campbell, M.A., LL.D. London: Nimmo. 1891.

* *Tyneside Songs and Drolleries*. By Joe Wilson. Newcastle on Tyne: Allan.

he assented, "then," he said, "I'm a drunken beast, and if I don't drink, I'm a surly beast." The profession told on his health; he abandoned it, he took the pledge of entire abstinence, and he wrote many songs in praise of sobriety. He began to sing again in public, but he had never been strong, he became consumptive, and died at the age of thirty-three.

Joe's songs are very unlike the pleasant old *Newcastle Garlands* of angling lyrics. His always deal with the humours and sorrows of laborious life in great towns. You never hear the trees rustle, nor the rivers run. His most popular piece may be quoted in full as a fair example of his tenderness and humour:—

Cum, Geordy, haud the bairn,
Aw's sure aw'll not stop lang,
Aw'd tyek the jewl me-sel,
But really aw's not strang;
Thor's floorer and coals te get,
The hoose-urns thor not deun,
So haud the bairn, for fairs,
Ye've often deund for fun!

Then Geordy held the bairn,
But sair agyen his will,
The poor bit thing wes gud,
But Geordy had ne skill,
He haddint its muther's ways,
He sat both stiff an' num,—
Before five minutes wes past,
He wished its muther wad cum!

His wife had scarcely gyen,
The bairn begun te squall,
Wi' hikin't up an' doon,
He'd let the poor thing fall,
It waddent haud its tung,
Tho sum and teun he'd hum,—
"Jack an' Jill went up a hill,"
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

What weary toil, says he,
This nursin bairns mun be,
A bit on'ts weel eneuf,
Aye, quite eneuf for me;
Te keep a crying bairn,
It may be grand te sum,—
A day's wark's not as bad,
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

Men seldum give a thowt
Te what thor wives indure,
Aw thowt she'd nowt te de,
But clean the hoose, aw's sure,
Or myek me dinner an' tea:—
It's startin te chow its thumb,
The poor thing wants its tit,
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

What a selfish world this is,
Thor's nowt mair se than man;
He laffs at wummin's toil,
And winnet nurse his awn:—
It's startin te cry agyen,
Aw see tuts throo its gum,
Maw little bit pet dinnet fret,—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

But kindness dis a vast,
It's ne use gettin vext,
It winnet please the bairn,
Or ease a mind perplex;
At last,—it's gyen te sleep,
Me wife 'ill not say aw's num,
She'll think aw's a real gud nurse,—
Aw wish yor muther wad cum!

This gives a sufficiently clear idea of the dialect, though it is occasionally more rugged and obscure. Joe Wilson was an enemy of profane language:—

Wi' yung or ad it's fearful,
Frae which may a' be clear,
If sober, or if beer-ful,
It's horrid wark te sweer;
A habit's bad te man or lad,
Frae which te be myed free,
Thor's nowt like tryin—hinnies, try:—
What gud can sweerin de?

A popular piece of his described "The Row upon the Stairs" between Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Todd. This is less diverting, at least to the spectator at a distance, than it was reckoned to be in Newcastle music-halls. He greatly disliked the vice of pride, and he had none of Burns's irritable assertion of independence. It does not appear to have struck Joe that any one would expect him to be dependent, and he did not flaunt his freedom in the general eye. These are his remarks on pride:—

Cum an' give us yor cumfort, maw hinny,
An' ease a poor mind that's distrest,
Tho' aw cannot gie vent te me feelins,
Or stings that me broest noo infest;
This queer world seems te me sadly altered,
Ye dinnet knaw wha's be yor side,
For the foaks that ye think nice an' frindly
Gan daft wi' that Dell's plague call'd Pride.

The bit pride ov a man te be tidy's
A treat for a body te see,
An' the pride ov a man te keep decent
Gains respect i' the highest degree;
But the Chap that thinks nobody like him,
An' walks tho the toon wes his awn,
An' shuns mony an honest acquaintance,—
Aw think he's a feul—not a man!

He has a humorous song on the tattling gossip, a very improving lyric, and "a chain of highly valuable thoughts." Joe's verse is always much engaged with the criticism of life—a kindly, manly, and sympathetic criticism. His chief passions are local patriotism and pride in local boating champions. Newcastle does not look a very amiable place, but Joe was as much in love with it as if it had been the City of the violet Crown where men walked "in delicate air." Perhaps his most comic piece is on a very bashful bridegroom, for the conclusion is highly satisfactory, perfectly unexpected, and wholly unlike that of the old Galloway Bridegroom renowned in Scotch song. Joe Wilson is not precisely a poet; but then he never pretends to be more than a moralist and humourist in rhyme. His verses have probably gone where those of Mr. Rossetti, for example, do not win their way. He was popular in the wide sense of the word, and deserved his popularity. His pieces in prose are more obscure than his verse; perhaps "Superstishus Sally" is the best of the sketches. Poor Sally's husband was a preacher, "an' he wad been a gud man if it haddent been for his bad disposishun." Sally's own stock of folklore, though scanty, "cud myek onybody's hoose miserable on the shortest notis."

HENRY DAWSON.*

THERE is reason to fear that the fame of Henry Dawson as a landscape painter is still but imperfectly known to many of those who are well acquainted with the names of worse artists. In the latest edition of Bryan, and in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, his title to such immortality as they can confer has been acknowledged; but you may look for his name in vain in the recent edition of the Vasari of England—or, in other words, Redgrave's *Century of Painters of the English School*. He lived a long life of constant endeavour and, for the most part, of struggle. Even in the middle of his career he had almost determined to take a little shop where his wife could sell small stores to eke out their narrow means. It was only comparatively late in life that he achieved complete security from small anxieties, and it was not till quite towards its close that he had a beam of real prosperity. Nevertheless the beam came; his pictures sold for large sums; but for death he might have ended his days as a very rich man; yet for all this, especially in the South of England, it is only within a restricted circle that his name is at all familiar as that of a considerable artist.

For the public in general there is certainly some excuse. They have never had an opportunity of seeing many of his works, or the best of them. His pictures were treated so badly at the Royal Academy that he sent very few there; and after the British Institution ceased to exist he had very little opportunity of making a reputation by exhibiting his works in London. It is only at Nottingham and Manchester, and perhaps some other Northern towns, that his greater works have been collected in sufficient number to produce a very distinct impression; and the exhibition of his water-colours in Bond Street after his death, though delightful, especially to the comparatively few who were well acquainted with his more important work, could give nothing but an imperfect and fugitive impression of his powers. Those who are inclined to sneer at the taste of "the provinces," and to rate at but a low value the motives which dictate the patronage of art by the commercial classes, should remember that, when Henry Dawson was practically a "pictor ignotus" in London his works were prized in Liverpool and Birmingham and Manchester, and that these very pictures, which would probably have been rejected or returned unsold from the walls of the Royal Academy, would without doubt be now received with pleasure and greeted with honour if sent to a Winter Exhibition at Burlington House.

If any one has a doubt of this, let him look at such plates as "In the Dukeries," the "Sunset with Fishing Boats," and the "Cutting out of the *Hermione*," and the two "Greenwiches," bearing in mind that the merits of these pictures are not, like those of some pictures, best seen in engravings, but that Dawson was a colourist of no common order, not indeed equal to Turner, but far above Creswick. Their largeness of style and fine arrangement of light and shade are well preserved in these admirable plates, and, what is of still more importance, the beautiful and intricate variety of his skies has been reproduced with as little loss as possible, if we consider the inevitable absence of colour and reduction of size. As a sky-painter, perhaps, he is specially remarkable, but in the accurate and vigorous drawing of trees he has not often been excelled. His oaks are excellent, and his pine-trees, perhaps, better still. What a beautiful draughtsman he was with the point is happily illustrated by facsimiles of his pencil sketches introduced here and there as tailpieces to the chapters. Such qualities as these are alone sufficient to entitle an artist to more than common honour, and the publication of a volume like this, which is likely to make them more widely and fully known, has long been a desideratum. But this volume is one which deserves a warm welcome, not only for the sake of the artist whose work it commemorates, but also for the sake of the author. Mr. Alfred Dawson's labours, whether as a writer (or as compiler as he modestly calls himself) or an en-

* *The Life of Henry Dawson, Landscape Painter. 1811-1878.* Compiled and Illustrated by Alfred Dawson. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. 1891.

graver, have been inspired by no vulgar ambition. Even the delay which has occurred in bringing the work to a completion has some claim upon our respect, for it has been mainly caused by the desire of the author to so perfect his process of autogravure that the plates might represent as worthily as possible the genius of his father. In this respect this book bears a worthy resemblance to that in which Samuel Palmer's illustrations of Milton have recently been presented to the world by his son. There is no need to praise here the skill with which Mr. Alfred Dawson can reproduce in black and white the drawings and pictures of other artists. However much of process there may be in these plates, they could never have been brought to their present perfection by any one who was not an artist himself and a skilled engraver as well. The union of artistic and mechanical skill is hereditary in the family, for Henry Dawson himself had no little mechanical talent, and an improvement in lace-making machinery which he devised in his youth might have made a millionaire of him if he had had sufficient capital at the time to push it beyond that *premier pas* which costs inventors so much.

Luckily, perhaps, for him, as well as for art, this clever "twist hand" of Nottingham was diverted from the pursuit of wealth not less by his inclination than by his poverty. He took to drawing, and with a friend, who was afterwards to be his brother-in-law, employed all his leisure in sketching in the open air. It need scarcely be said that the propensity for drawing anything and everything showed itself very early, and that his first attempts did not in the least indicate in what direction his final choice of subject would lie. These are the most ordinary of all symptoms of the childhood of great artists, who take to scrawling on the floor, and utilizing the cat's tail for paint-brushes, almost as a matter of course. It is not said that Dawson did the latter; but he did a much more wonderful thing, for when still but a lad he sold his drawings, and his pictures too—for miserable prices, of course—but he sold them, and he went on selling them, until he was actually able to calculate upon achieving a larger income by this means than by working his so many hours a day at a lace-factory. Indeed, when about four-and-twenty he was able to think about giving up his uncongenial employment in favour of art, and to estimate that he should be able to earn by painting alone a no less sum than 30*l.* a year. In a few years his income rose slowly to 100*l.*, more or less, and, of course, after this he had no excuse to remain single any longer. The year 1840 found him the happy husband of Elizabeth Whittle, who was more faithful to him than that fortune in which he had placed equal confidence. When a revenue which has once reached the giddy height of 130*l.* begins to subside, and the family which it has to support begins to mount up instead, something must be done. What Dawson did was to go to Liverpool with his family, his goods and chattels, and a few spare pounds. The change answered. He found purchasers, he found friends, enough of both to enable so moderate a man to live and enjoy his life, and after this, though he was often near his last penny, he was never in distress. The hard work, the economy, the courage, and the faith of Henry Dawson cannot be too highly praised. Few men have fought the battle of life so sturdily inch by inch through long years, or have so merited the triumph which at last came. His diary, written by himself for the pleasure and edification of his children, forms the basis of the present book, and is given the due honour of large type. It is pleasant reading, as it reflects, as in a running stream, not only the joys and sorrows of his life, but his own manly, simple character. He trusted in God, he trusted in himself also, and the end justified his confidence in both. He had a good wife, and affectionate children, and whether at Nottingham or Liverpool, at Croydon or Chiswick, his household even at its poorest appears to have been a happy and contented one. Happier, perhaps, and more contented than if he had received his due meed of honour from the Royal Academy, and been petted and patronized by society.

As a literary effort this book has no great claim to distinction, but it is, nevertheless, a success from its absolute absence of pretension. Mr. Alfred Dawson has just taken his father's diaries—for he wrote out his story, or part of it, twice over—and collated them carefully, so as to avoid repetition. To make room for other matter he has cut his father's narrative into sections printed in a larger type, and has inlaid it, so to speak, with the reminiscences of his father's friends and himself, with notes of pictures completed and the prices obtained, and tied the whole together with a slight but sufficient commentary. Mr. Dawson's most connected effort in composition is an introductory chapter on Nottingham, in which he describes the city and its neighbourhood, and gives a short but amusing account of its history and notoriety, including "the young woman who was always late, of whom it is reported that she once wanted the Derby coach; but, being late, she just ran to catch it, and ran all the way to Derby. But when she had to be married she determined to be in time, so dressed herself the day before and sat up all night, and so was in time only this once in her life." Such a story is not, perhaps, quite worthy of its place, but it is a good book that has no worse fault than this. Much more might be pardoned in an author who has had the good taste to efface himself as much as possible, and to allow his father and his father's work to speak for themselves without an attempt at criticism or panegyric. Of criticism it is not for his son nor yet for us to endeavour yet to speak the final word, for Henry Dawson is one of those artists whose place it is yet somewhat difficult to

assign, even though some years have elapsed since his death, and his style was of the "old school" of English art. That he was very skilful cannot be doubted, any more than that his art was sincere and vigorous to begin with, and unusually subtle and accomplished at the end. His claim as a colourist of a high, if not the highest, rank must also be conceded. But his individuality, though by no means weak, never quite dominates his work. The impression that you have seen the same thing elsewhere is seldom absent from an introduction to one of his pictures, even to one of his finest—like the "Wooden Walls," or the "Houses of Parliament." He frequently did a thing as well as, or better, than all but the greatest men, but he did little or nothing, especially of later work, which seems to make a fresh start, or to reveal the undiscovered. At present his future reputation is, in an unusual degree, a matter for speculation. It cannot sink below a high level; but whether, to later eyes, it will appear more unique and memorable than to those of this generation time alone can show.

NOVELS.*

THE Golden Lake is one of those unfortunate tales which would be much more likely to rivet the attention and excite the interest of their readers had certain other similar chronicles never been written; for it must be confessed that it is the very "Old Grouse in the Gun-room" of stories of adventure, a perfect encyclopædia of the conventionalities of its kind. Notwithstanding the tremendous perils that the heroes of these travellers' tales are always encountering, there is no class of character in works of fiction of whose safety the reader can feel so absolutely certain, and assurance becomes doubly sure when they understand their business as thoroughly as do the two young gentlemen whose fortunes we follow in Mr. Carlton Dawe's book. The *terra incognita* of their search is situated in the interior of Australia, which they invade, having become possessed *selon les règles* of documents conveying the necessary directions and instructions, for a double purpose, which may be concisely described as loot and a lady. Having provided themselves, as good adventurers who know what readers expect of them should, with a native servant, black, for local colour, and an Irish ditto for comic relief, they proceed to encounter, in due order, the regulation perils of their craft; the burning prairie, the agonies of thirst, the trackless barren wilderness, where they lose their horses, and most of their impedimenta, and where the comic relief, who has proved but a dismal mirth provider, mercifully dies; then, beyond scarcely accessible mountains and lakes, we reach the Eldorado, where we at once feel at home, as we meet old friends at every turn. Who could feel a stranger in the society of the golden-haired maiden, part captive, part princess, part priestess; of the king, a monster of iniquity and cruelty, tempered with a strong dash of cowardice, who cherishes designs, matrimonial or otherwise, against the fair one with the golden locks; of the chief priest or medicine-man, crafty and suspicious, with a not altogether unnatural jealousy of the magic powers of the white man's gunpowder; of the dusky beauty, the confidante of the heroine, who falls desperately and somewhat demonstratively in love with one of the adventurers, and is conveniently done to death by the priestly "archfiend," thereby preventing the *désagrémens* which would undoubtedly have arisen had she accompanied the object of her affections on his return to the realms of civilization. We have human sacrifices, with a taste of cannibalism, and of course lots of fighting, with no stint of bloodshed; for your heroes of exploration hold black flesh at least as cheap in fiction as we are told to believe they do in real life. The royal treasure-house is duly entered, and despoiled of its priceless store of rubies, and after a perilous passage on an improvised bridge across a volcanic chasm, our friends win their way home, carrying with them in triumph both the loot and the lady, who of course rewards with her hand the more favoured of her preservers. To readers who have not yet come across any romance containing the above incidents, *The Golden Lake* will afford interest and excitement in plenty; but for those who have, we fear that it only has in store the staleness of a twice-told tale. Mr. Dawe, however, writes with ease and picturesqueness, which may stand him in good stead should he ever feel equal to treading less beaten tracks than he has followed in this book.

To make unmitigated blackguardism effective in fiction requires higher skill than is possessed by Mr. Nino Bottone, the author of *Better Where She Is*, which he appears to have culled from the police-reports, or from those columns in the Sunday papers which bear the headline "Accidents and Offences." Indeed, of the two, we prefer the police-reports, as possessing more variety and *vraisemblance*, though neither can be called pleasing or edifying literature. *Linked to the Past*, by the same author, is a wild

* *The Golden Lake*. By W. Carlton Dawe. London: Trischler & Co. 1891.

Better Where She Is; and *Linked to the Past*. By Nino Bottone. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891.

The End of a Life. By Eden Phillpotts. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1891.

A Secret Mission. By E. Gerard. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

A Domestic Experiment. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

Richard de Lucy: a Tale of the later Lollards. By C. Edmund Maurice. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1891.

and inconsequential story of the impossible, wherein the narrator, after a fall from a cliff on his wedding-day in England in the year 1850, wakes up to find that time has gone back forty years with him, and he is a patient at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris in the year 1810; his memory gone, or at any rate seriously impaired, as indeed it well may be, and his personal appearance metamorphosed. Hereafter he leads, between the present, the past, and the future, a somewhat mixed existence, which enables him to edit successfully a prophetic almanack, to bring home a murder to its real perpetrator, and when the time is ripe for it to marry again, at the same date as before, the bride from whom his accident separated him at the outset of the story. No explanation is vouchsafed of the why and the wherefore of these strange manifestations; but in their narration Mr. Bottone is seen to better advantage than in his other tale. He may, however, be counselled to remember, if he ventures again to delineate the events of "eighteen hundred and war-time," that letters and travellers could not at that date pass as freely as he makes them do between France and England, and that neither then nor now was, or is, *à la bonne heure*, as he twice spells it, correct orthography.

When a young lady with two suitors engages herself, with apparent willingness, to marry the elder and richer, whose addresses, moreover, are favoured by her parents, and on the very eve of her wedding elopes with his rival, to whom it then transpires she has been for some time secretly married, that young lady and the man of her choice may, according to all the rules whereby fiction is governed, look out for squalls; and when, moreover, the disappointed swain is introduced to us as "a thin, singular-looking man, with scanty red hair, which he wore over his collar, and a beard, also long, and scanty, and red . . . a restless seeker after novelty, even to the ends of the earth; a deep thinker, and one utterly wanting in any moral guiding principle," a man whom it would be unfair to describe as an atheist, inasmuch as "he was his own god," then may those squalls be confidently expected to develop into the most tempestuous of hurricanes. Salem Gingold, the gentleman, some of whose unprepossessing characteristics we have just quoted, and whose failing health furnishes the title to *The End of a Life*, devotes his few remaining days to a plan of revenge, a plan which is elaborate, Machiavellian, diabolical, such as we may expect from one who decorates his snuggery with demons, monsters, and skeletons. Himself a mighty traveller in all climes, he has no lack of experience to aid him in devising means to the desired end, which he finds in an Ashantee custom, whereby, as our author tells us, "a man or woman extravagantly wronged has but to commit suicide at the door of the evil-doer's dwelling, and the State looks to it that he or she shall be amply avenged. The punishment is death." To adapt a plan so inspired to the requirements of the ordinary London life of to-day would appear no easy task; but it is a task which, thanks to the unsuspicious innocence of his victims and to the cupidity and credulity of a spiritualistically minded valet, our Machiavellian friend conducts to an almost successful issue; for it is not until after the black cap has been donned, and sentence of death pronounced on his supplanter, that in the nick of time the truth is discovered, and wrong is righted. Subject-matter so unnatural cannot be set forth without a corresponding exaggeration in the delineation of its principal agents, especially in stories of this kind, where the plot is of primary and the characters of but secondary importance. So long, therefore, as the complications are ingenious and the secret fairly well kept until the end, it is, perhaps, unreasonable to expect too great a resemblance to flesh and blood on the part of the puppets. The minor characters, whose behaviour is less imperatively coerced by the exigencies of the argument, are pleasantly and not unamusingly sketched; while it may fairly be said of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's story that, on the whole, it will stimulate the curiosity and maintain the interest of a not over-exacting reader.

A Polish tale whose binding is decorated with a set of fetters can have but one end—Siberia. *A Secret Mission* sets forth the adventures of a young officer—a Pole by birth, but in the German service—who revisits his native place to obtain information as to the military preparations of Russia on the frontier—who is, in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, a spy of the Berlin War Office. Any doubts one may entertain as to his probable destiny are set at rest when he encounters and falls a victim to the fascinations of the Countess Massalowska, beautiful, of course, as the day, with an unfortunate taste for meddling in affairs of State, who assists to play the very deuce with the fortunes of the young Prussian lieutenant and of his stay-at-home Polish relations. Such ladies are inevitable in romances concerning the "fair land of Poland"—their *métier* being to hoodwink the Russian general and to steal his despatches, a feat, of course, duly accomplished by our friend the Countess. Such interest as the book possesses is centred in the spy's former brother and his family, on whom falls the vengeance of the authorities. The passages concerning these good people form the pleasantest reading that Miss Gerard's story affords, while the descriptions of their farm-life in Poland are agreeably written, though we would gladly be spared the explanatory foot-notes of which the author is somewhat over-fond. Such annotations, necessary enough in more serious literature, are a terrible handicap to the enjoyment of the novel-reader.

The author of *A Domestic Experiment* should write a farcical comedy. It is true that he (or she) would be debarred from using therein such touching episodes as that here related of Lord

Vaincrecourt, the good young man, who died, as good young men should, and will in fiction at any rate, who love with inconvenient but blameless ardour the wives of others; but the lighter portions of this book positively teem with indications of the writer's fitness for delineating the rough-and-tumble humours of the comic stage. How admirably would the characters of the rival vicars' wives stand out in the glare of the footlights. There is a scene, or rather a succession of scenes, in which they take part at a garden party, before which "the sacred lamp of burlesque" might well pale its ineffectual fires. First the hostess, one of the "vicaresses" (as our author calls them) aforesaid, has an altercation with her man-servant on the subject of the quality of the kitchen commissariat, during which she beats him with her parasol, indulging the while in language which matches better with her actions than with her supposed social position. For this the domestic exacts an apology from his mistress on her bended knees, then joins her in a friendly glass of gin and soda water, and hides the drinking "materials" in the cleft of a convenient tree. Thereupon enter various guests, including the rival "vicars"; she, when left alone, discovers the gin and soda water, and mixes herself a good stiff glass, but in the act of drinking it is surprised by the comic man-servant, who certainly remains master of the situation throughout. All this is in the raciest vein of modern stage fun; but, to do adequate justice to the parts of the two old ladies, it would be necessary to engage the services of two male comedians from the music-halls, for the humours of the scene are of that robust kind usually associated with Christmas-time. Then, further to remind us of the theatre, we have a parlour-maid, of the most stagey type of pert soubrette, who gives talented imitations of her master and mistress and of their friends in the style of a "drawing-room entertainer," and a reformed reprobate who indicates his return to the paths of virtue by appearing "dressed like a Dissenting minister, with his hair parted in the middle, and plastered down on either side of his face." Our author's knowledge of social usages may be gathered from the fact that these strange persons, together with others no less strange, are in the habit of paying each other the most literal of morning-calls at an hour when the breakfast things are scarcely cleared away, and that he considers it necessary to tell us of four people together in the drawing-room after dinner on a "blustery evening in October," that "all were in evening dress." The ladies are in the habit of dancing before pier-glasses in their drawing-rooms to the accompaniment of castanets; while of the refinement and unforced wit of their conversation, let the following quotation stand as a sample:—

"I had some French cousins who always powdered their hair," Mrs. Subtile informed them. "They never washed it, you know. When we would have washed ours, they used powder."

"But what kind of powder?" Mrs. Managem gasped.

"Keating's, I should think!" Agatha suggested.

Mr. Maurice, in his preface to *Richard de Lucy*, vindicates the right of the historical novelist not merely to reproduce the past and its most noted public persons, but to assist in solving historical problems, and in "filling up the gaps in characters and events which have been left incomplete by the ordinary historian." The principal matters to which, in following out these views, Mr. Maurice addresses himself are the later developments of Lollardism and the rebellion of Jack Cade, who, though not in a technical sense the "hero" of the story, is certainly its most prominent and interesting personage, and whose character, together with that of Dr. Pecock, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph and of Chichester, it is the author's main aim to elucidate. Besides these we have of historical personages King Henry V. and his brothers (who, by the way, are strangely out of place in "St. James's Palace," which was at this date a hospital for lepers, and was not converted into a royal residence until a century later by Henry VIII.), Cardinal Beaufort, Archbishop Chicheley, Caxton, and many others. In the presence of this exalted company, and of the great questions of policy and religion of which they are the representatives, the love affairs and other merely private and individual fortunes of a fictitious hero and heroine are somewhat driven to the wall. There is, indeed, in Mr. Maurice's historical novel far more of history than of the novel, as is to be expected from an author who tells us he has chosen that form of treating his subject as calculated to give his readers a clearer conception than an historical treatise. He would probably have succeeded better had he attempted less, for his canvas is overcrowded with incidents and characters; he seems determined that no personage of note, no incident of importance, shall escape him; the result is a trifle confusing, and confusion is to be deprecated especially in a work aiming at the solution of problems, historical or otherwise.

YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.*

THE qualities that have gained popularity for Mr. William Smith's agreeable miscellany are conspicuously shown in

* *Old Yorkshire*. Edited by William Smith, F.S.A.S. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Minutes of the Manchester Presbyterian Classis. Edited by William A. Shaw, M.A., Berkeley Fellow of Owens College. Part I. Printed for the Chetham Society.

Materials for an Account of the Provincial Synod of the County of Lancaster, 1646-1660. By William A. Shaw. Privately printed. Manchester: printed by the Manchester Press Company, Limited.

the latest volume, nor are there wanting defects similar to those which have previously been pointed out. But the usefulness of local history as a means of strengthening and developing the sense of local patriotism is so great and so evident, that much may be forgiven to those who are honestly engaged in that good work. So Mr. Smith may even be pardoned for reprinting a paper on the "Rudstone Monolith" written in 1873 by the Rev. George Dodds, D.D., F.S.A., although the essay is one which ought never to have been printed at all. The sober antiquary will know what to expect when he learns that Godfrey Higgins, Jacob Bryant, and Villanueva are cited as authorities. "The Rudstone Pillar," observes this wonderful Dr. Dodds, "is situated in the very centre of the Brigantian territories in Britain, and the Brigantes are admitted on all hands to have been a Phœnician people." Mr. Smith might surely occupy his space to better purpose than this. Lovers of Wordsworth will be regretfully interested in the drawing of the Rylstone bell inscription, which, it appears, should read not "God us ayde," as we are told in the "White Doe," but "In God is al." The correctness of this latter reading is corroborated by a Crofton bell, on which the inscription is "In God is all quod Gabriel." There are several interesting papers relating to domestic architecture; and the description of Woodsome Hall, Huddersfield, is, in particular, noteworthy. There is a portrait of the wife of John Kaye—the lady frankly owning to be forty-four—with these homely lines:—

Vita Uxoris Honestæ.

To live at home in howsyverie
To order well my famlyve
To see they lyve not idillye
To bring up children vertuislyve
To releyve poor soulk willinglyve
This is my care with modestye
To leade my lyfe in honestye.

And, though this may seem a poor ideal and a too contracted field for the emancipated woman of to-day, it may be doubted whether the "excursions and alarms" of the latter will be more productive of good than the realization of the character set forth by Mistress Kaye, whose matronly exertions were spent upon nine sons and three daughters. Mrs. Banks contributes a pleasantly appreciative sketch of "John Strange Winter," whose claim to a place in *Old Yorkshire* is, we hasten to say, not age, but talent; for the ungallant may see here disclosed the not remote year and day of her birth. The notices of Rymer and of Aram are both inadequate. The sketch of Barry Cornwall's wife is put under the name of his daughter, Adelaide Anne Procter. Defects, which might be easily remedied by greater editorial stringency, do not prevent *Old Yorkshire* from being an entertaining and valuable compilation.

The book and pamphlet produced by Mr. W. A. Shaw as the fruit of his tenure of the Berkeley Fellowship at Owens College are important contributions alike to the local history of Lancashire and to the general history of England. He may be congratulated upon the excellence of his work, which will be especially welcomed by all who have tried to solve any of the many puzzling problems connected with the attempt to introduce the Presbyterian system of Church government into an uncongenial soil. Mr. Shaw shows that the genesis of Presbyterianism in England was largely accidental. When the Long Parliament began its sittings many religious as well as civil grievances were inquired into. At that time there appears to have been no intention to do more than prevent the clergy from taking part in secular affairs, and at the same time to encourage the Puritanism of the parochial clergy who had suffered persecution from the bishops. When the breach between the King and Parliament widened, Episcopacy itself was called in question; and it was eventually resolved to adopt some less centralized system, by which the power both of the Crown and of the bishops would be lessened, and that of the parish clergy correspondingly increased. Mr. Shaw is of opinion "that, without the necessity of calling in Scotch aid, and of adopting the Solemn League and Covenant, the Long Parliament would have resolved upon a system of Church government that might be called Presbyterian, though in a sense very different from that usually conveyed by the term." Events certainly were tending in the direction of a modified Presbyterianism, but the necessities of war made it essential to obtain Scotch aid, and the condition of obtaining it was adhesion to the Covenant. The result was that Presbyterianism was adopted by the Parliament. Through the years 1643 to 1648 the work of establishing the new system was in progress in various stages. It was not set up all over the country, and even in London and Lancashire, where the system was completest, the power of the presbyteries was more restricted than that of the similar bodies in Scotland.

The system in Lancashire was introduced as the result of a petition, which was in 1646 presented to Parliament from "many thousands of the well-affected gentlemen, ministers, freeholders, and other inhabitants of the county palatine of Lancaster," praying amongst other things for the establishment of Presbyterianism. "That that discipline and government which is most agreeable to the Word of God and the example of the best reformed churches, according to the advice of the Assembly of Divines of both kingdoms, may with all possible speed be perfected and confirmed by your civil action."

These would-be English Presbyterians had no intention of allowing freedom of conscience or "liberty of prophesying," for

they wished "that some strict and speedy course may be taken for the suppressing of all separate congregations of Anabaptists, Brownists, heretics, schismatics, blasphemers, and other sectaries, which do or shall refuse to submit to the said discipline and government," and requested that such sectaries should "be removed and kept out of all places of public trust." They were as earnest for a National Church as the staunchest advocates of Episcopal government, and would have regarded with horror the "dissidence of dissent" as a thing in itself desirable. However narrow their theory of comprehension, they had no sympathy with "separatists." The result of the petition was that Lancashire was divided into nine classical presbyteries. Of these Manchester was the first, and is the only one of which the complete minutes remain. The Manchester Classis consisted of six parishes. Each parish was represented by its minister and by several laymen. The first meeting was held at Manchester on February 16, 1646-7. Nineteen ministers and elders were present, and Richard Heyrick, the Warden of the Collegiate Church, was chosen Moderator. The meeting began with prayer, the names of absentees were reported, and a few points of ritual were settled. At the second meeting, a month later, the Classis went into certain charges against James Parkinson, who had been elected Elder for Chorlton. Fornication, slander, swearing, and violence were laid to his charge, and, after the examination of a number of witnesses at several meetings, it was resolved that the discredited Parkinson was not fit to be a ruling Elder. An important part of the duty of the Classis was the ordination of ministers. It has been said that the Presbyterians were lax in this matter, and admitted persons to be ministers without requiring that University training which was demanded by the Episcopalians. That this was not so these minutes show. Of the seven candidates ordained March 4, 1646-7, three were graduates, two had spent four years at Oxford, and had not taken their degree "because of the King's coming thither," and only two had not been to a university. They were all examined as to their learning and abilities; all had to bring certificates of their good life; and they had each to defend a thesis to the satisfaction of the Classis. Occasionally a candidate would be requested to bring further proof of his call by a congregation, of his good life, or of his orthodoxy, with the result that it might be several months before he was ordained. The methods of the new social inquisition are shown in an inquiry as to the character of Mr. Toby Furness, minister of Prestwich, who complained that John Broxup, a well-to-do merchant, had "scandalized" him privately to certain inhabitants of his parish. The minister brought witnesses to prove that he was not given to drink, and that he had not neglected his sacramental duties. After a long examination of witnesses he was acquitted of all the charges, and the Classis decided that in his "pretended denial" of baptism he had done nothing contrary to the "Directory," that his denial of the Lord's Supper to some persons was justifiable, and that "touching his being overcome with strong drinke," &c., it was "not proved against him by the evidence produced, but many things proved which may witness the contrary." These are but samples of the duties of the Classis. It had, in fact, general charge of the religion and morals of the people. Persons charged with adultery or fornication, lying, slandering, and other misdemeanours, were all to be called up before the Classis, and such punishment as was there allotted could be enforced by the civil arm. How alien such an inquisition was to the spirit and temper of the English people need not be pointed out.

The minutes of the Lancashire Synod are lost, and Mr. Shaw has had to draw his materials from the minutes of the Manchester and Bury Classes, and from other sources. But even from these scattered sources we get some idea of the character of the Synod and of its debates. Its members were touched with the fanatical spirit, and many comparatively harmless customs were "scandalous" in their prejudiced eyes. The principal punishment appears to have been exclusion from the Lord's Supper, which would be equivalent to excommunication. Royalists, "delinquents in the late warres, [were] not to be received to the Lord's Supper without giveinge satisfaccion to the eldershippe of their repentance." "A voluntary entertaineinge of papists as servants or tablers [i.e. boarders] is scandalous in an housholder." Gaming, usury, and "sittinge and drinkeinge unnecessarily in an alehouse on the Lord's day" were held equally censurable. They decided the question "whether the children of anie parents lyinge under the imputation of ignorance or scandall may be denied baptisme" in the negative; but there is, unfortunately, no record of the decision as to "how far it might bee lawful for a man to heare an unordained minister." The active life of the Synod was not long, and it had shown signs of decay long before the Restoration brought back both King and bishops. Mr. Shaw modestly claims for his book that it is only material ready dressed for the use of the historian. All local history should have that object, and yet how frequently does the local antiquary forget what should be his primary thought, and is often his only excuse.

Mr. Shaw's further contributions to the history of the Presbyterian system in England will be looked for with interest by all students of the political and religious history of the Commonwealth period.

IDLE HOURS WITH NATURE.*

IF we were to weigh very exactly the amount of value, either as literature or as science, possessed by the volumes which Mr. Dixon pours forth rather too rapidly, it would be difficult with a good conscience to praise them. They were pleasant journalism at their birth, yet the fact that such trifling essays are put together into what passes for a book adds nothing to their pretension, but rather lessens it. We are not inclined to underrate the usefulness of such a writer as Mr. Dixon. As long as the general public is as brutal and as ignorant in relation to animal life as it now is; as long as barbarous schemes, such as that of the "skilful oologist" lately exposed by Lord Lilford, can be openly presented to the public, no writer is unwelcome who recommends the peaceful observation of living creatures, or insists that the main object of the animal kingdom is not to be shot or knocked down with a stick. Lessons in humanity, in tender consideration for life in its more delicate forms, cannot be given too often. This kind of repetition, line upon line, here a little and there a little, is the only mode in which popular zoology can be ground into the barbarous people of England. To the promoters of the Selborne Society, books like *Idle Hours with Nature* are as genuinely welcome as volumes of real independent research; and so they are to us, when we have once salved our conscience by saying that they would have little independent right to live were it not that, in the battle against savage ignorance, all volunteers may be effective as sharpshooters.

We have been amused by Mr. Dixon's notes of bird life from a railway-carriage. His eye must be quick if all the species which he mentions have come under his personal notice. He says that the moorhen and the coot seldom or never trouble themselves to be disturbed at the passing train, but that the grebe will generally dive before the whole length has passed by. We have been accustomed for a great many years to watch the wild fowl in a marshy water which skirts the Great Western Railway, and we have found the grebes no shyer than the rest. But perhaps we have always been in the front of the train. Our naturalist mentions the ease with which the red grouse may be studied from the railway-carriage in many parts of the northern moorlands. We have ourselves seen in Caithness a more timid bird, the blackcock, not only remain so close to the train that a stone might have been dropped upon it, but even perform, at the moment the carriage passed above it, that strange act of courtship to the female, a parade-flight with extended wings, which the sportsman can very seldom stalk near enough to observe. The fact is that the regularity of the passage of the train, its monotonous noise, and experience of its harmlessness have made the animal kingdom look upon it by this time as a mere natural phenomenon. People need not talk of tunnelling under moors in order not to disturb the birds. Let the memory of the navvies pass away, and the line get into working order; the next generation of birds will forget that there was ever a time when the railway did not exist.

In "Matins and Vespers" Mr. Dixon gossips agreeably about the song of birds. He pricks a popular bubble when he points out that the nightingale is not the only species that sings at night. But he does not seem to be aware that in Devonshire and Somersetshire the blackcap takes the place of the nightingale as poet in ordinary to the moon. It is curious that all the birds which sing well are small and squat. When Philoxenus desired the neck of a crane, "fancying thereby an advantage in singing or warbling, and dividing the music," he desired a vain thing; for, as Sir Thomas Browne has observed, "birds that are canorous are of little throats and short necks," and Philoxenus would have had more chance of melody with the windpipe of a wren than of a crane. We are glad that Mr. Dixon draws attention to the wanton slaughter—positively by millions—of larks. "Ten thousand larks for sale," he quotes, from the placard of a single game-dealer. We confess we are ready to despair when we reflect how helpless our feathered population is against the cohorts of gluttony and barbarism.

It is pleasant to turn to the consideration of a field where birds may yet breed and live undisturbed. Mr. Dixon has a chapter on nature studied "From the Cliffs." Here he gives a striking description of the favourite resting-places of the herring-gulls and the shags on Berry Head, on the south side of Tor Bay. In "Peeps between the Reeds" he describes the bird-life which may be observed by peeping noiselessly through the belt of vegetation that muffles the edge of a lake or slow stream. Here is a picture which favourably exemplifies his style:—

The best way to see the Reed Warbler at home is to lie in wait for him knee-deep in the pool, buried among the tall stems and ribbon-like leaves of the reeds. His harsh, scolding notes sound fitfully from the cover, nearer and nearer, here and there, retreating and advancing, until, by cautiously parting the surrounding reeds aside, you may be rewarded by a sight of him as he clings, unconscious of all observation, to the round, polished stems. Soberly arrayed indeed he is; his coat is brown and inconspicuous, yet he looks interesting enough as he sits and warbles above the dark, stagnant pool. His frontal feathers are erected, either in sexual excitement or in angry defiance at the too near presence of a rival, and his little beak is opening and closing as he trills forth his song in crescendo tones. We are even near enough to see the feathers on his throat rise and fall as his song proceeds, and to note the brilliant yellow of his little mouth as he opens it as wide as possible to utter his joyous song.

* *Idle Hours with Nature*. By Charles Dixon. London: Chapman & Hall.

LATER LEAVES.*

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS'S two original volumes of *Reminiscences* were rather more amusing and better written than the average volumes of this description. The public seem to have rated them at about their proper place in their class, and the author has been encouraged to furnish forth a third volume. His life has not—one is happy to think—been long enough, or his adventures sufficiently varied, to enable him to supply half as much more entirely of the same kind, and he has fallen upon two devices for filling out the necessary number of pages. He has printed a few chapters of notes of conversations with Mrs. Keeley—if they can be called conversations, for Mr. Williams has loyally suppressed his own share in them—concerning the plays and the players of her youth, we were about to write; but, inasmuch as Mrs. Keeley is not believed to have grown old, her early youth is perhaps the more exact phrase. As might be expected, these reminiscences are exceedingly interesting, and, though short, contain much of the pith of the two delightful volumes which Mrs. Keeley has, somehow or other, failed as yet to publish on her own account. Meanwhile, we can be grateful for the instalment of them which Mr. Montagu Williams has been privileged to give us. He has also filled up his book with a good many chapters about the condition of the poor in the East End of London, and this *annexe* is very much less satisfactory than the other. He says the condition of the very poor is shocking, and so it is, and he argues that legislation could vastly improve it, which perhaps it could. And it is much to Mr. Montagu Williams's credit that he does all an individual can to remedy the evil—as do also some other people who do and some who do not share his views on the subject. But his observations on the topic are not particularly novel or striking, and they are not reminiscences. If we want to study that subject, have we not Mr. C. S. Loch, Mr. General Dealer Booth, and Mr. T. H. Huxley, who are generally with us? The reminiscences proper contain one or two random statements, and one or two not particularly exciting stories. A curious specimen of the former is the assertion that the late Mr. Benjamin "left his native land because he wished to practise here." It used to be said, when there were speculations current as to the probability of Mr. Benjamin being made a judge, that his native land was not the United States, but some British possession on or near the American continent, so that he was a natural-born British subject. We do not know how this may have been, but the reason for coming to England imputed to him by Mr. Montagu Williams is an odd one, considering the notorious facts of his career. It would be much more nearly true if the sentence were inverted. The detailed account which Mr. Williams gives of a specimen day's work at Worship Street Police Court is lifelike and amusing. There is a mysterious passage near the end of the volume concerning the "Whitechapel murders." A person who had devoted much time and trouble to the investigation of these crimes furnished Mr. Williams with what the latter believes to have "indicated beyond any doubt the individual, or individuals, on whom this load of guilt rested." More Mr. Williams does not feel justified in saying, and naturally, considering that all the murders took place within the district over which he has jurisdiction; but he informs us that "the cessation of the East-End murders dates from the time when certain action was taken as a result of the promulgation of these ideas."

TRADE TOKENS.†

THIS is the second volume of the new edition of Boyne's *Seventeenth-Century Tokens*, of which the first volume was reviewed in these pages nearly a year ago. The two volumes are in no way separate, but form together a single work, the pagination even being continuous throughout. There is not very much, therefore, to be said about the volume before us, save that it carries out the promise of its predecessor. The same system has been adopted as in the first volume, that of distributing the work as far as possible among local antiquaries, who are the sub-editors for the counties which they undertake, and who supply all the notes relating to local history for their own portion. As we said in reviewing vol. i., there is in some of these notes rather a tendency to over-elaboration. This is visible, for example, in the case of the notes on William Hunt of North Luffenham, and on Thomas Butler of Uppingham. The latter name seems to have suggested to the writer to give us all the examples of the occurrence of the name of Butler not in the parish registers of Uppingham, but in the registers of the numerous parishes around, including some entries which are not shown to have anything to do with the name of Butler. Then, having premised that the name is variously spelt Butler, Boteler, Botelar, the sub-editor carries us off to the will of Edward Boteler of Alexton, county of Leicester. Now it is quite true that the name Butler is only a variation of that of Boteler. But it is extremely improbable that the Thomas Butler who issued a token in Upping-

* *Later Leaves; being the Further Reminiscences of Montagu Williams*, Q.C. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

† *Trade Tokens issued in the Seventeenth Century*. A new and revised edition of William Boyne's Work. By George C. Williamson. Vol. II. London: Elliot Stock.

ham circa 1658 was any relation whatever to the "Edward Boteler of Alexton, gent." who died in 1639.

Oxford is the only county which suffers an entire lack of explanatory notes—an omission which is due, we learn, to the fact that the proposed sub-editor was suddenly called away to Africa, and in the confusion of his packing-up the notes which he had collected for many years were lost. It is, perhaps, invidious to make a distinction among the different counties, where all are well done; but we should be inclined to give the first place to Norfolk, both for the fulness and for the interest of the notes which accompany the descriptions of the tokens. We should be glad, however, to know whether there is in the Norwich Museum both a jug and a "wine-jar" with the initials of Edward and Mary Woodyard, the "Grocers' Arms," and the date 1649, or whether two separate notes upon the same token have been badly combined into one. "Wine-jar" is a somewhat archaistic name for an earthenware bottle of Lambeth make. Among the most commendable features of this concluding volume of the "new Boyne" are the extremely elaborate indices with which it is furnished. The strikers of tokens are indexed according to their Christian as well as their surnames. There is an index of trades, showing incidentally the condition of different trades in England in the seventeenth century, indices of places, of London localities, Southwark localities, of devices, armorial bearings, &c.

The collection and the description of tokens is not the highest branch of numismatics, but it is one of the most popular. And this fact will probably secure for Mr. Williamson's work, which is excellent in its kind, a steady sale.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

"ETAIT-ELLE vraiment belle?" asks M. Charles Yriarte somewhere in his magnificent book on the Borgias (1); and this is the really important question. So pyramidally ignorant is the British newspaper-man that we have seen a paragraph in which the whitewashing of Lucrezia was represented as a new and daring attempt of M. Yriarte's own, a representation which must have considerably astonished that excellent scholar, if he saw it, which is unlikely. To any one even slightly acquainted with the history of the Renaissance it is, of course, no news that years ago a case, not of the weakest, was made out for Lucrezia. But it all happened a long time since; and she certainly came of very dubious people, and the scandal might be let lie. It is much more important whether she was really beautiful. If she was like the blowy Titian with the black page she certainly was not; but M. Yriarte comforts us by declaring it long posterior to her time. The two medals which rigorists accept as alone authentic give her in profile, and, to us at least, convey little idea as to what the full face may have been like. The others resolve themselves, as it seems to us, into two quite different and irreconcilable types. One, very handsome, with a pointed nose, appears in the Dosso Dossi portrait, which again seems to be posterior, and may perhaps be traced in M. André's Majolica, and in the Dresden picture attributed to Giorgione. The other, which is the commoner, and by far, it would seem, the more likely to be the true one, is quite different, and at first sight much less engaging. In fact, it may be called a heavy face, rather round than oval, not very gracefully framed in tressed and netted hair, with broad and rather high forehead, passive eyes, nose the reverse of slender, straight in itself, but jutting somewhat from the forehead, and "square-ended" like Mme. de Sévigné's; mouth full but not very large, neck peculiarly solid. The whole is rather enigmatic, and suggests that the face might be very different when animated from what it is now in what is pretty certainly studied repose. And, after all, what is beauty? There never was but one sane answer to that question (which was, of course, given by a madman), Blake's "lineaments of gratified desire." And as the desires of different persons, and even of the same person at different times, vary, so does beauty. M. Yriarte would be the last to quarrel with us for dwelling on this point; but there is much else in his delightful volume. It is not a history of the Borgias, but a sort of iconographic and miscellaneous companion to such a history dealing with the Borgia apartments in the Vatican, the portraits of Caesar, Lucrezia, and their holy father; Caesar's sword, with other examples of that marvellous decorator of sword blades, Master Hercules, and the like. The etched and chromo-lithographed plates *hors texte* are superb, the woodcuts scattered about the pages numerous and well chosen.

The pretty Collection Guillaume edition of *Port-Tarascon* (2) appears at last, and will spare English readers the vicious necessity of reading it in English. In truth, it was wicked to do so; for M. Daudet at his best is untranslatable, and in parts at least of *Port-Tarascon* he is at his best, or very nearly so. Between Likiriki impudently swarming up a tree on the front cover, and the hideous catastrophe of the sale of the baobab on the back, all is not quite so equal, perhaps, as in the other two volumes; but the sojourn on the island and the two voyages on the *Tutu-panpan* and the *Tomahawk* hardly yield to the lion hunt or the great breach of the rope. And now "King Pandion he is dead: Tartarin is lapped in lead," and unless M. Daudet, *qui en est bien capable*, exhibits him to us in Purgatory, there can be no more of him. After which we re-

member that the man who could do things like this went and wrote *L'immortel*, and after that, again, we remember that there are those who say that the depravity of human nature and the corruption of man's heart are fond things vainly invented, and grounded on no warrant of Scripture.

Beautifully printed on Japanese paper, adorned with exceedingly delicate and spirited drawings, and produced in its publisher's best manner, *A travers le Japon* (3) may somewhat deceive readers by its title. It is, in fact, with some digressions, a study of the timber trees of the Japanese archipelago, with some hints on naturalizing them in France, by the author, a practical forester. But, though thus in the main a technical monograph, its moderate length and its very agreeable form will carry even the general reader through it.

The *Petit manuel du bibliophile* (4) is an ingenious little fortnightly record in pocket-book form of the prices of books of all kinds interesting to the bibliophile sold from time to time in Paris. The addition of names of the sales might be an improvement, but we can suggest no other.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"WHAT has the 'general reader' to do with the literature of Europe?" or what has the public, the travelling public, to do with foreign literature? These questions are persistently present to the reader of Mr. J. W. Crombie's *Some Poets of the People in Foreign Lands* (Elliot Stock), a volume of essays that now appears as the second edition of a book originally published with another title. We should like nothing better than to see the study of foreign literature supplementing in some sort "the business energy of Messrs. Cook," especially if such study led to the general use of Mr. Crombie's very agreeable little book as a tourist's companion. But we cannot profess to be sanguine as to the prospect so pleasantly suggested by Mr. Crombie's preface. The modern development of the locomotive disposition is at enmity with the spirit that inspired the intensely local poetry of which Mr. Crombie treats. His "poets of the people"—Klaus Groth, Wildenborch, the folk-poets of Spain, the author of *Mirio*—belong to the class that can only exist in conditions of simplicity and isolation. They spring from races fast-rooted to the soil. Their poetry is provincial rather than national, and is threatened with extinction by the levelling tendencies of modern society. These poets are "of the people" in the local sense of the term, not the democratic. Klaus Groth, in his own country, is no more a "popular" poet than is the late Mr. Barnes, with whose rustic poems the homely songs and idylls of the Low German poet are compared in Mr. Crombie's admirable essay. These poets—to quote the motto on Mr. Crombie's title-page—were content to "leave great verse unto a little class," and their poetry is unlikely to impel pious throngs of the "personally conducted" to visit the birthplace of Wildenborch or of Groth. Like the poetry of which it treats, Mr. Crombie's book will charm all who are endowed with some measure of the poetic spirit; but it is a book to be read by the contemplative man in quiet places.

Mr. Lewis Jackson's *Ten Centuries of European Progress* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a curious example of laborious compilation. It proposes to supply "a condensed panoramic view of the general development of Europe" from the tenth century to the nineteenth. The progress of last century is dealt with in various sections that treat of "General Development," "Political Condition," "Record of Progress and Events," "Discovery in Special Branches," and "Exploration and Settlement." Here, obviously, is plenty of matter for condensation. "As to the language of the book," the author observes, "it is necessarily terse English, and unfortunately the horrible literary jargon of the period has been adopted." This is an ingenious, though somewhat cryptic, confession. Unfortunately, also, Mr. Jackson adopts a horrible pedantic treatment of proper names. He writes "Haendel" and "Bartholdy," "Buonarrotti" and "Sanzio." "Gossée," we assume, is a misprint for Gossesec. Then we have "Pohlen" for Poland. Under the heading "African Travel," 1800-1885, there is no mention of Barth. Some quaint statements occur in these summaries of progress. Under "19th century" we read, "The two best English poets, Coleridge and Southey, lived in this century." With all its eccentricities and the "horrible literary jargon," the book displays extraordinary industry in the compiler, and no slight ingenuity is shown in the record of each country's leading events, the various tables of dates, and other illustrative matter. A full index supplies a kind of key to what we fear must be termed a mighty maze, though, we admit, a maze "not without a plan."

Mr. Charles Ledyard Norton's glossary of cant phrases and party terms used in American politics—*Political Americanisms* (Longmans & Co.)—is a very handy volume, and one that has long been wanted by the Englishman whose notions of American politics are gathered from the newspapers. We have been reminded by Americans that many citizens of the United States are themselves in the dark concerning the mysteries elucidated by Mr. Norton in this interesting little volume. The Englishman, therefore, need not blush to find himself in the same position. For him, apparently, is Mr. Norton's book designed. For example, we find

(3) *A travers le Japon*. Par L. Ussèle. Paris: Rothschild.

(4) *Petit manuel du bibliophile*. Par B. H. Causeron. Paris 1-4. Paris: Rouveyre.

(1) *Autour des Borgia*. Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: Rothschild.

(2) *Port-Tarascon*. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Flammarion.

'Jerrimander'—see 'Gerry-mander,' and, turning to 'Gerry-mander,' which word is to be pronounced with a hard G, we are informed that the term has been adopted in England, "but of course the American spelling was not to be accepted and it appeared as Jerrimander." This "of course" reminds us of the perverse Scots, who, though they were never a people that brewed beer, would always insist upon spelling "brewery" with a final "ie." It was just British perversity that made Governor Gerry's "G" soft, whereas it should be hard. Mr. Norton has performed a difficult task with admirable delicacy. He has so defined "Mug-wump" that no Republican need protest, and dealt with the "Mulligan Letters" with pleasing impartiality. His book is full of entertainment and instruction.

The second volume of *The Handbook of Games* (Bell & Sons), "enlarged edition," treats of "Card Games," and comprises illustrative and technical articles on Whist, by Dr. William Pole, Solo Whist, by Mr. Robert F. Green, Piquet, Écarté, Euchre, Bézique, Cribbage, by "Berkeley," and the whole round of "Round Games" by Baxter-Wray. Some few old-fashioned games, such as Lansquenet, All Fours, and Boston, are omitted; but such recent forms as "Rubicon Bézique" and "Rubicon Piquet" are fully set forth, as is due to their present popularity. The clearness and simplicity commended in the previous volume are equally notable qualities of this the concluding portion of this excellent handbook.

Miss E. M. Caillard's *Electricity*, "a sketch for general readers" (John Murray), is in all respects a substantial and satisfactory treatise on the nature of electricity and the various appliances of modern electrical science. The author's style and exposition are so admirably clear and exact that the least-informed among her readers cannot but find the mere reading of her instructive book as pleasurable as it should prove profitable. Useful illustration is provided in the text by diagrams.

Having disposed him "Of Palomide" Mr. Elian Prince continues his Arthurian chronicle in a new volume, *Of Joyous Gard* (E. W. Allen), the blank verse of which is, like its predecessor, of such crabbéd and harsh construction as to cause exquisite torture to a sensitive ear.

Mr. A. Stephen Wilson's *Words wooing Music* (Aberdeen: Rae Smith) is a collection of songs, prefaced by a brief essay on song-writing by Mr. Gavin Greig. Mr. Wilson has apparently been already much favoured by composers, and many of his lays in this little book are undoubtedly good subjects for the musician. They are simple, expressive, and show effective use of the refrain. Mr. Greig says the thing that is true in discussing the failure of some great poets who do not please composers; but he cannot be said to have touched the depths of a profound subject.

Under the title *Editing à la Mode* (Ward & Downey) Mr. Percy Fitzgerald reprints, with considerable additions, an article from *Time* on Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. In this amusing tract Mr. Fitzgerald himself shows the "enormous industry" that has been rightly ascribed to Dr. Hill, whose editorial method he subjects to minute scrutiny. Undoubtedly he has succeeded in citing examples of superfluous annotation, of strained or fanciful conclusions, of misapprehension of the plain and obvious import of Boswell's text, and of the magnifying of very small matters. And, adds Mr. Fitzgerald, in effect, these defects are quite foreign to the spirit in which Boswell should be edited—which is true enough.

The first part of a new encyclopædia—*Storehouse of General Information* (Cassell & Co.)—is before us. It is comprehensive in scope, and designed for the general reader. The subjects are treated with necessary brevity, as is the rule with dictionaries of biography, geography, history, and science; yet is the treatment concise and accurate. The type and illustrations are good, and modern sources of information are utilized in all the various fields of knowledge embraced by the scope of the work.

The rage for birthday books seems as keen as ever, and Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh have published some attractive ones. The *Sir Walter Scott Birthday Book*, compiled by Edith M. Welsh, is ingeniously arranged with quotations from most of his works—we were going to say appropriate quotations, but that would require a magician's ingenuity. The *Moore Birthday Book*, containing "selections from the writings of Thomas Moore," and compiled by E. W. H., is also well done, and the books are prettily bound and well printed, the one with a good portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and the other of Thomas Moore, on the title-page.

Among pamphlets and booklets we have to note *The Historical Character of the Old Testament*, a paper read before the Handsworth Clerical Society by J. Eckersley, M.A. (S.P.C.K.); *Who hath Believed our Report?* a letter to the *Athenæum*, by Arthur Hall, on some affinities of the Hebrew Language (Sutton & Co.); *The Bar Examination Journal*, edited by A. D. Tyssen and W. D. Edwards, No. 68, Hilary, 1891 (Stevens & Haynes); the third edition of Mr. S. A. Hill's *Third Book of Geography, for Indian Schools* (Allahabad: Indian Press); *The Mahabharata*, translated into English prose by Pratāpa Chandra Rāy, C.I.E. Part LX. (Calcutta: Bhārata Press); *An Epitome of the Holy Bible*, by Henry Grey (Eden, Remington, & Co.); *a Valediction*, by M. Frère (Cambridge: Metcalfe); *Bacchus and Ariadne*, a drama, by the Rev. Cavaliere Mereweather (Hayes); *The Black Rover*, a romantic opera, by Luscombe Searelle; *The Parish Magazine*, edited by Canon Erskine Clarke; *The Brighton Railway; its Resources and Prospects*, by W. R. Lawson

(*Financial Times*); *Poem-Pansies* (Greenwich: Richardson); *The Garden of Psyche*, by Benjamin George Ambler (Elliot Stock); and the *Calendar of the Science and Art Department* for 1891 (Eyre & Spottiswoode).

We have also received *The Wife of the First Consul*, translated from the French of M. Imbert de Saint-Amand by Thomas Sergeant Perry (Hutchinson & Co.); *Liberty and a Living*, by Philip G. Hubert, jun. (Putnam's Sons); *Selections from the Poems of Jeanie Morison* (Blackwood & Sons); *The Phantom Rickshaw, and other Eerie Tales*, by Rudyard Kipling (Sampson Low & Co.); *Sidelights on Revelation*, by the Rev. J. C. Buszard (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Historiettes Modernes*, selected and annotated by C. Fontaine, being selections from André Theuriot, Jules Lemaitre, and others (Boston: Heath); *Our Debt to the Past; or, Chaldean Science*, by V. E. Johnson (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *The Law and Customs of the Stock Exchange*, by Messrs. Rudolf E. Melsheimer and Samuel Gardner, third edition of the original treatise by Messrs. Melsheimer and the late Walter Lawrence (Sweet & Maxwell); *Public Education in Cheshire*, by J. T. Brunner, M.P., and T. E. Ellis, M.P. (Heywood); *Dust and its Dangers*, by T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. (Putnam's Sons); the fourth volume of Cassell's *New Popular Educator*; and Mr. William Pilling's *Land Tenure by Registration*, being the second edition of the author's "Order from Chaos," revised and enlarged (Chapman & Hall).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

PARIS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Veuve J. BOYVEAU, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI's, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

At Nice Copies are on sale at Messrs. GALIGNANI's LIBRARY, and at Cannes at the LIBRAIRIE MAILLAN.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,844, FEBRUARY 28, 1891:

- Chronicle.
Egypt. Some Ibsenisms.
One Man, One Vote. The Decay of Irony.
Welsh Disestablishment. Obituary Pros. Showing Sympathy.
The Irish Situation. The Service Estimates.
Fraud in English and French Law.
Another Blow to Home Rule. The End of an Exhibition.

The Story of Swordsmanship.
Decay of Steeplechasing.
French Etchings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.
Siamese Topknots. "Rosmersholm." Exhibitions.
Money Matters. The Weather. The Little Tunnel under Lord's.
Before the Footlights. Recent Concerts.

Three Stanley Books.
Froth. Malletson's Indian Mutiny.
Select Civil Pleas. Reconstruction of Science.
History of the Church of England—Vol. IV.
The Ubiquitous Hittites. A Tyneside Post. Henry Dawson.
Novels. Yorkshire and Lancashire.
Idle Hours with Nature. Later Leaves.
Trade Tokens. French Literature.
New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—MATINEE, TO-DAY (Saturday), at 2, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. To-night at 8.45, **THE LYONS' MAIL**, revolved at 8 by **THE KING AND THE MILLER**. **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING** next Monday and Tuesday. **CHARLES I.** March 4, 5, 6, and **MATINEE, 7. THE LYONS' MAIL** next Saturday Night. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5, and during the performance.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Lessee and Manager. **TO-NIGHT (Saturday)** at 8 P.M. punctually, **RACHEL'S MESSENGER**, by Matelou Watson. Followed at 9 by a New and Original Comedy entitled **LADY BARRIER**, by Mr. Coghlan. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Telephone, No. 3965. Stage Manager, Mr. E. B. Norman. Business Manager, Mr. Henry Ball.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, March 7, at 3. Vocalists, Miss THUDICHUM (of the Royal English Opera), by permission of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, and Mr. BARRINGTON FOOT. The Grand Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. AUGUST MANNS. The programme will include the Third Act of "Lamhäuser" (Wagner), the incidental music to "Ravenswood" (by kind permission of Mr. Henry Irving), and first performance in England of Ballet for Female Voice and Orchestra, "La Mort d'Opheïe" (Berlioz). Seats numbered, 5s. 6d.; Un-numbered, 1s. **PROMENADE CONCERTS** every Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8. **NO EXTRA CHARGE.**

THROUGH NORMANDY.
FORTY WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, made by C. J. WATSON. The Exhibition will OPEN on Monday, 3rd, at the REMBRANDT HEAD GALLERY, 5 Vigo Street, London, W.
ROBERT DUNTHORNE.

MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.

ANATOLIAN CARPETS.

TURKEY and **ANATOLIAN STAIR CARPETS.** The Largest Collection in Europe. **ANATOLIAN CARPETS** in every size from 8 ft. by 6 ft. up to the exceptional dimensions of 40 ft. long by 20 ft. wide, as well as an unusually ample variety for Stairs and Corridors, in widths ranging from 27 to 54 inches.

MAPLE & CO. receive weekly consignments of these **CARPETS**, and invite intending purchasers to examine and compare both quality and price before deciding elsewhere. Such carpets are in many instances reproductions of the most unique examples of the seventeenth century.

TURKEY CARPETS.

A **TURKEY CARPET** is, above all others, the most suitable for the Dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

ANATOLIAN and **TURKEY CARPETS.** The Finest Collection in Europe.—**MAPLE & CO.** enjoy the greatest facilities for getting Anatolian and Turkey Carpets of superior quality and finish, having their own agents at Onchak, who personally supervise the dyeing and weaving. Purchasers of Anatolian and Turkey carpets will save all intermediate profits by buying from **MAPLE & CO.**

MAPLE & CO

ELECTRIC LIGHTING,

FOR MANSIONS, PRIVATE HOUSES, &c.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEMPORARY INSTALLATIONS FOR DANCES, &c.

Inquiries invited. Estimates free.

WOODHOUSE & RAWSON UNITED, Limited,
88 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Where a Model Installation can be seen at work.

SUTTON'S SEEDS

Priced Lists post free.

THE GUINEA BOX OF SUTTON'S VEGETABLE SEEDS

Sent Carriage free on receipt of Cheque or P.O.O.

Genuine only direct from
SUTTON & SONS, READING.

"G.B."

"LANCET" ANALYSIS AND MEDICAL OPINIONS
POST FREE.
FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.
FOR RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

DIABETES

48s. PER DOZEN.

CARRIAGE PAID.

WHISKY.

OF THE PROPRIETORS:

GEORGE BACK & CO.

DEVONSHIRE SQUARE, BISHOPSGATE.

HOTELS.

ILFRACOMBE.—**ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.** MILD and equable climate. First-class return-ticket from London (Waterloo) and 7 days' Board, Room, &c. 5 Guineas, until March 20 only. Ask for Hotel Tickets.

BEDFORD HOTEL, BRIGHTON. Old Established. Unequalled in situation. Opposite West Pier. Spacious Coffee and Reading Rooms. Sea-water service. Great variety of excellent wines. Moderate tariff.
GEO. HEKFOR, Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.

CHAIR OF GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

APPLICATIONS are invited from gentlemen qualified to fill the above-named Chair in the University of Sydney.

The subjects of instruction attached to the Chair are Geology, Physical Geography, Mineralogy, and Palaeontology. The salary will be at the rate of £200 per annum, with three quinquennial increments of £100 each. £100 will be allowed for passage expenses to Sydney. Further particulars may be obtained from the Agent-General for New South Wales, 9 Victoria Street, S.W., to whom applications, stating Candidate's age and qualifications, and accompanied by satisfactory references, should be sent in not later than March 31, 1891.

SAUL SAMUEL, Agent-General for New South Wales,
9 Victoria Street, London, S.W.
February 18, 1891.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—The **ANNUAL EXAMINATION** for **SCHOLARSHIPS** will be held on May 26, 27, 28. **ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS** at least, of value ranging between £40 and £50 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen. For further details apply to the **SECRETARY**, The College, Cheltenham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more open to competition at Midsummer, 1891, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £60 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the **HEAD-MASTER** or **SECRETARY**, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE.

COOPER'S HILL, STAINES.

The **COURSE** of **STUDY** is arranged to fit an **ENGINEER** for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. About **FIFTY STUDENTS** will be admitted in September 1891. For Competition the **Secretary of State** will offer **TEN Appointments** in the Indian Public Works Department and **TWO** in the Indian Telegraph Department. For particulars, apply to the **SECRETARY**, at the College.

DENSTONE COLLEGE.

HALF-TERM will begin on March 17. Classical and Modern Studies. Terms, 24 Guineas. **Head-Master's House**, 45 Guineas. For prospectus apply to the **Rev. D. EDWARDS, M.A.**, Head-Master, Denstone College, Uttoxeter.

UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.—An **EXAMINATION** will take place at Uppingham on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of March, 1891, for **SIX OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS**, two of £70 per annum, limited to two boarding houses; two of £50 per annum; two of £30 per annum, each tenable at the School. Application to be made by March 15, 1891.

OAKHAM SCHOOL.—**FOUR HOUSE SCHOLARSHIPS**, two of £40, two of £30, on April 9 and 10. There are valuable leaving exhibitions to the Universities.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—**ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS**, Senior and Junior. About Thirteen, varying in value from 60 Guineas to £10 a year, will be awarded by Examination held at Rossall and at Oxford on April 1, 2, and 3. For particulars apply to **HEAD-MASTER**, Rossall, Fleetwood.

EIGHT ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS.—£60, £50, £40, for Boarders, or £15 for Day Boys, on March 17. Apply, before March 16, to A. TALBOT, Esq., Grammar School, Bedford.

THE GIRTON GOVERNESS and SCHOOL AGENCY. Madame AUBERT introduces English and Foreign Resident, Daily, and Visiting Governesses (finishing, Junior, nursery). Art and Music Teachers, Companions, Lady Housekeepers, Matrons, Schools and Educational Homes recommended.—27 Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, S.W.

ST. DUNSTON'S SENIOR EXHIBITIONS.

THREE EXHIBITIONS, each of the value of £100 a year for three years, will be awarded on the results of an Examination to be held in May 1891, to Girls under nineteen, on the first day of May 1891, and resident within the area of the Metropolis as defined in the Elementary Education Act, 1876. Forms of Entry for the Examination may be obtained on application to HUGH COOKE, Esq., Clerk to the Governors of the St. Dunstan's (in the East) Charities, 12 Isdel Lane, E.C., and of Miss GERTRUDE KENNEDY, 127 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

PRÉ SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Head-Mistress of the Norwich High School, and her sister, Madame V. WORMS, have a very comfortable **EDUCATIONAL HOME** for **ELDER GIRLS**. Garden and full-sized Tennis-court. Numbers limited.

RADFORD HOUSE, COVENTRY. **PREPARATORY SCHOOL** for the **SONS OF GENTLEMEN**. Established 1860. Boys received from Six to Twelve years of age, and prepared for College and Local Examinations, which have hitherto been successfully passed by the Pupils of this School. Eight acres of recreation ground.—Apply for particulars to Mrs. and Miss HOUGHTON.

THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY'S EVENING LECTURES.—The **INAUGURAL LECTURE**, by Professor MAX MÜLLER, on "THE ANTIQUITY OF EASTERN LITERATURE," will be delivered in the Lecture Hall of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, on Wednesday, March 4, at 8.30 P.M. The Right Hon. the **EARL OF NORTHBROOK**, President of the Society, in the Chair. A limited number of Tickets are at the disposal of non-Members of the Society, and may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, 22 Albemarle Street, on payment of Three shillings for each ticket. Tea, Coffee, &c., will be served to the Visitors in an adjoining room at the conclusion of the lecture.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE READING-ROOM will be **CLOSED** from Monday, March 2, to Thursday, March 5, inclusive; and the **NEWSPAPER-ROOM** from Monday, March 2, to Saturday, March 7, inclusive.
British Museum, February 28, 1891. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Principal Librarian.

BUTTER.—A few Families can be supplied with perfectly fresh, sweet **BUTTER** (commended R.A.S.E. Show, "Lymouh, 1890") through the Parcel Post, by Mr. ARNOLD, Cooker & Dairy, Beragh, Co. Tyrone. Terms, 1s. 6d. per lb. and postal rates. Monthly settlements. Sample parcel of about 1 lb. post free for 1s. 6d.

THROAT IRRITATION AND COUGH.

Soreness and dryness, tickling and irritation, inducing cough, and affecting the voice. For these symptoms use **EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES**. In contact with the glands at the moment they are excited by the act of sucking, the Glycerine in these agreeable confections becomes actively healing. Sold in boxes, 7d.; tins, 1s. 1d.; labelled "JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, 45 Broad-noodle Street, and 170 Piccadilly, London."

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

The safest and most gentle perient for delicate constitutions, Adults, Children and Infants.

Sold throughout the World.

NEW ZEALAND. FURTHER CONVERSIONS OF THE PUBLIC DEBT.

THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND give notice, that on behalf of the Agents appointed by the Governor of New Zealand in Council, under the New Zealand Consolidated Stock Act 1877 and Amendment Act 1881, and the Consolidated Stock Act 1884 (Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., C.B., and Sir Penrose Goodchild Julian, K.C.M.G., C.B.), they are authorised to invite holders of the outstanding Debentures of the undermentioned Loans to bring in their Debentures for conversion on the following terms:—

1. Six per Cents. of the Loans of 1860 and 1863, Redeemable 1891.

March 15	£184,800
June 15	188,400
July 1	74,100
December 15	75,800

(i.) For every £100 in Debentures of the Loan of 1863 falling due March 15 next, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due March 15 must be detached, £104 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from July 1, 1891, and inscribable on or after June 2, 1891.

Scrip Certificates with coupon attached for interest at 3½ per cent. from March 15 to June 30 (payable July 1) will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

(ii.) For every £100 in Debentures of the same loan falling due June 15 next, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due June 15 must be detached, £104 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from July 1, 1891, and inscribable on or after June 2, 1891.

Scrip Certificates with coupon attached for the interest at 3½ per cent. for the broken period from June 15 to June 30 (payable on July 1) will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

(iii.) For every £100 in Debentures of the same loan falling due December 15 next, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due June 15 must be detached, £104 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from July 1, 1891, and inscribable on or after June 2, 1891.

Scrip Certificates with coupons attached, payable December 15, 1891, for interest at 6 per cent. per annum from June 15 to June 30, and for the difference of interest between 3½ per cent. and 6 per cent. per annum from July 1 to December 15, will be issued in exchange for the Debentures.

(iv.) For every £100 in Debentures of the Loan of 1860, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due July 1 next must be detached, £104 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, bearing interest from July 1, 1891, and inscribable on or after June 2, 1891.

2. Five per Cents. of the Loan of 1867, Redeemable January 1, 1893, £64,000.

For every £100 in Debentures, from which the coupon for the half-year's interest due July 1 must be detached, £106 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

3. Old Provincial Loans.

Lyttelton and Christchurch Railway Loan ..	£77,700
Westland Loan	50,000
Auckland Loan	31,600
Nelson Loan	15,000
Otago Loan	116,700
Canterbury Loan	22,500

(i.) LYTTELTON AND CHRISTCHURCH RAILWAY LOAN, Redeemable 1893 to 1897—£77,700.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, the following amounts of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891, namely:—

Series redeemable 1893	£109 of Stock
" " " 1894	£111 of Stock
" " " 1896	£112 10s. of Stock
" " " 1897	£115 of Stock

(ii.) WESTLAND LOAN, Redeemable 1894—£50,000.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £107 10s. of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

(iii.) AUCKLAND LOAN, Redeemable 1896—£31,600.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £114 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

(iv.) NELSON LOAN, Redeemable 1896—£15,000.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £119 10s. of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

(v.) OTAGO LOAN, Redeemable 1898—£116,700.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £117 10s. of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

(vi.) CANTERBURY LOAN, Redeemable 1915 and 1916—£22,500.

For every £100 in Debentures, with all undue coupons attached, £136 of 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, inscribable on or after June 2, 1891, and bearing interest from July 1, 1891.

The Inscribed Stock herein mentioned will in every case rank *pari passu* with the New Zealand 3½ per Cent. Consolidated Stock already inscribed at the Bank of England, with Dividends payable half-yearly on January 1 and July 1, and redeemable at par January 1, 1940.

Debentures surrendered for conversion must be deposited not later than the following dates, at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, where the necessary forms may be obtained, and must be left three clear days for examination:—

Sizes of 1891 falling due March 15, 1891, on or before March 14 next.

All other Debentures, on or before June 15 next.

The right is reserved in the case of any Debentures not brought in for conversion on the terms now notified, to convert the same into 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock (with the assent of holders), on terms to be notified from time to time at the Bank of England.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vict. cap. 89, the revenues of the Colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Bank of England,
February 18, 1891.

INSURANCES, BANKS, &c.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.

Incorporated A.D. 1720.

FUNDS.....	£4,000,000
CLAIMS PAID EXCEED.....	£35,000,000

LIFE, FIRE, ANNUITIES.

SUN FIRE OFFICE.

FOUNDED 1710.

THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

Sum Insured in 1889, £338,900,000.

Church of England

ESTAB.
1840.

LIFE AND FIRE

A New System of Assurance

without Medical Examination.

Assurance Institution.

Write for explanatory pamphlet
to the Head Office, 9 & 10 King Street,
Chapside, London, E.C.

"PERFECTED" PENSIONS.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.

91 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

ASSURANCE FUND over £4,000,000.

CLAIMS PAID over £9,000,000.

CASH BONUS paid in Reduction of Premiums over £4,000,000.

GROSS INCOME, £500,000.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1808.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.

Subscribed Capital, £1,900,000. Paid-up, £200,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,000,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

THE ENGLISH BANK of the RIVER PLATE, Limited.

Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £750,000. Reserve Fund, £125,000.

Branches: Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rosario.

Deposits received at the Head Office for fixed periods at rates of interest to be ascertained on application.

Letters of Credit, Bills of Exchange, and Cable Transfers issued on the Branches and Agencies.

Bills payable in Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rosario, and other cities of the Argentine and Uruguay Republics negotiated or sent for collection.

The Bank effects Purchases and Sales of stock, Shares, Coupons, and other Securities, collects Dividends and undertakes every description of banking business.

St. Swithin's Lane, E.C. BRUCE THORNHURST, Secretary.

BANK of NEW ZEALAND.—Incorporated by Act of

General Assembly, July 29, 1861.—Bankers to the New Zealand Government.

Head Office—1 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Capital..... £1,000,000

Reserve Liability..... £1,500,000

This Bank grants drafts on all its branches and agencies, and transacts every description of banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and F. J., on the most favourable terms.

The London Office receives fixed deposits of £50 and upwards, rates and particulars of which can be ascertained on application.

H. B. MACNAB, for a manager.

THE AGENCY LAND AND FINANCE COMPANY of

AUSTRALIA, Limited.

Authorized Capital..... £1,000,000

Capital paid-up..... 99,125

Capital Subscribed..... £485,825

Capital Unpaid..... 306,500

Trustees for Debenture Holders.

Bernard T. Bosanquet, Esq. Archibald Balfour, Esq.

Directors.

Bernard T. BOSANQUET, Esq., Chairman.

Archibald Balfour, Esq. George F. Newbarn, Esq.

Cunningham Hudson, Esq. Robert Home, Esq.

The Directors issue Terminable Debentures at par for £100 and upwards, bearing interest at 4½ per cent. for five years.

The interest is payable half-yearly, on May 15 and November 11, by coupons attached to the Debentures.

The Debentures and Debenture Stock are limited to, and are secured by, the unpaid capital (£196,500) and by the investments and general assets of the Company.

Forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company.

A. W. STEVENS, Secretary.

73 Gresham House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

GOLDSBROUGH, MORT, & CO., Limited, 149 Leadenhall

Street, London, E.C.

CAPITAL—£5,000,000, in 500,000 shares of £10 each, of which 350,000 shares have been issued, and £1 per share paid thereon.

LONDON AGENCY.

Directors.

ABRAHAM SCOTT, Esq., London Chairman of the National Bank of Australasia (Chairman).

HARRY HANKEY DOBREE, Esq. (of Messrs. Samuel Dobree & Sons), 6 Tokenhouse Yard.

JOSEPH COCKFIELD DIMSDALE, Esq. (of Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale, & Co., Ltd.), 30 Cornhill.

FRANK CHARLES CAPEL, Esq. (of Messrs. James Capel & Co.), Throgmorton Street.

BENJAMIN BUCHANAN, Esq. (Director of the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney).

London Secretary—WILLIAM BETHELL HERVEY.

Bankers—Messrs. FRESHFIELDS & WILLIAMS.

Solicitors—Messrs. JAMES CAPEL & CO., 5 Throgmorton Street, E.C.

Brokers—Messrs. JAMES CAPEL & CO., 5 Throgmorton Street, E.C.

The London Directors are now issuing FOUR per CENT. DEBENTURE STOCK at the price of 92½ per cent.

Holders of Terminable Debentures may on application have these converted to Debenture Stock at the above-named price (92½ per cent.).

The Company reserves the right to redeem this Stock at £103 per cent. by giving six months' notice after expiry of 10 years from date of issue.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained at the office of the Company, 149 Leadenhall Street.

FIVE PER CENT. REGISTERED DEBENTURES.

ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN INVESTMENT, FINANCE, and

LAND COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital, £500,000. Subscribed, £200,000. Paid-up, £115,924.

Un-called, £384,076. Reserve Fund, £67,925.

London Board.

Sir ROPER LETHBRIDGE, K.C.I.E., M.P., Chairman.

The Right Hon. Lord BASING. J. HENNIKER HEATON, Esq., M.P.

General Manager in London—GEORGE HARDIE.

The Company is authorized to issue Debentures to the extent of £350,000, for the purpose of paying off Deposits, amounting at the time of the authorisation to £334,000. Last year £200,000 were issued and fully subscribed. The remaining £150,000 are now offered for subscription, and will rank *pari passu* with those already issued. The Debentures will be secured by a first charge on the un-called capital, viz., £384,076, and by a floating charge over all the Assets of the Company, amounting to over One Million.

Prospectuses can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 31 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY
COMPANY, Limited.
ESTABLISHED 1865.

Capital Subscribed.....	£4,000,000
Capital Paid-up.....	£400,767
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits.....	318,967
Investments per Balance-sheet at December 31, 1890.....	£1,181,434
	£4,704,730

Directors.

H. J. BRISTOWE, Esq.
The Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES FERGUSON, Bart., G.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., M.P.
The Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN E. GORST, Q.C., M.P.
The Rt. Hon. A. J. MUNDELLA, M.P.
Sir GEORGE RUSSELL, Bart., M.P.
THOMAS RUSSELL, Esq., C.M.G.
Sir EDWARD W. STAFFORD, G.C.M.G.

The Directors issue Terminable Debentures at par for £50 and upwards, bearing interest at 4 per cent. for five or six years, and 4½ per cent. for seven to ten years; and Four per Cent. Perpetual Debentures or Four per Cent. Debenture Stock at £50 per £100.
The interest is payable half-yearly, on January 1 and July 1, by coupons attached to the Debentures, and by warrants in favour of the registered holders of the Debenture Stock.
The Debentures and Debenture Stock are limited to, and are secured by, the Unpaid Capital (£1,181,434) and by the investments and general assets of the Company.
Forms of application can be obtained at the offices of the Company.

1 Queen Victoria Street, Mansion House, London, E.C. HENRY M. PAUL, Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.
THREE per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, calculated on minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100. STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold. SAVINGS DEPARTMENT. For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposit, and allows interest, at the rate of THREE per CENT. per annum, on each completed £1. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, cost free, on application.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

THE STANDARD BANK of AUSTRALIA, Limited.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL.....	£1,000,000
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL.....	£500,000
PAID UP CAPITAL.....	£250,000
RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....	£94,550

LONDON OFFICES—LOMBARD HOUSE, GEORGE YARD, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
Fixed Deposits received at the following rates of interest—
4½ per cent. for one and two years.
5 per cent. for three to five years.

Usual banking business in connexion with the Australian Colonies transacted.
WILLIAM CLARKE, Managing Director.**THE ROYAL BANK of QUEENSLAND, Limited,**
BRISBANE.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL.....	£1,000,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL.....	£375,000
RESERVED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS.....	£375,000
RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....	£30,000

BANKERS—LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, Limited.
The London Board of Advice, 147 Fenchurch Street, receive Deposits of £100 and upwards for one and two years at 4 per cent., and for three, four, or five years at 4½ per cent.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY,
20 BUDGE ROW, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Reserve Fund..... £90,000.

Shares issued to December 31, 1890, receive five per cent.
Four per cent. paid on 2 Shares (£20 each) during Financial Year of issue. Five per cent. after first year.
Five per cent. paid on Deposits of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms.
Deposits of £5 and upwards at one month's notice Four per cent.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, H. TEMPLE.

SHIPPING.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI,
EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY..... every week.
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS and JAPAN,
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND and TASMANIA,..... every alternate week.
ALEXANDRIA and NAPLES.....

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

For particulars apply at the Company's Office, 125 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, NEW ZEALAND.

THE ORIENT LINE STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY, for
the above Colonies, calling at FLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and
COLOMBO. STEAMERS—amongst others, LAUREST, and FASTEST afloat. High-class
Cuisine, Electric Lighting, Hot and Cold Baths, Good Ventilation, and every comfort.

Managers..... (F. GREEN & CO.,
ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO., Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.
For freight or passage apply to the latter firm.

PLEASURE CRUISE

TO SICILY, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.

The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large full-powered Steamship, "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, from London, on April 1, for a SIX WEEKS' CRUISE, visiting Tangier, Palermo, Syracuse, Nauplia, Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Smyrna (for Ephesus), Santorini, Malta, Algiers, &c.
The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine.
The "GABORNE," 1,876 tons register, 2,000 horse-power, will leave London, on April 27, for a MONTH'S CRUISE, to South of Spain, Sicily, Algeria, &c. Managers, F. Green & Co., and Anderson, Anderson, & Co., Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.
For further particulars of above and other cruises apply to the latter firm, or to West-End Agents, Grindley & Co., 55 Parliament Street, S.W.

FRY'S

Lancet—"Pure, and very soluble."

Medical Times—"Eminently suitable for Invalids."

PURE CONCENTRATED**COCOA.**

Sir C. A. CAMERON, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND, CITY OF LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London
will meet in the Guildhall at the said City on Tuesday, March 19, 1891, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASES for a term of Eighty Years TWO PLOTS of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate in Gracechurch Street.

Further particulars, with conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on application at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.
The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal.
Persons tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorized Agent, on the above-mentioned day, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, and the party whose offer is accepted will be required to execute an agreement and bond at the same time.

Proposals must be sealed up, endorsed on the outside, "Tender for Ground, Gracechurch Street," and be delivered in addressed to the undersigned before One o'clock on the said day of treaty.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall;
January, 1891.HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.**BOOKS, &c.****TRISCHLER & CO'S LIST.**

Now ready at all Libraries and Bookstalls.

LADY DELMAR. 1 vol. By THOMAS TERRELL and T. L. WHITE. THIS EXCITING STORY OF LONDON LIFE HAS ALREADY BEEN DRAMATIZED BY MR. SYDNEY GRUBBY. Handsomely bound in scarlet cloth. 254 pp. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

AN AMERICAN WIDOW. 3 vols. By ALBERT KEVILL-DAVIES. A vivid and piquant story of American life in London.

The Scotsman says:—"Is cleverly written and ingeniously contrived.....A very clever sensational melodrama."
The Evening News and Post says:—"A capital exposé of the American invasion of England by young ladies in search of husbands amongst the scions of our nobility. Throughout the whole three volumes there is not a single dull chapter."
The Express says:—"It is both clever and original, and treats with conspicuous ability a topic which is discussed with avidity on both sides of the Atlantic."
The Sunday Times says:—"Few better novels than this have been published lately."

HOLLY. 2 vols. By NOMAD, Author of "The Railway Foundling," "The Milroys," &c.

In speaking of this Author's last work, "The Railway Foundling," the Daily Telegraph says:—"It is a story that must be read to be understood. There is vivacity and adventure in it, and good as the author's previous work, 'The Milroys,' was, it is not too much to say this is better."
The Scotsman says:—"The readers among whom 'The Railway Foundling' and 'The Milroys' have been popular novels will probably be charmed with Nomad's new work of fiction. 'Holly' is as lively and artless, as light and readable, as its predecessors."

THE GOLDEN LAKE: a Story of Australian Adventure. By

W. CARLTON DAWK, Author of "Zantha" &c. With 5 Full-page Illustrations by Hume Nisbet. Extra cloth, with bevelled boards, 6s.
Morning Post.—"A welcome addition to the fiction treating of 'The Great Lone Land of Australia,' the effect of which is increased by Mr. Hume Nisbet's numerous illustrations."
Sunday Times.—"A very strong and well-written story of Australian life, told with a swing and 'go' which makes it very entertaining reading."
Scotsman.—"A clever and entertaining narrative of travelling adventures in the unknown interior of Australia. Mr. Dawk's inventive talent is lively, and his literary faculty genuine."

THE PRISONER of CHILOANE. By WALLIS MACKAY.

With 30 Illustrations by the Author. Fcp. 4to, handsomely bound in cloth, bevelled edges, 7s. 6d.
The World says:—"A brightly-written book."
The Morning Post.—"Bright and attractive."
The Saturday Review.—"Mr. Mackay is as good with pencil as with pen."
The Scotsman.—"Written in a bright spirited style, and the illustrations are full of fun and movement."
The Spectator.—"Much that is worth reading in Mr. Mackay's book."

A MAIDEN FAIR to SEE. By F. C. PHILIPS, Author of

"As in a Looking Glass," and C. J. WILLS, Author of "In the Land of the Lion and Sun." Copiously illustrated by G. A. Storey, A.R.A. Fcp. 4to, beautifully bound, with gilt top, 6s.

THE BLACK DROP. By HUME NISBET, Author of "Bail

Up" &c. Extra cloth, 2s. 6d.

ALWAYS in the WAY. By T. J. JEANS, Author of "The

Tommyer Shootings." With 9 Full-page Illustrations by Finch Mason. Cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

RITHERDON'S GRANGE. By SAUMAUREZ DE HAVILLAND,

Author of "Strange Clients" &c. Picture boards, 2s.

THE ROMANCE of a LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

By Lady DENBOYNE, Author of "Thro' Shine and Shower" &c. A charming Story of Country Life. Picture cover, 1s.

THE TYPE-WRITTEN LETTER. By R. H. SHERARD, Author

of "Rogues," "Agatha's Quest," &c. Limp cloth, 1s.

TRISCHLER & CO, 18 NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.

HURST & BLACKETT'S
NEW NOVELS.

A BITTER BIRTHRIGHT. By DORA RUSSELL, Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Broken Seal," &c. 3 vols.

JANET. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "It was a Lover and his Lass," "Agnes," &c. 3 vols.

RUPERT ALISON; or, Broken Lights. By GENTREDE FORDE, Author of "In the Old Palazzo," "Driven before the Storm," &c. 3 vols.

HER LOVE and HIS LIFE. By F.W. ROBINSON, Author of "Grandmother's Money," "The Youngest Miss Green," &c. 3 vols.

ON TRUST. By THOMAS COBB, Author of "Brownie's Plot," "For Value Received," &c. 3 vols.

A LIFE SENTENCE. By ADELINE SERGEANT, Author of "Little Miss Colwyn," "Jacob's Wife," &c. 3 vols.

LONDON: HURST & BLACKETT, LIMITED,
18 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Just published, No. 501 (February 21) of
SOTHERAN'S PRICE-CURRENT of LITERATURE,
containing numerous good Books in many branches of Science, Art, and General Literature, and especially many fine and scarce SETS.

A copy post free on application to
H. SOTHERAN & CO.

130 STRAND, W.C., AND 36 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. beg to announce that the late **DEAN CHURCH'S** long-expected work on "**THE OXFORD MOVEMENT, TWELVE YEARS, 1833-1845,**" will be published next week, 8vo. cloth, price 12s. 6d. net. They would also call attention to Mr. **WILFRID WARD'S** work, "**WILLIAM GEORGE WARD and the OXFORD MOVEMENT,**" the Second Edition of which was published about this time last year, and is still on sale, price 14s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

"HEROES OF THE NATIONS" SERIES.

EDITED BY

EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

Large crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.; Roxburgh, 6s.

The above will be a collection of Biographical Studies of the Lives and Work of a number of representative Historical Characters, about whom have gathered the great traditions of the Nations to which they belonged, and who have been accepted, in many instances, as Types of the several National Ideals. With the Life of each Typical Character will be presented a Picture of the National Conditions surrounding him during his career.

Each Volume will be handsomely printed in large crown 8vo., and will contain numerous Full-page Illustrations and Maps.

NEW VOLUME JUST PUBLISHED.

III. **PERICLES, and the Golden Age of Athens.** By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

FULL PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

27 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON; AND NEW YORK.

NOW READY, Library Edition, 5s.; limp cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper cover, 1s.

WHAT NEXT?

Or, a Glimpse of the World as It Will Be.

By WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS.

JOSEPH BOULTON & CO., LIMITED, 7 WORSHIP STREET, E.C.

DISCOUNT, 3d. in the 1s.—HATCHARDS, 187 Piccadilly, London. All the New and Standard Books, Bibles, Prayers, Church Services, &c. Post Orders promptly executed. Libraries arranged and catalogued.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—The following NUMBERS of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are required, for which 1s. each will be given, viz. 1, 2, 15, 16, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following rates per annum, paid in advance:

Any part of the United Kingdom	21	8	2
India and China	1	13	6
Other British Colonies, Europe, Egypt, and America.....	1	10	6

STERL & JONES, 4 Spring Gardens, London, S.W.

Monthly, 2s. 6d.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

THE TSAR AND THE JEWS. By ANGELO-RUSSIAN.
POSTAL AND TELEGRAPHIC REFORMS. By J. HENRIKER HEATON, M.P.
JOHN WESLEY. By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.
THE ECLIPSE OF JUSTICE. By FRANCIS PEEK.
MR. KIPLING'S STORIES. By J. M. BARRIE.
PESSIMISM AS A SYSTEM. By R. M. WENLEY.
THE ANABAPTISTS AND THEIR ENGLISH DESCENDANTS. By RICHARD HEATH.
A SCENE FROM IBSEN'S "BRAND." By Professor C. H. HERFORD.
A HOME FOR THE DYING. By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.
THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA. With Map. By ARCHIBALD FORBES.
HYDROPHOBIA AND THE MUZZLING ORDER. By GEORGE J. ROMANES, F.R.S.
THE QUESTION OF THE IRISH LEADERSHIP. By J. J. CLANCY, M.P.

ISBISTER & CO., LIMITED, 15 & 16 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Part III. NEW SERIES, MARCH, 1901. Price 1s.

THE MONTHLY PACKET. Edited by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE and CHRISTOPHER COLERIDGE.

CONTENTS:

LILIAN AND LILL. Chaps. VI.-VII. By the Author of "THE ATELIER DU LYS."
WORK AND WORKERS. II. Colleges for Women. By E. WORDSWORTH.
WHAT THE VISION SAID. By C. R. COLERIDGE.
SS. ON THEIR TRAVELS. By M. BRANSTON.
THE EAST WINDS OF LENT. By C. M. YONGE.
THE PASSION FLOWER. By HENRY MACDONALD.
UN PUBLISHED LETTERS OF MRS. BARBAULD. By E. C. RICKARDS.
CAMPOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. Cameo CULXXXIII.—Bubbles—French and English.
THAT SUCK. Chaps. VIII. to XII. By C. M. YONGE.
STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE. No. III. By M. WATSON.
THE CHINA CUPBOARD.
London: W. SMITH & ISSER, 31 and 32 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 905. MARCH 1891. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:

A SUFFOLK PARSON. By FRANCIS HINDS GROOME.
MADEIRA'S STORY. Chaps. V., VI. By E. KERRY.
A MEMOIR OF SIR EDGAR BOEHM.
"ZÉ POVINHO," THE PORTUGUESE PEASANT.
A SONG IN WINTER. By C. W. B.
GEORGE MACDONALD AS A POET. By Principal W. D. GEDDES.
THE MUQADDAM OF SPINS.
ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOMADS IN RUGGED CILICIA.
EARLY ROMAN INSCRIPTION ON THE BASE OF A STATUE IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL.
THE GOLD-SUPPLY OF ENGLAND AND INDIA.
ANCIENT LIGHTS—IN THE GUELPH EXHIBITION. By Sir HERBERT EUSTACE MAXWELL, Bart., M.P.
CROFTER MIGRATION. By AN ISLESMAN.
AN IRISH LANDLORD.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Now ready, price 1s.

THE TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1891.

1. MR. CHAINE'S SONS. By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "A Bachelor's Blunder" &c. Chaps. IX.-XII.
2. HORACE WALPOLE'S TWIN WIVES.
3. MEMORY.
4. "EÖTHEN" KINGLAKE.
5. IN ELYSIUM.
6. STANILAND'S WIFE.
7. RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN CIVIL SERVANT. Chaps. IX.-XI.
8. KEPT TO THE BAR. Conclusion.
9. A NOTE ON THE LOUVRE SONNETS OF ROSSETTI.
10. LOVE OR MONEY. Chaps. X.-XIII.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, 8 NEW BURLINGTON STREET, W.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MARCH.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA. By the Marchioness of DUFFERIN and AVA.
THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY. By ANDREW CARNEGIE.
SHIP RAILWAYS. With Illustrations. By Sir BENJAMIN BAKER.
THE RECRUITING PROBLEM. By ARCHIBALD FORBES.
A VISIT TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE. By Mrs. LECKY.
OVER MORTGAGING THE LAND. By the Right Hon. LORD VERNON.
PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By the Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE, Member of Congress.
FRAGMENTS OF IRISH CHRONICLES. By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS.
MR. H. H. CHAMPION ON THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKE. By JOHN D. FITZGERALD, Labour Delegate from Australia.
ILLUSTRATIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE'S CONTROVERSIAL METHOD. By Professor HUXLEY.
THE NEW WORLD. By J. W. CROSS.
JOHN WESLEY. By the Rev. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.
THE JOKE ABOUT THE ELGIN MARBLES. By the EDITOR.
COMMERCIAL UNION WITHIN THE EMPIRE. By the Right Hon. the EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P.

LONDON: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & CO., LIMITED.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

Contents for MARCH. 2s. 6d.

CAN ENGLAND KEEP HER TRADE? By J. A. HOBSON.
THE ABDICATION OF MRS. GRUNDY. By H. D. TRAILL.
THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION. By J. BELL.
SALMON LEISTERING. By JAMES PURVES.
"RYLANDS AND CO., UNLIMITED." By H. C. R.
AMERICAN LITERATURE. By WILLIAM SHARP.
THE FAIR OPHELIA OF A HIGHLAND GLEN. By W. HODGKIN.
HINDU MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AND BRITISH LAW. By T. VIJAYA-RAGHAVAN.
WORKERS IN WOODCRAFT. By JOHN WATSON, F.L.S.
THE RUBĀ'YĀT OF ABŪ SA'ID. By C. J. PICKERING.
THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND ITS NURSES. By W. H. WILKINS.
CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON: W. H. ALLEN & CO., LIMITED, 13 WATERLOO PLACE.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

MARCH.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE FOUR SIDES OF A PEDESTAL. By A. C. SWINBURNE.
THE OUTLOOK IN FRANCE. II. By W. H. HURBERT.
FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE. By THOMAS HARDY.
THE CRISIS IN THE EASTERN SOUDAN. By HUGH E. M. STUFFIELD.
THE POET VERLAINE. By EDWARD DEILLE.
ROSSETTI AND THE MORALISTS. By the Author of "A Dead Man's Diary."
THE PAPUAN AND HIS MASTER. By HUME NISBET.
THE MACEDONIAN QUESTION. By A. HULME-BRANAM.
CONDUCT AND GREEK RELIGION. By Mrs. GAIBBLE.
THE DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW FOREST. By the Hon. AUDREON HERBERT.
CANADA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION. By the Hon. J. W. LONGLEY (Attorney-General for Nova Scotia).
A PREFACE TO "DORIAN GRAY." By OSCAR WILDE.
ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS. Chaps. XXIII.-XXVI. By GEORGE MEREDITH.
CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED, LONDON.

Just published, price 6d.

SPEECH by the Right Hon. G. J. GOSCHEN, at Leeds, on the Insufficiency of our Cash Reserves and of our Central Stock of Gold.
London: EFFINGHAM WILSON & Co., Royal Exchange, E.C.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

NEW WORK BY THE REV. DR. BREWER.

This day is published, crown 8vo. over 1,000 pages, price 10s. 6d.

THE HISTORIC NOTE-BOOK.

With an Appendix of Battles.

By the Rev. E. COBHAM BREWER, LL.D.

Author of "Guide to Science," "The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," "The Reader's Handbook," "Dictionary of Miracles," "Theology in Science," "Rules for English Spelling," &c.

NEW EDITION OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S
IRISH ESSAYS.

Just published, POPULAR EDITION, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

IRISH ESSAYS, and Others. By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

NEW EDITION OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S
CELTIC LITERATURE.

Just published, POPULAR EDITION, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

ON the STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.
By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Ready this day (Sixpence), New Series, No. 93.

The CORNHILL MAGAZINE for MARCH.

Containing "THE WHITE COMPANY," by A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Micah Clarke," Chaps. 8 and 9—"EPITAPHS"—"THE PIPE"—"BIBLICAL DRAMA IN SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE"—"BIRD AND BEAST POACHERS"—"EIGHT DAYS," by the Author of "The Touchstone of Peril," Chaps. 25-27.

NEW EDITION OF MAZZINI'S LIFE AND WRITINGS.

Ready this day, Volume V, crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. of THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Volumes I., III., and V. are entitled AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL and POLITICAL, and Volumes II., IV., and VI. CRITICAL and LITERARY.

* * * Volume VI, completing the Edition, will be issued on March 26.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE
OUTCASTS."

Ready this day, at all the Libraries, 3 vols. post 8vo.

A DRAUGHT OF LETHE.

By ROY TELLET, Author of "The Outcasts."

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

EVERY SATURDAY, price TWOPENCE.

THE

ANTI-JACOBIN.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICAL AND
SOCIAL AFFAIRS.Amongst other Articles in this Week's Number (Saturday,
February 28) of THE ANTI-JACOBIN will
be found:—

HOTBEDS OF LITERATURE.

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS ILLUSTRATED.

INCOME-TAX INIQUITIES.

THE PARADISE OF QUACKS.

IBSENITE SENTIMENTALITY.

ON PROTECTORATES.

ENOUGH OF IRELAND!

THE APOLOGY FOR X. Y. Z.: Extracts from
the Letters of a Roman Catholic Dignitary to
an ancient Lady, his Cousin.THE ANTI-JACOBIN can be obtained or ordered at any of Messrs.
W. H. SMITH & SON'S Bookstalls, or will be sent to any address in the
United Kingdom for

TWO SHILLINGS AND NINEPENCE, Quarterly;

FIVE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE, Half-Yearly; or

ELEVEN SHILLINGS, Yearly.

by Orders, made payable to the MANAGER,

8 DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON.

WARD & DOWNEY'S NEW LIST.

A COLONIAL TRAMP: Travels and Adventures in Australia and New Guinea. By HUMF NISBET. With 5 Frontispieces printed in Colours and numerous other Illustrations. 2 vols. 32s.

GUILLOTINE the GREAT and HER SUCCESSORS. By GRAHAM EVERETT. 6s.
"Written with vivacity and directness, dealing with striking episodes in one of the most memorable epochs of French history."—*Scottish Leader*.

COUNTRY HOUSE SKETCHES. By C. C. RHYE (C. C. R.). 6s.

NEW LIBRARY NOVELS.

THE COBRA DIAMOND. By ARTHUR LILLIE, Author of "An Indian Wizard." 3 vols. [March 2.]

UNDER SENTENCE. By MARY CROSS, Author of "Margaret's Lovers." 3 vols.
"An emotional romance with plenty of variety and excitement."—*Fictional World*."The story is interesting and well written."—*Anti-Jacobin*.JOHN SQUIRE'S SECRET. By C. J. WILLS, Author of "The Pit Town Coronet." 3 vols.
"The narrative is always bright.....An amusing and ingenious story."—*St. James's Gazette*.JUST IMPEDIMENT. By RICHARD PRYCE, Author of "An Evil Spirit." 2 vols.
"Most telling and full of suggestion.....The hero, the heroine, and Miss Clare are striking and lifelike sketches. He has that attractive sense of humour which seems to be continually growing rarer.....'Just Impediment' decidedly deserves praise."—*Speaker*.

LOVE'S LEGACY. By RICHARD ASHE KING

("Basil"), Author of "Love the Debt," "The Coquette's Conquest." 3 vols.
"The style is easy and pleasant, some of the minor characters are amusing, and, on the whole, we feel that we should be grateful."—*Speaker*.BETA. By Mrs. BOURNE, Author of "Two Loves in One Life." 3 vols.
"The story marches with ever-increasing intensity, we are not made weary for a moment; the final crash comes naturally, there is neither strain, pause, nor dalliance."—*Public Opinion*.HANDFASTED. By A. C. BICKLEY, Author of "Midst Surrey Hills," and G. & C. CURRY. 3 vols.
"The telling is original, and the setting is not only picturesque, but vivid and lifelike."—*Guardian*.

NEW ONE-VOLUME STORIES.

LOCUSTA. By W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM. 5s.
"This vigorous narrative.....Intensely thrilling."—*St. James's Gazette*.A LIFE JOURNEY from MANNHEIM to INKERMANN. From the Reminiscences of an Army Surgeon. By E. B. DE FONBLANQUE. 6s.
"It is vivid with the truth of life.....The people are all interesting, some are very amusing, and some are even lovable."—*Black and White*.FICKLE PHYLLIS. Edited by GWEN D'ESTERRE. 6s.
"One of the most curious and daring stories that ever tried to appeal to a reader's sympathy."—*Daily Graphic*.THE CRIMSON CHAIR. By RICHARD DOWLING. 6s.
"Delightfully bright."—*Vanity Fair*.A FLUTTERED DOVECOTE. By G. M. FENN. With 60 Illustrations by Gordon Browne. Cloth gilt. 5s.
"The situations in the young lady's boarding-house are as humorous as those of Mr. Pickwick."—*Scottish Leader*.BRAYHARD. By F. M. ALLEN. Illustrated by Harry Furness. 2s. 6d.
"Mr. Allen's new book has all his own peculiar humour, and is brimful of jokes, comic situations, and repartee."—*Guardian*.

NEW TWO-SHILLING NOVELS.

DESPERATE REMEDIES. By THOMAS HARDY.

MISS JACOBSEN'S CHANCE. By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

BLACK BLOOD. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

IN DURANCE VILE. By the Author of "MOLLY BAWN."

TWO PINCHES OF SNUFF. By WILLIAM WESTALL.

TWO NEW SHILLING BOOKS.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE; or, Making the Most of a Small Income. By AGATHA HODGSON.
"A praiseworthy little book."—*Anti-Jacobin*.

MUSIC HALL LAND. By PERCY FITZGERALD. Illustrated by ALFRED BRYAN.

"It is really time we had something of the sort."—*Daily News*."A clever and entertaining little book."—*St. James's Gazette*."Full of pleasant and diverting satire."—*Globe*.

12 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

281

The Second Week in March will be published,
THE FIRST VOLUME
OF
THE MEMOIRS
OF
PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by the DUC de BROGLIE,
of the French Academy.
Translated by R. LEDOS DE BEAUFORT; with an Introduction by the
Hon. WHITEHEAD REID, American Minister in Paris.

To be completed in 5 vols.
With Portraits and Autographs, 8vo. cloth, price 21s. net.
The Second Volume will be ready about a fortnight later.

"S. G. O."

THE LETTERS of "S. G. O." A Series of
Letters on Public Affairs written by the LORD SIDNEY GODOLPHIN
OSBORNE, and published in "The Times," 1844-1883. Edited by
ARNOLD WHITE. 2 vols. demy 8vo. cloth, price 42s.

[Now ready at all Libraries.
"The record of a service not easily paralleled for its vigour, its honesty, and its
actual usefulness. They are also the history of a most important and singularly
transitional period."—*Times*.
"An exceptional work."—*Scotsman*.
"He did a brave and manly service in his day and generation by the exposure
of abuses, by denouncing fraud, cant, and pretence in every shape or form, and by
the chivalrous attitude which he always assumed towards the poor and defence-
less."—*Leeds Mercury*.
"On the long bead-roll of eminent Englishmen who have espoused the cause of
their less favoured fellow-men the writer of these papers has won for himself no
unimportant place."—*Manchester Examiner*.
"Certainly the work may be commended to those who are able to appreciate
that kind of philanthropy which is earnest and thorough in its aims."
Manchester Guardian.
"The volumes are appropriately prefaced by a careful portrait of 'S. G. O.' and
Mr. White contributes a short biography which is wealthy with interesting
details."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

THE DIARIES of SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE
and LADY MONTEFIORE. Edited by the late Dr. L. LOEWE.
2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait and numerous illustrations, price 42s.
"The book is a vast and very useful compilation of extracts and entries."
Jewish Chronicle.
"They derive, however, a peculiar interest from the fact that the events with
which they deal are described in Sir Moses' own words."—*Jewish World*.

FORTUNES MADE in BUSINESS. A Series
of Original Sketches, Biographical and Anecdotic, from the Recent
History of Industry and Commerce, by various Writers. Edited by
JAMES HOGG. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged (First Series),
with 6 Portraits. Crown 8vo. cloth, price 5s. [Shortly.]

YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS, 1830-1890.
Edited by D. B. W. SLADEN. With an Appendix of Younger
Canadian Poets. Edited by GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS, of St. John.
N.B. Crown 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d. [Ready immediately.]

AUSTRALIAN POETS, 1788-1888. Being
a Selection of Poems upon all Subjects, written in Australia and New
Zealand during the First Century of the British Colonization, with
brief Notes on their Authors and an Introduction by PATCHETT
MARTIN. Edited by D. B. W. SLADEN. Crown 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.

"COOEE": Tales of Australian Life. By
AUSTRALIAN LADIES. Edited by Mrs. PATCHETT MARTIN. 1 vol.
crown 8vo. cloth, price 5s. [Next week.]

CONTENTS:
AN OLD-TIME EPISODE IN TAS- THE BUSHMAN'S REST. By Mrs.
MANIA. By "TASMA." LANCE RAWSON.
MRS. DRUMMOND OF QUONDONG. THE STORY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.
By Mrs. HENRY DAY. By MARGARET THOMAS.
VICTIMS OF CIRCE. By Mrs. MAX- THE BUNYIP. By Mrs. CAMPBELL
INGTON CAFFEY. PRAED.
THE TRAGEDY IN A STUDIO. By Mrs. PATCHETT MARTIN.

BELLE RUE; or, the Story of Rolf. By
W. L. M. JAY, Author of "Shiloh" &c. Crown 8vo. cloth, price 6s.

STORIES from NEWBURY HOUSE. By
various Authors. Crown 8vo. paper, 1s.; cloth, price 1s. 6d.

MRS. MOLESWORTH'S NEW BOOK.
SWEET CONTENT. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.
Uniform with "The Old Pincushion." Illustrated by W. Rainey.
4to. cloth, price 6s. [Shortly.]

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, & WELSH,
NEWBURY HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON,
AND AT SYDNEY.

SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & CO.

The New (Third) Edition of "THE WAGES OF SIN" is now ready.
THE WAGES of SIN. By LUCAS MALET,
Author of "Colonel Enderby's Wife." 2 vols.

Mr. GLAISTONE writes:—"I thank you and the authors for 'THE WAGES OF SIN.' I
have been able at once to begin its perusal, and the first two or three chapters are enough not
only to ensure perusal of the rest, but to show me that I am dealing with a writer of unques-
tionable power and penetration."
The *Scotsman* says:—"In the highest and noblest sense of the word a realistic work of art.
Undoubtedly the greatest work of art this already successful author has yet produced.....
Since the 'Mill on the Floss' appeared there has been nothing more powerful in fiction."

A NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.
A NEW LADY AUDLEY. By AUSTIN
FRYERS. 1 vol. 6s.

"The skit is undoubtedly clever, and the most solemn of readers may be defied to keep his
gravity as he peruses the melodramatic absurdities the author piles together."
Glasgow Herald.

CRITICISMS ON GEN. BOOTH'S SOCIAL SCHEME,
FROM THREE DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

1. IN DARKEST ENGLAND. On the Wrong
Tack. By BERNARD BOSANQUET, M.A. Oxon., of the Ethical Society. 1s.
[Next week.]
2. AN EXAMINATION of GENERAL
BOOTH'S SOCIAL SCHEME. By C. S. LOCH, Secretary of the Charity
Organization Society. 1s.
3. GENERAL BOOTH'S "SUBMERGED
TENTH"; or, the Wrong Way to Do the Right Thing. By the Rev. Canon
PHILIP DWYER. 1s. [This day.]

DR. PFLEIDERER'S VERY IMPORTANT WORK.
THEOLOGY in GERMANY and GREAT
BRITAIN since 1825, DEVELOPMENT of. Large 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"A highly interesting work. Dr. Pfeleiderer is eminently qualified for the task; an original
writer and investigator, he has also the advantage of a wide acquaintance with all that has
been done by others in the same region."—*Westminster Review*.
"Of immense value to students of philosophy and theology. Its statements are fair and its
criticisms keen. What we admire most about it is the author's dexterity in extracting the
essence of a book or a philosophy, and expressing it in a sentence or two with perfect lucidity
of style."—*Glasgow Herald*.

* This work forms the Fourth Volume of SONNENSCHNEIN'S LIBRARY OF
PHILOSOPHY, for which it has been specially written.

HISTORY of PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. J. E.
ERDMANN. Translated by several English and American Scholars, and
Edited by Professor W. S. HUGH. I. ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL, 15s.
II. MODERN, 15s. III. SINCE HEGEL, 12s.

"A splendid monument of patient labour, critical acumen, and admirable methodical
treatment."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

* The above work forms the first three vols. of SONNENSCHNEIN'S
LIBRARY OF PHILOSOPHY.

DICTIONARY of CLASSICAL ANTIQUL-
TIES. Adapted from the work of Professor SEYFFERT, by HENRY NETTLE-
SHIP, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin Literature in the University of Oxford;
and J. E. SANDYS, Litt.D., Public Orator in the University of Cambridge.
With over 450 Illustrations, etc. Double Columns.

SCHOPENHAUER SERIES. Edited by T. B.
SAUNDERS, M.A. Oxon. Each 2s. 6d.

1. THE WISDOM OF LIFE. [Second Edition.]
2. COUNSELS AND MAXIMS. [Second Edition.]
3. RELIGION: a Dialogue, &c. [Second Edition.]
4. THE ART OF LITERATURE. [In February.]
5. STUDIES IN PESSIMISM. [Ready.]

"Mr. Saunders has done English readers a genuine service."—*Athenaeum*.
"Let your view of Schopenhauer be what it may, you cannot help enjoying and admiring
the wealth of observation, reflection, and wisdom."—*Truth*.

INTRODUCTORY SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS.

1. PETROLOGY. By F. H. HATCH, Ph.D., F.G.S. With 43 Illustrations.
Price 3s. 6d. [This day.]
2. BOTANY. By EDW. AVELING, D.Sc., Fellow of University Coll.,
London. With 271 Illustrations. 4s. 6d. [This day.]
3. PHONETICS. By LAURA SOAMES. With a Preface by DOROTHEA
BEALE. 6s. [Shortly.]
4. POLITICAL ECONOMY. By RICHARD T. ELY, Professor of Polit.
Econ. at Johns Hopkins Univ. [In preparation.]
5. ETHICS. By Prof. GIZYCKI and Dr. STANTON COIT. 4s. 6d.
[This day.]

SOCIAL SCIENCE SERIES.—New Vols. 2s. 6d. each.

21. THE UNEARNED INCREMENT. By W. H. DAWSON.
22. OUR DESTINY: the Influence of Socialism on Morals and Religion.
By LAURENCE GROSSE.
24. LUXURY. By Professor DE LAVELEYE.

SECOND ANNUAL ISSUE.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS' YEAR-BOOK: the
Thirty Principal Schools. Limp cloth, 2s. 6d. ATHLETICS, separately, 1s.
"The execution is admirable. Accurate and complete information, well up to date."
Journal of Education.

MONUMENTAL BRASSES. By the Rev.
H. W. MACKLIN. With 13 Full-page Plates (13 full-length figures) and 18
other illustrations, 5s. 6d.

"The manual is the best that has appeared—or is likely for long to appear—on the subject."
Scotsman.

SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & CO., LONDON.

2 vols. crown 8vo. 6s. each.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

A NEW VERSE TRANSLATION OF BOTH
PARTS, WITH FULL INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES.

By JAMES ADEY BIRDS, B.A., F.G.S.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON PART I.

"In not a few passages furnishes a more exact and faithful rendering than any other that has appeared in poetic form."—*Scotsman*.

"Mr. Birds's work is undoubtedly praiseworthy. We nowhere find him sinking below a high average of excellence. We can recommend the work for its excellent notes. They are precisely the sort of notes which we want for 'Faust.' We cannot praise these notes too highly."

Westminster Review.

"The translation is generally excellent, and the prison scene is magnificently rendered. The Easter Chorus gives that same impression of a weird and distant song which constitutes the peculiar charm of the original, and the interpretation of Faust's speculative speeches clothes with new form and life a part of the play which to the unlearned reader seems misty and heavy."—*Notes and Queries*.

"Mr. Birds wisely discards the delusive canon of exact 'similarity of form' as essential in a verse translation.....He is always intent on realising and giving the meaning of the German poet, and has studied the poem with the minutest care.....The introduction is full of interest, and the notes have the same merit. The wealth of information in the notes will have an unusual interest and charm."—*Literary World*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON PART II.

"Mr. Birds's does not compare disadvantageously with Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation, which has apparently obtained or usurped the position of standard. His is more faithful and not much less good."

Saturday Review.

"As a rule, Mr. Birds is wonderfully successful in rendering not only Goethe's meaning—the intellectual substance of which can be set down in plain prose—but the very spirit and atmosphere of the work, the intangible something which, under the hand of a merely mechanical translator, always evaporates. From a metrical point of view, this translation must be warmly commended. It has ease, fluency, and variety, and Mr. Birds's ear is uniformly good. The elaborate notes.....can be praised without reserve."—*Manchester Examiner*.

"On the whole, readers acquainted with the original will feel satisfied with this translation, and the copious notes at the end of the volume are not only valuable, but also exceedingly interesting. The work is one of which Mr. Birds may be proud, and it should meet with ready appreciation."—*Dundee Courier*.

"Mr. Birds's version of Part II. is better, I think, than his own rendering of Part I."—E. D. A. MORSEHEAD, in the *Academy*.

"Mr. Birds has given us a meritorious rendering and a series of really excellent notes. They supply the elucidation of which no work stands more in need, and they are commendably brief and to the point."

Literary World.

"Mr. Birds's translation will compare very favourably with those of his predecessors. It is masterly and sympathetic, its beauties are manifold, and some portions of it are deserving of the highest praise. The notes which he appends to it are all that could be desired; they are neither so short as to be valueless, nor so long as to be wearisome, and Mr. Birds's intimacy with the details of the poem is shown on every page."—*Inquirer*.

"Mr. Birds has done well to supply the reader with abundant notes embodying Goethe's own disclosures of his purpose in his conversations with Eckermann, the interpretations of various German critics, and those of Taylor and Carlyle."—*Guardian*.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW POEM.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD:

or, the Great Consummation.

A POEM.

By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E.

Author of "The Light of Asia" &c.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

HISTORIC TOWNS. (New Volume.)

Edited by E. A. FREEMAN, D.C.L. and the Rev. WILLIAM HUNT, M.A.

NEW YORK. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

With 3 Maps. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

A LIFE of LORD JOHN RUSSELL

(EARL RUSSELL, K.G.). By SPENCER WALPOLE. With 2 Portraits. Cabinet Edition. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

THEOLOGICAL LIST.

NEW VOLUME OF SERMONS BY THE LATE CANON LIDDON.

PASSIONTIDE SERMONS. By HENRY PARRY

LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L., late Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"Though written in simple language, these sermons are full of great thought, and go down deeply into the profound mysteries of the atonement, the sinlessness of Christ, the penalty and burden of sin, the individuality of every soul, and the adaptation of the Gospel to meet the wants of every soul."—*Church Times*.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS OF CANON LIDDON'S SERMONS.

SERMONS preached before the UNIVERSITY

of OXFORD. By HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 5s.

ADVENT in ST. PAUL'S: | EASTER in ST. PAUL'S:

Sermons. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 5s.

Sermons. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 5s.

The SPIRIT of DISCIPLINE: Sermons

preached by FRANCIS PAGET, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; sometime Vicar of Brompton. Together with an introductory Essay concerning Accidia. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

The SCHOOL of CALVARY; or, Laws of

Christian Living Revealed from the Cross. A Course of Lent Lectures. By the Rev. GEORGE BODY, M.A., D.D., Canon Missioner of the Diocese of Durham, Vice-President of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Second Edition. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

PREPARATION for WORSHIP. A Series

of Five Short Addresses on the Last Answer in the Church Catechism. By F. E. CARTER, M.A., Canon Missioner of Truro Cathedral. Fcp. 8vo. 2s.

The INTERMEDIATE STATE between

DEATH and JUDGMENT: being a Sequel to "After Death." By H. M. LUCKOCK, D.D., Canon of Ely, sometime Principal of Ely Theological College, and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The ORACLES of GOD: Nine Lectures on the

Nature and Extent of Biblical Inspiration and the Special Significance of the Old Testament Scriptures at the Present Time. By W. SANDAY, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis. Crown 8vo. 4s.

Now ready, price Sixpence.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE. — MARCH.

CONTENTS:

THE MISCHIEF OF MONICA. By L. B. WALFORD. Chaps. XIII.-XV.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S "LIGHT OF THE WORLD." By the Ven. ARCHDEACON FARHALL.
STONE-BROKE. By A. H. BEESLY.
THE PUPIL. Part I. By HENRY JAMES.
SOME BIRDS IN INDIA. By C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.
LOVE'S SILENCE. By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.
THE GIFT OF LIFE. By E. B.
THE DYING HUANACO. By W. H. HUDSON.
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

THE NEW REVIEW.

MARCH, price Ninepence.

A SONG BY LORD TENNYSON (POET LAUREATE).
THE RISE AND FALL OF MR. FARNELL. By TIMOTHY M. HEALT, M.P.
MR. GLADSTONE CLOSE AT HAND. By Dr. PARKER.
A MODEL CITY. I. The Water Supply. By Sir THOMAS H. FARRER, Bart.
ON THE DESIGNING OF COSTUMES FOR THE STAGE. By PERCY ANDERSON.
ORGANISATION OF PUBLIC ELEMENTARY EDUCATION AND THE FREE QUESTION. By the Hon. E. LYULPH STANLEY.
SHAKESPEARE'S IGNORANCE? By EDMUND O. VON LIPPHANS (of Halle).
WANTED. A NEW CHARTER. By H. W. MARRINGHAM.
MISTAKEN LABOUR LEGISLATION. By GEORGE HOWELL, M.P.
FOLIOS AND FOOTLIGHTS. By L. F. AUSTIN.
CONTINENTAL COMMENTS.
From FRANCE. By JOSEPH REINACH (Member of the French Chamber).
From BERLIN. By GEORGE VON BUNKE.
From ROME. By R. BOSCHI (Member of the Italian Chamber).
LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST.

NEW WORKS.

JUST READY.

THE LETTERS of HORACE WALPOLE.

I.—A SPECIAL EDITION, upon the best English hand-made paper, in royal 8vo. of which only 100 Copies have been struck off (some portion of which go to the United States of America). In 9 vols. with 67 Illustrations on Steel, and Vignettes, &c. In white vellum binding, TWELVE GUINEAS; in cloth binding, TEN GUINEAS.

••• Orders for this Edition are executed in rotation as they are received, and until the supply of copies is exhausted. The Publishers will not undertake to deliver more than One Copy to the same purchaser. If copies are required in sheets for binding, early notice should be given.

II.—A LIBRARY EDITION, in demy 8vo. In 9 vols. with 50 Illustrations on Steel, and Vignettes, &c. In cloth binding, FIVE GUINEAS.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

FURTHER RECORDS of MY LIFE.

Forming a Third Series of "My Records." By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 2 vols. crown 8vo. with Portraits, 24s.

THE SECOND EDITION OF

AN OLD COACHMAN'S CHATTER. By

Colonel CORBETT. With 8 Full-page Illustrations by John Sturgess. 1 vol. 8vo. 15s.

BY DR. MARTIN.

IN the FOOTPRINTS of CHARLES LAMB.

By BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN. Small 4to. 10s. 6d.

BY EDWARD BARKER.

WAYFARING in FRANCE; or, Highways

and Otherways. By EDWARD BARKER. Demy 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, 16s.

POPULAR NOVELS AT EVERY LIBRARY.

THE SECOND EDITION OF

EGERTON CASTLE'S

CONSEQUENCES. 3 vols.

From the MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

Not merely an able but a remarkable book, providing substantial reasons for a belief that in the person of the previously unknown author the ranks of living English novelists have received an important accession.....One of the most striking novels of the season.

From the LIVERPOOL MERCURY.

A clever and entertaining book, with, moreover, a strong and distinct ethical purpose. Further still, it is an original book—a book of which the dominating motive is unusual in modern romance.

MRS. MARY E. MANN'S

A WINTER'S TALE. By the Author of

"A Lost Estate." 2 vols.

CAPTAIN CLAUDE BRAY'S

TO SAVE HIMSELF. 2 vols.

THE HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD'S

THE MAID of HONOUR. 3 vols.

From the MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

A good novel is always welcome, and this is a good novel.

MR. H. S. MERRIMAN'S

PRISONERS and CAPTIVES. By the Author

of "Young Mistley." 3 vols.

From the ANTI-JACOBIN.

Nobody who reads this novel will lay it aside unmoved, or lightly forget some scenes in it. It is a romantic, even a tragic story, its action charged from first to last with heroism, self-sacrifice, and endurance.

BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.

Each Work can be had separately, price SIX SHILLINGS, of all Booksellers in Town and Country.

The Latest Addition to the Series.—BETWEEN the HEATHER and the NORTHERN SEA. By MARY LINSKILL.

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

Cometh up as a Flower.
Good-bye, Sweetheart.
Joan. | Naney.
Not Wisely but Too Well.
Red as a Rose is She.
Second Thoughts.
Belinda.
"Doctor Cupid."

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.

The Wooing o't.
Which Shall It Be?
Her Dearest Foe.
Look Before You Leap.
The Admiral's Ward.
The Executor.

By HENRY ERROLL.

An Ugly Duckling.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.

Ought We to Visit Her?
Leah: a Woman of Fashion.
A Ballroom Repentance.
A Girton Girl.

By CHARLES READE.

A Perilous Secret.

By Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

Lady Grizel.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The Three Clerks.

By W. E. NORRIS.

Thirlby Hall.
A Bachelor's Blunder.
Major and Minor.
The Rogue.
Miss Shafto.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

Only the Governess.
Nellie's Memories.
Barbara Heathcote's Trial.
Not Like Other Girls.
Robert Ord's Atonement.
Uncle Max.
Wee Wife.
Wooded and Married.
Queenie's Whim.
Heriot's Choice.

By MARIE CORELLI.

A Romance of Two Worlds.
Vendetta!
Thelma.
Ardath.

By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY.

Misunderstood.
Seaforth.
Thrown Together.

By MARCUS CLARKE.

For the Term of His Natural Life.

By E. WERNER.

Under a Charm.
No Surrender.
Success: and How he Won It.
Fickle Fortune.

By Mrs. NOTLEY.

Olive Varcoe.

By HAWLEY SMART.

Breezie Langton.

By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

Uncle Silas.
In a Glass Darkly.
The House by the Churchyard.

By JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

The "First Violin."
Borderland.
Healey.
Kith and Kin.
Probation.

By FRANCES M. PEARD.

Near Neighbours.

By HECTOR MALOT.

No Relations.

ANONYMOUS.

The Last of the Cavaliers.
Sir Charles Danvers.

By Mrs. RIDDELL.

George Geith of Fen Court.
Berna Boyle.

By Lady G. FULLERTON.

Ellen Middleton.
Ladybird.
Too Strange Not to be True.

By HELEN MATHERS.

Comin' thro' the Rye.

By Mrs. PARR.

Adam and Eve.
Dorothy Fox.

By Baroness TAUTPHÆUS.

The Initials.
Quits!

By JANE AUSTEN.

(The only complete Edition, besides the Steventon Edition upon hand-made paper.)

Emma.
Lady Susan, and The Watsons.
Mansfield Park.
Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion.
Pride and Prejudice.
Sense and Sensibility.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.